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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

ITINERANT LIFE:

INCLUDING EARLY REMINISCENCES.

BY

REV. GEORGE BROWN, D. D.,

OF THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

"NOT THAT WE HAVE DOMINION OVER YOUR FAITH, BUT ARE HELPERS OF YOUR JOY: FOR BY FAITH YE STAND."—2 *Corinthians*, 1: 24.

CINCINNATI:

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

Ministers and Members of the Methodist Protestant Church,

AND THE FRIENDS OF CHRISTIAN LIBERTY IN ALL DENOMINATIONS,

THIS WORK, ENTITLED "RECOLLECTIONS OF ITINERANT

LIFE, INCLUDING EARLY REMINISCENCES,"

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, *February* 5, 1866.

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INTRODUCTION,

BY REV. JOHN SCOTT, D. D.,
Editor Western Methodist Protestant.

"DAYS should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." The experience of the past, when duly considered, is well calculated to cast light on the present and direct us in the future. Abstract principles are intangible, and it is only when they receive a practical exemplification that their nature and importance are clearly demonstrated. While we look to the future as a theater of action, we must look to the past for an illustration of the power and influence of those principles which direct and control action. These principles may be considered in the light of our own experience, and also as illustrated in the experience of others; and the more extensive and varied the experience, the more complete and important is the illustration it affords. It is this that gives value to history, and particularly to biography, which is the history of individual life and character. This species of history is valuable in proportion as it presents correctly and fully the principles and motives which, under certain circumstances, influenced and controlled individual action. But while the biographer may be able to trace clearly the actions of an individual, he is often unable to determine with certainty the motives by which those actions were prompted; and actions, considered without reference to the motives from which they spring, may very easily produce an entire misapprehension of an individual's character. In autobiography, however, this difficulty does not

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exist. The motive and the action are alike known to the author, and both may be clearly presented in their mutual relation to each other. This enables us to form a correct theory of an individual's life and character, and to derive instruction from his example. The present volume is of the latter class, and we shall detain the reader but a short time from its perusal by a brief notice of the Author and his Work.

Doctor Brown, the recollections of whose itinerant life are contained in this volume, belongs to a past generation, and lingers among us for a short time as a worthy representative of a noble class of men whose memories will be ever green, and the recollection of whose Christian virtues and faithful labors shall be imperishable in the Church. As a man, he is eminent for his strength of intellect, his great social power, his earnestness of purpose, and his unswerving adherence to principle. Quick in perception and clear in judgment, he readily grasps whatever subject he investigates. Although possessing a strong relish for abstract metaphysical questions, he has the peculiar talent of presenting, in a clear and simple form, the results of his most profound investigations. His social qualities are also of a high order. With a heart overflowing with kindness, and a memory well stored with interesting and varied reminiscences of the past, his social intercourse possesses a peculiar charm, rendering his society both attractive and instructive. In the performance of the labors of life, he has always manifested great earnestness of purpose. Impressed with the true nature of his duties, he has bent all his energies faithfully to discharge them. Regarding life as a reality, he has never trifled with his life-work, but, with the earnestness produced by an abiding conviction of its importance, has devoted himself with energy to its performance. Integrity and adherence to principle have always been prominent traits in his character, and, sooner than renounce these, he has manifested a willingness, in the privations and sacrifices of personal comfort which he has endured, to sacrifice every thing else. Rather than abandon his convictions for the sake of prominence and place, he has often exposed himself to op-

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position and reproach. Preëminently a man of peace, sooner than renounce his principles, he has engaged in discussions, which, for a time at least, resulted in the alienation and sacrifice of cherished friends. Principle and duty with him, throughout life, have always been paramount to every other consideration.—His strength of intellect, his warmth of sympathy, his earnestness of purpose, and his integrity of principle, united with ardent piety, constitute a character, partially exhibited in the present volume, alike worthy of our study and imitation.

Eminence in any department of life, whatever a man's natural abilities and moral excellencies may be, depends, to a great extent, upon his own industry and application. These are necessary to develop and strengthen his powers, discipline his thoughts, and enable him to use with facility the knowledge he acquires. Doctor Brown has been a life-long student, patient and diligent in the acquirement of knowledge. Preëminently a student of the Bible, he has not been indifferent to other branches of learning, but has acquired an extensive knowledge of books, and is familiar, especially, with the older authors, in almost every department of philosophical thought. Not satisfied with superficial inquiries, his investigations have been deep and thorough, enabling him to master the subjects which have engaged his attention. Although now in the seventy-fifth year of his age, his former habits of study have not been abandoned, but most of his time is devoted to his books, and he still delights in the investigation of the most profound subjects connected with Christian theology. In this he presents, especially to *young men* in the ministry, an example every way worthy of imitation.

With such natural endowments, and such habits of studious application, it is not surprising that Doctor Brown should occupy a prominent position as a Christian minister. As a preacher, in his day he had not many equals, and few if any superiors. Deeply skilled in the word of God, he brought out of his treasury things "both new and old." Although always chaste, he preferred strength to beauty of style, and sought to

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enlighten the judgment and arouse the conscience rather than please the fancy. Clear in exposition, forcible in argument, apt in illustration, and powerful in appeal, his preaching was often accompanied by a divine energy to the hearts of the people. We have seen vast assemblies spell-bound by his thrilling utterances, or swaying, like the forest in the breeze, beneath the power of truth as it fell, with burning fervor, from his lips. In the days of his prime, he towered in the pulpit like a giant in his strength, and wielded the sword of the Spirit with a dexterity and power seldom surpassed. Hundreds are now living, many of whom are ministers of the Gospel, who were converted through his instrumentality, and thousands no doubt have gone to their final rest who were saved through his faithful labors, and who will "shine as stars in the crown of his rejoicing forever."

As an executive, whether as the Superintendent of a circuit or the President of a conference or a college, DOCTOR BROWN was always gentle, but firm. Possessing a kind and merciful spirit, he sought to reclaim the erring by Christian counsel, admonition, and reproof; and not until he had exhausted, without success, every effort in the spirit of kindness and love to reclaim them was he willing to resort to the exercise of discipline and punish the guilty. But when all other means failed, and it became necessary, he shrunk not from the performance of his duty, but, with a firm and impartial hand, administered justice to the transgressor. Under such circumstances punishment was rendered doubly severe, because it was felt to be not the result of personal enmity, but of necessity; for no man ever felt that in DOCTOR BROWN he had an enemy.

Like all noble and generous minds, he always sympathized with the weak and oppressed. Although often straightened in his own circumstances, he never turned a deaf ear to the voice of the needy, but often, beyond his ability, contributed to the supply of their wants. His benevolent heart, in its yearnings of sympathy, went out after the poor, whom the Saviour declares we shall always have with us.

His sun is now fast declining, and will soon set in beauty.

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His graces, like the ripened fruit trembling on the bough ready to be gathered, have attained a mellow richness, giving to his character more than an earthly charm. Cheerful and happy, with resignation and hope he waits the coming of the Master to call him to his reward.

The present volume, containing the recollections of such a man, dating back to the commencement of this century, and coming down to the present time, connected, as they are, with great social and religious changes and important ecclesiastical reforms, in which the Author bore a prominent part, can not fail, we think, to interest and instruct the reader. Many thrilling incidents connected with pioneer life and early itinerant labor are here recorded. Human nature is presented in many of its phases, and numerous anecdotes illustrative of peculiar manners and traits of individual character are related. The important principles of Mutual Rights and Ecclesiastical Liberty, which the author has labored so zealously for years to promote, are with propriety considered, and the causes which led to the organization of the METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH, of which he was one of the founders, and with which he has been so long identified, are presented, and the reasons justifying such an organization are clearly set forth. The volume will also be found to contain much that is calculated to edify the Church, and especially to instruct her young and rising ministry.

In order to preserve the truth of history, and also to vindicate his own character, the Author, in a few instances, has been under the necessity of presenting others in an unenviable light; but having stated the facts and vindicated himself, in the true spirit of Christian charity, he becomes their apologist, and instead of referring their conduct to moral obliquity of purpose, ascribes it rather to the weakness of human nature.

The volume, as its title imports, is composed principally of recollections, aided in part by written and printed documents. It may appear singular to some how the Author, after the lapse of so many years, could relate with such precision so many important incidents, giving names, dates, and localities, and even the particulars of numerous conversations. This serves to ex-

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hibit some of the peculiar traits of his character. Endowed with a memory of uncommon tenacity, which, like all his other mental faculties, retains its vigor unimpaired, he has treasured up all the important facts and incidents of his life, and has the ability to call them forth at pleasure. This faculty has been cultivated and strengthened by the habit, in which he has indulged for many years, of enlivening the hours of social intercourse with intimate friends by the relation of important facts connected with his former history. By this means they have not been permitted to fade from his memory, but, according to a law of our mental constitution, by frequent repetitions have been indelibly impressed upon his mind. During the last thirty years, it has been our privilege to hear him relate, at different times, most of the facts and incidents contained in this volume. It is a source of real satisfaction to his numerous friends, that these recollections are now given to the public in such a form that all may enjoy the pleasure which has heretofore been restricted to a few, and possess a valuable memento of one on whom the Church has bestowed its highest honors.

We shall not further detain the reader from the perusal of the work itself, which we know can not fail to amuse and instruct him. Rich in facts, abounding in wise counsels, and enlivened by incidents of special interest, it requires only to be read to be appreciated.

SPRINGFIELD, O., *January* 31, 1866.

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Recollections of Itinerant Life.

CHAPTER I.

Writing from Memory and Recollection—Diary Lost—Why I have Written—Reform Controversy—Place of Birth—The Mad-Dog and Cow—Whisky Insurrection—Narrow Escape from Drowning—Crossing the Ohio River at the Tail of an Ox—The Brown Family—From 1797 to 1800 go to School—The Site of Steubenville—Western Civilization—Fighting—Rev. R. Dobbins.

It is now proposed to commit to writing some recollections of past life, and of the time which God hath permitted, or caused, to pass over me. In doing this, I must depend mainly on memory and recollection. Memory has retained many things with a tenacious grasp; others come up to view by mental effort and the laws of association: these are properly recollections. The events which have so far faded away from my mind, as to be beyond all my efforts to fully regain by recollection, will be regarded as irrecoverably gone; of them nothing will be written. In 1848, my diary, with all that I had written, including many letters, documents on the Reform Controversy, and some sermons, was entirely lost in Steubenville, Ohio. At the time of a removal, when I was from home, the box containing them was, by mistake, thrown into the cellar, and there they lay until the exuding glue attached all my papers together in one inseparable mass—all were lost. After that I wrote but little more, being discouraged by the loss I had sustained.

Why shall I not write what I remember and can recollect of past life? It will do me good in many ways; it will give me employment in my old age, and thereby promote my happiness.

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A careful and honest review of past life, I am confident, will deeply humble my soul, under a sense of my numerous imperfections and short-comings before the Lord. At the same time it will call up to my mind and heart the goodness and mercies of God, which have followed me all the days of my life, and thereby increase my gratitude to the Giver of all good. My children claim it of me to give them some account of what I have been doing these many years past. Many in the Church make the same claim, and all have a right to be gratified.

Having stood connected, as an active laborer, with the controversy in the Methodist Episcopal Church, which resulted in the expulsion of many of the leading friends of reform, the withdrawal of others, and the ultimate organization of the Methodist Protestant Church, I shall deem it my duty, as I pass along, to notice and correct certain historical and biographical errors into which some writers have fallen, who were opposed to lay delegation in those days. These friends of ministerial supremacy have nearly all passed away; for this reason I shall strive to deal in all possible candor with their characters, opinions, and statements. Yet the truth will have to be told, on the living and on the dead; and when this is done without bitterness, with fairness and Christian candor, no man on earth will have a right to complain.

If right had taken place, I should have been born in Brooke County, Virginia, on the bank of the Ohio River, about opposite the middle of Brown's Island. But all the border settlements were then involved in the horrors of Indian warfare, and our family, with other border families, had fled before an irruption made by the savages on the frontier settlements, to a place of safety, just over the line, in Washington County, Pennsylvania. In that place I was born, on the 29th of January, 1792. I recollect nothing of that fort, place of safety, or whatever it was called. In a short time my father and mother, Hugh and Ruth Brown, with their family, returned to their homes on the bank of the river; and among the beauties and grandeurs of nature in that romantic place are located my first recollections of things in this transitory life. Behind our log-cabin home rose the wood-covered and far-stretching hills, overlooking our

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humble habitation. In front of us ran the beautiful Ohio, on whose shores I delighted to play; and a little further in front the eye rested on Brown's Island, three miles long, covered with heavy timber, mostly sugar-trees. In the river there was fish, and in the forest game in abundance. A part of the island was cleared and under cultivation. My father and my uncle, Colonel Richard Brown, raised their bread there; and on that island, and about our rural home on the bank of the river, memory still loves to cling. Many things in that place made too deep an impression on my mind ever to be forgotten. I will name a few of them.

Memory goes back still with abiding gratitude to God, for preserving me, when quite a child, from destruction by a mad-dog. My father and brothers rose early one morning, let the cow into the yard to the calf, and then went to the island to work. I was out, looking at the calf, when a mad-dog, resembling in size and color our own trusty dog, sprang past me and seized the cow. She fought furiously for her calf. I was either knocked down in the fight, or fell down, and the cow stood right over me, as though she fought for me as well as her calf. My mother came running, with a long pole, to beat off the dog and get me away, but failed, until our dog came running from the hill and seized the mad-dog. The cow, being relieved, left her position over me, and my mother took me into the house, all covered with slaver from the cow or the dog, perhaps from both; and my back showed many a scratch from the nails of the dog. Immediately, my brothers, and all the young men of the neighborhood, were out with their guns, in pursuit of the rabid animal, but did not find him. But toward noon he returned; my father and my uncle, each with a hand-spike, standing one on each side of the road along which he came, smote him down and killed him. He had destroyed much property; our cow, calf, and dog all went mad, and had to be killed. I remember well seeing my brother Arthur shoot our cow; she fell on the slope of the bank, and rolled over and over into the river, which was then very high, and away she went. In this dreadful hazard of life, how mercifully did God preserve me! At that time I was about two years and a half

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old; but, young as I was, the hazard of my life by the mad-dog made too deep an impression upon my mind ever to be forgotten.

I remember, too, the closing up of the Whisky Insurrection in Western Pennsylvania. One day an insurgent, by the name of Sutherland, came running through our yard, with all his might, and to the river he went, stole our canoe, and started down stream to avoid his pursuers. A short time afterward, while I was at play in the yard, a man rode up in military garb, hitched his horse at the gate, and, as he entered the yard, my mother screamed out, and running to him, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. I felt scared, and wondered what big ugly man that was kissing my mother. It turned out to be my brother Edward, from Maryland, who had remained behind when my parents moved to the West, and whom I had never seen before. He was a soldier in the Whisky Boy expedition to Western Pennsylvania, and had now come to pay us a visit, before his return home to Maryland.

When about five years of age, I came very near being drowned in the Ohio River. I was a venturesome boy. I went to the river alone, got into the canoe, and went to the stern, which lay square off from the shore, over deep water, which at that time was both clear and still. I got up near the stern, with one foot on each side, and commenced rocking the craft, to see the waves roll, as I had seen others do. For some time I got on with my fun pretty well, but a slip of one foot threw me into the river, and I went to the bottom. That moment I realized my perilous condition, and, opening my eyes, I found I could see the shadow of the canoe on the bottom; so, instantly, on hands and feet, along the black mark, with all my might I made for the shore. When I had to take breath, I rose to my feet, and found that my head was out of the water. This narrow escape never was known to my parents, who often warned me about the dangers of the river.

When about six years of age, being on the island one very warm day in the month of June, toward the middle of the afternoon I felt a strong desire to cross the river and go home to my mother. So, I went down to the canoe and waited awhile;

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but no one came to go over, nor did any one come to my Uncle Richard's canoe. After awhile, the cattle came down to drink. I had often seen them swim across that stream; so a new thought came into my mind, and I drove them into the river, which was full from bank to bank, it being the time of the June rise, and, as they went in, I took old Bright, our off-side ox, by the tail, and he, being a little wild, felt somewhat frightened, went in with a plunge, and over we went, I holding on to the tail. When we got over I let go the tail, and Bright ran up the bank; then, turning round, he looked at me and blowed, like an animal terribly scared. What next was to be done? To go home all wet would not do. My mother would find out how I had crossed the river, and deal with me as I deserved, for my adventurous and rash conduct. To escape punishment, and meet the case as well as I could, my clothes were taken off and wrung; then hung on the fence in the hot afternoon sun to dry. Meantime I, being naked, hid in the bushes. About sundown they all came over, and, as they came, my clothes were put on, and I waited among the bushes until all had gone past, then followed in the rear to the house, no one appearing to notice but what I had been with them all the time. To the day of their death my parents never knew any thing of this rash adventure.

I will here give some account of the Brown family. My grandfather, George Brown, was from England. He was about five feet and one inch in height, strongly built, and of great strength. My grandmother was a Stevenson. They settled at Pipe Creek, Maryland, and had fourteen children, eight sons and six daughters. My father, Hugh Brown, was the youngest but one of the fourteen. Nearly all of them raised large families, thus connecting me with an extensive relationship, now vastly multiplied throughout the land. My mother was a Barney, daughter of Absalom Barney, of Maryland, and, I think, her progenitors were from Wales. On both sides of the house, all the Church proclivities of my ancestors were toward the English Establishment. But when the Revolutionary War sundered the American Colonies from the mother country, Church of England attachments gave way, and my relations are now found among all Christian denominations in our coun-

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try, the largest portion being among the Methodists. The Browns, Stevensons, and Barneys entered largely into the Revolutionary struggle; but among them all, Joshua Barney, first cousin to my mother, then quite young, was most distinguished. He was afterward known in history as Commodore Barney, and fought bravely in the war of 1812. My father and mother belonged to the first class of Methodists ever formed in the state of Maryland. It was organized by Robert Strowbridge, an Irish local preacher. And when they came to the West, about 1789, they, so soon as practicable, connected themselves with the Methodists, then few in number, and both remained in that communion until God called them from labor to reward in heaven.

My parents had ten children, eight sons and two daughters, nine of whom they raised. The tenth one perished in the flames, when my father's house was burned, just before the family came to the West. My father had sold his land and other property; the money was all in the house, and was all destroyed. Worst of all, my brother Barney, five years old, was burned with the house, while my parents were paying a visit among the neighbors, before their removal. So, then, they came to the West very poor, which, upon the whole, may have been for the best, as it led the whole family to laborious diligence and economy to make a living; all of which is friendly to religion. Idleness and wealth generally corrupt the heart.

From 1797 to 1800 I went to school, and, it was said, made good progress in such branches as were taught; but, in comparison with the present day, schools were then less than nothing and vanity. About the year 1796, my mother took me over the river, and, in my bare feet, I ran all over the ground where Steubenville now stands, mostly then in heavy timber, a little only being cleared near the fort, which stood, according to my recollection, about where Dr. Beatty's female seminary now stands. I heard the first sermon ever preached in Steubenville; it was called the Christening Sermon, and was delivered by Dr. Joseph Doddridge, in the old log court-house, up stairs. We went up rough stairs on the outside to the place where the meeting was held. At that time there were but three or four houses in the town, besides the aforesaid court-

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house. In those days, there was not much done in court-houses. The border settlers decided controversies, in many instances, as in all new countries, by a trial of manhood. He who could "lick" his neighbor with whom he had a dispute, generally carried his cause. Civilization and religion have measurably changed all this. Blessed be God for civilization and religion! What wonders they have wrought! They can yet do more, if human passion will allow them. But in that half-civilized state there was a great deal of fighting. Men fought for mere trifles; so did boys; and in many companies could be heard more talk about fighting, and who was the stoutest man in that community, and what boy, in a short time, would be able to "lick" all the boys in the neighborhood, than could be heard about the crops, the government of the country, or the Christian religion. Still there were thoughtful men and women, who read the Scriptures, prayed to God, attended Divine worship whenever practicable, and strove to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Among these were my beloved parents, Hugh and Ruth Brown, whose memory has always been dear to me. Thousands of times have I reproached myself for slighting their counsel in the days of my youth. They would have led me to Christ, but from Christ I ran away. Such is youthful folly!

In my boyhood it was considered a great matter to be a good swimmer. I could swim the Ohio River equal to any Indian, before I was eight years of age. This was great sport; so were shooting, hunting, fishing, and all kinds of athletic exercises, by which the human constitution is invigorated.

While we yet lived at the river, in Virginia, Rev. Robert Dobbins established preaching at the house of my uncle, Colonel Richard Brown. He was called the great Methodist preacher. The border settlers generally turned out to hear him. Much religious interest was waked up, and he certainly would have done good, had he continued his labors. After a long and useful career in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and then in the Methodist Protestant Church, he died, a few years ago, in great peace, a member of the Ohio Conference of the latter denomination.

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CHAPTER II.

REMOVAL TO OHIO, THEN A TERRITORY—CAPTAIN JOHN HENLICK AND HIS TWO WIVES—THE GAME AND THE SNAKES—DIFFICULTIES CONNECTED WITH BORDER LIFE—METHODIST PREACHERS MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE—THE WOLF-HUNT—A LARGE FARM CLEARED OUT IN FIVE YEARS—BORDER SETTLERS MAKE THEIR OWN CLOTHING FROM THE RAW MATERIAL—NO SCHOOLS FOR TEN YEARS—EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS—COWARDICE IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS—EVIL EFFECTS OF WICKED ASSOCIATIONS.

IN 1800, my father, with his family, moved to Ohio, then a territory, and built his cabin on a branch of Cross Creek called Cedar-Lick Run, in Jefferson County, on Congress land, intending to enter it when the land was surveyed and brought into market. But here there was a failure, for another man came in before him, entered the land, and got all the improvements made in two or three years. It may be we lost nothing by it, as my father bought better land higher up Cross Creek, where we again settled in the woods, opened out a large farm, and lived in the midst of plenty—at least at that time we thought so. But the plenty of that day would not do the people now.

In my boyhood I had an instinctive horror of Indians. Their barbarities to the whites, as related by every body, had been very great. To utter the word Indian would always frighten children; and it so happened that our first cabin was included in their hunting-grounds. Our cabin had but one door; opposite to this was a window, and then another window near the fireplace. One day, as I was employed under the window opposite the door, and my father sat mending his shoes by the other window, I heard a footstep, and turned to look. O, horrible! there stood within the door a very large Indian, and two squaws just behind him! Every nerve in me quaked; my very blood thrilled at the sight. He had his rifle, tomahawk, and scalping-knife, and was just raising his hand, and opening his mouth to give his whoop; and he did give it, in about the fol-

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lowing style: "Whoo! Great big man me, Captain John Henlick! have two wife!" and turned his hand back as if he meant to introduce them. My father rose up; knowing we had peace with these red children of the forest, he came forward and kindly shook each of them by the hand; my mother coming in, did the same. Seeing all this, my fears were measurably removed, but in me, after all, there was an instinctive dread. I had heard too much about savage cruelties to believe we were altogether safe with Indians in our cabin. They asked for "milk and bread," and my mother supplied their wants. After eating, the big Indian rose up and said, "Now me got enough; how far down to Make-whisky?"—meaning a distillery, an abominable sink of vice, away down Cross Creek, where, as he said, "Indian could make drunk come." Even savage barbarity has been made more savage and furious by these distilleries, that "make drunk come." I then began to see Indians so frequently that my fears wore away. Often did they lodge in our cabin of nights, occupying the whole floor. Their little boys became my playmates, and very interesting little fellows they were. We used to swim, and fish, and play ball, and run races together; and I really came at last to love those little boys of the woods, notwithstanding their fathers had been our terrible enemies.

There was game all around us: deer, bear, turkeys, wolves, wild-cats, and panthers, often coming in sight of our cabin, and once in awhile an elk might be seen, with his high, branching horns. I heard an estimate made by John Hammond, an honest Quaker, and a capital hunter, that, taking our cabin for a center, within a circle of six miles around us, six hundred deer had been killed in one hunting season, including autumn and winter. As for snakes of all kinds, they were met with everywhere. In those days my two brothers, Nicodemus and Richard, helped my father in his farming operations; I was the herdsman, and, morning and evening, brought home the cattle from the woods. Often did I, in my excursions over the hills and along the valleys, come in contact with snakes, and to be ready for them I always carried a club. One morning, in the month of October, on a limestone knob, where they had come

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out from under the shelving rocks to sun themselves, I killed thirteen large rattlesnakes at one time. At another time I found a den of them of several sorts—blacksnakes, rattlesnakes, and copperheads—and killed nineteen. Many other encounters had I, in my boyhood, with snakes. Once I was bitten by a copperhead, a mean, sly, venomous serpent, and it nearly cost me my life. Never, since that time, have I owed any good-will to copperheads—especially just now, (August 14, 1863,) as a copperhead is made the symbol of a Northern sympathizer with the great slaveholding rebellion in the South, as full of the horrible poison of treason to our beloved country as the old serpent, the devil, was to the government of God. All the copperheads, North and South, must be put down; both the symbol and the meaner thing symbolized must be forever crushed.

While I was suffering almost unto death from the bite of the copperhead above referred to, the neighbors came in to see me. Every one had his cure, and every cure was tried, but nothing did me any good; the thing run its course, spent its rage, and ultimately health returned. During my illness I thought much upon the Indian's cure—namely, to apply the lips immediately after the bite, and suck out the poison before it went into the circulation. But to this I had some objections: the poison might get into defective teeth, or some of it find its way into the stomach. It occurred to me that to squeeze it out with the thumbs and fingers would be equally effectual, and more safe; so I resolved to try this method of cure, if I ever had a chance. A few years afterward, in a harvest-field, where there were eight reapers, I, being a half-hand, was behind; William Gutshall, a German, was next before me; and as we went on, I saw a terrible rattlesnake bite William just under the ankle-bone. He leaped, screamed like a panther, and jerked the snake after him. I called to the reapers to kill it, and got William instantly to throw himself on his back, and hold up his foot to me. I applied my thumbs and fingers strongly to the wound, and forced out the poison mixed with blood, green and horrible. It was then one hour until dinner; we all waited during that hour to see the result. The swelling was not larger than

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would have been made by the sting of a wasp. We then went to dinner, and William came out with us in the afternoon, and labored on as if nothing had happened. This gave me great confidence in this new remedy for snake-bites—a remedy which proud science never thought of, but which I know to be of sovereign efficacy.

About two years after this, my brother Richard and I went into the woods to gather service-berries, which were at that time very plenty. A small tree, richly laden with fruit, was cut down; the berries, being very ripe, were all shaken off by the jar of the fall, and covered the ground. While Richard was in among the branches and weeds, gathering up the fruit, a snake bit him on the hand; he withdrew it, saying, "What is that?" He then put back his hand to about the same place, and was bitten again: that time we both saw the snake; it was a copperhead, and it ran. I told him to let it run, we had no time to lose in killing it, and to hold his hand to me. The wounds were within an inch of each other, on the back of his hand; and, by the vigorous application of my thumbs and fingers, the poison, from both the orifices, was forced out, bloody and green, and did him no harm; no swelling followed larger than would have been made by the sting of a bee. A short time after this—I think the same summer—Richard went to the stubble-field, to bring in the horses to plow, and was bitten by a rattlesnake, a very large one, on the foot. Without waiting to kill the snake, he instantly applied his thumbs and fingers and forced out the poison; the swelling was not much more than perceptible, and did not hinder him from plowing that day. Here, I think, is proof positive that a bite from the most venomous serpent may be cured, if taken in time, by a proper application of thumbs and fingers. I leave this upon record for the benefit of all who may come after me. Indeed, I published it many years ago, and now publish it again in a more permanent form, to keep it from being forgotten by my fellow-citizens.

In this new country of snakes and game, we, at that early time, labored under many inconveniences and disadvantages. There was little money to be seen; neighbors were few and far

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between; no schools for several years; it was a considerable distance to a blacksmith-shop, a store, or a mill; each made his own shoes; the women spun the yarn, wove the cloth, linen or linsey, and made all the clothing worn by their families. But, in addition to the game in the woods, we had plenty of meat of home growth, stock in abundance, and the earth yielded enough and to spare, for man and beast. Among the many mercies of God was this: the Gospel was preached to the poor. The Methodist preachers kept pace with the new settlements. Within two miles of us, at the house of Thomas Bolin, Rev. John Cullison, the first regular circuit preacher I ever saw, held forth the Word of Life to the people every four weeks. He was a good man, a plain, scriptural preacher, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and wherever he went there was a revival of religion; many were added to the Church through his instrumentality. People went then a great distance to hear the Gospel, meet in class, and attend prayer-meetings. To the Bolin class my father and mother attached themselves; and with them, my two brothers and I, with my sister Mary, three years younger than myself, in early life, generally went to hear the Gospel every four weeks. It was a week-day appointment, yet crowds attended. At last an excellent young preacher, by the name of John Meek, came to help Mr. Cullison; then we had preaching every two weeks, and the whole country seemed to be moved by the power of the Lord. About this time, too, the Baptists and Presbyterians commenced operations among the new settlers, and both denominations assailed the Methodists on points of doctrine. The Methodists allowed of sprinkling, pouring, or immersion, in baptism. The Baptists held to immersion alone, and were close communionists. The Methodists taught the doctrine of general redemption, holiness of heart and life, the witness of the Spirit, etc., and that there was a possibility of falling from grace. Here both Baptists and Presbyterians met them in conflict, and the struggle between the parties was long and arduous. Thus, in the days of my boyhood, was I made to see and understand the bitterness of heated controversy on the subject of religion. Yet, after all, good was the result, for the whole community went to searching the

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Scriptures daily, to see who was right. From parental teaching and reading the Bible, I deemed the Methodists to be right, and had my controversial sword whetted up, and ready for a passage at arms with any boy of my age in the neighborhood. From that day to this, I have always been fond of doctrinal discussions.

When we had moved to our new home, higher up Cross Creek, in 1804—I being about twelve years of age—new settlers having come in, I began to have other playmates besides Indian boys. One day in the month of May, while my parents were absent at meeting, there came a boy, John Adrian by name, to pay me a visit. We were of the same age; but he was rather under my size. He was just out from Maryland, and, knowing nothing of backwoods life, was rather fearful of snakes, wolves, bears, panthers, and Indians. I told him I had heard the old hunters say, that where the wolves howled in the morning, between daylight and sunrise, in the month of May, there they had their young; and that for some time past, every morning, about due east from our house, I had heard them howling. We talked the matter over until we became excited—a wolf-hunt we must have. Not having the fear of God before our eyes, Sunday as it was, we took the gun and dog, in the evening, and away we went, about two miles, and camped out on the top of the Piney Fork Ridge; thus choosing an elevated position, that we might hear what was going on all around us. That night we slept but little, fearing snakes rather than wolves, though of wolves we had some fears, as we supposed ourselves to be near the den. Our lodging was in an old hunters' camp, covered with bark. At the peep of day we were up and on the alert, moving down the south side of a deep ravine. No wolves yet had howled. In about ten minutes from the time we started from our camp, we saw the old she-wolf, on the opposite side of the ravine, start from the mouth of her den in full chase after our dog. He came running to us with all his might, terribly scared, with the hair on his back all turned the other way. The wolf saw us, and passed clear round us like a streak. I found it impossible to shoot with any hope of hitting her, in her flight, so my fire

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was reserved. In a few moments she and her mate came together, just over the ridge beyond the den, and set up a terrible howling. Immediately, John and I crossed the ravine, and up we went to the mouth of the den, and could hear the young cubs playing. If we had possessed the skill of experienced hunters, we would have stopped the den, retired behind a blind, and shot one or both of the old wolves when they came; but we never thought of this. Our plan was immediately laid to take the cubs. John was stationed at the mouth of the den, with an emphatic charge to fight hard if the wolves came; to shoot one and kill the other with the butt of the gun—not doubting but that he could do it. After listening a moment at the howling, just over the hill, in I went, about twelve feet, and there were the cubs, playing about. The den was about eight feet in diameter, and, as to height, there was room enough to admit of my standing on my knees. It was bedded with leaves and moss, and, for wolves, it must have been quite comfortable. I took two of the cubs by the hind legs and backed myself out. I gave a hind leg of each cub to John, in his left hand, and told him to hold the gun in his right, and urged him to defend me manfully if the old wolves came. Then I went in again, and brought out two more, and gave John a hind leg of each in his right hand. So, squatting down on his "hunkers," he took the gun between his knees, and gave some signs of fear, as the old wolves over the ridge were howling furiously. I noticed his fears, and renewed my charge to be brave, and, if they did come, to let them all go, and fight like a hero, and not let them into the den after me. I then went in again, and brought out two more; so then he had to take three hind legs of cubs in each hand, six in all. Again I renewed my charge to John, and, for the last time, crawled in, searched the den thoroughly, and finding no more young wolves, came out, and away we went in triumph, leaving the old wolves howling. We were at home by eight o'clock in the morning, with our six cubs. We took them alive to 'Squire Leech, before whom I made oath that the wolves were captured in Wayne Township, Jefferson County, Ohio, and got from him an order for the township bounty;

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likewise an order on the county treasurer for the state bounty; then, cutting off the heads of the cubs in the presence of the 'Squire, we went home. The next day we went to Steubenville, and from the county treasurer drew the state bounty. Neither John nor I ever had so much money before. John Ward, the county treasurer, said that, for two such boys, our wolf-hunt was an exploit indeed, rather ahead of General Putnam's. So, hearing all this from him and others, we began to think we had done something a little above par, and that, after awhile, we might be of some consequence among mankind. Our vanity set us to stepping largely along the streets of Steubenville. Any one interested, by searching the record, might find that in May, 1804, John Ward, Treasurer, paid George Brown a certain sum of money (amount now forgotten) for six wolf-scalps; and there are persons now living in Jefferson County, Ohio, who know all about the success of our wolf-hunt, and the noise it made.

It is a little remarkable that my father, a very strict Methodist, did not bring me to a rigorous account for a breach of the Sabbath, in this wolf-hunt. As every body spoke favorably of the adventure—of its daring and success—may be the old gentleman thought it best not to throw a cloud over the general joy by giving me the chastisement I deserved.

In our new home we were again in the woods; had our cabin to erect, land to clear and cultivate, and our bread to raise. I was still the herdsman, and, morning and evening, from the woods, had to bring home the cattle. Here, too, as at the other place, we were in the midst of the wild grandeurs of nature, and there were snakes and game in abundance. My father was a man of very industrious habits; my brothers and myself were brought up to hard labor. Here I began to be a working boy. We all worked. In about five years we cleared, fenced, and brought under cultivation, about one hundred and thirty acres of wild land. So we began to live at home, in the midst of what were then called the necessaries of life. But, as before intimated, the necessaries of life then were different from the necessaries of life now. I was full fifteen years old before I ever saw a carpet. We, and all our neighbors, went

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up into the second stories of our cabins by step-ladders. We all grew our own flax and wool. The women had spinning-wheels and looms. They spun and wove, and made nearly all the clothing worn by the families in those early times; and, of all such things as we could make ourselves, we had an abundance. Once in awhile, at meetings and other public gatherings, we saw people in better clothing than our own, made of goods bought at the stores then being established here and there in the country. Then, again, we saw the Indians, then beginning to recede from our vicinity, and many of the whites around us, in much worse garb than our own. So, if our clothing was not the best, it was not the worst. We made it ourselves, and were not in debt for it, and to wear it we were not ashamed, in the best society then to be found.

At that time it was with us as with all new and sparsely populated settlements; we had no schools for about ten years, in our neighborhood, after we moved to Ohio. A school, indeed, was started, to which I went three days; then the house was burned, and there the matter ended, to the great grief of the neighborhood. My sorrow was great, as I then saw no chance for an education. I had been three years to school before I left Virginia, and had done what I could to retain the rudiments of an education then laid in, and to improve, in every way in my power, the little stock of learning I had gained. Now the school-house was burned, and the neighbors divided about a site for a new one—each man wanted it near his habitation. So nothing was done, and I was greatly discouraged; yet the matter was not by any means given up. I had a confidence that, somehow or other, I would, at least, get a good business education.

In early life, conviction for sin often took a powerful hold of my mind. My father's house was a house of prayer, and there the Gospel was occasionally preached. It was a place of resort for religious people. Besides, with my father and mother, I, with my brothers and sisters, generally attended the stated preaching in the neighborhood. So, here I was constantly within the reach of religious truth, surrounded at all times by Christian influences; and, in my heart, often felt my-

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self to be a lost sinner. From a very early age, "I knew my duty, but I did it not." Bold in sin, indeed, I was; but on the subject of my soul's eternal salvation I was a coward. All my religious impressions and convictions were carefully kept to myself; neither father nor mother, nor any friend I had upon earth, knew any thing about them. And, it may be added, that it was my settled determination, if the Lord, in mercy, converted my soul, to keep that a secret too. With such views and feelings, I prayed for mercy night and day, in secret places, mostly in the barn and in the woods, often tempted by the devil to give the matter over; and, if I did not, he would appear and claim me as his lawful prey. But, with all his threats, however terrifying, the devil never did succeed in driving me from the mercy-seat in time of secret prayer. My faith was weak; my views and determinations were wrong in relation to secrecy in matters of religion. The Lord did not intend to light a candle in my soul to be put under a bushel. So I spent my strength for naught, became more and more wretched in my soul, until I nearly reached the borders of despair. At last, becoming completely discouraged, I gave over the struggle, and plunged more deeply than ever into sin. Often, between my twelfth and sixteenth years, was my soul deeply awakened to a sense of my sins; often did the pains of hell well-nigh get hold upon me; then, day and night, as before, I resorted to secret prayer, keeping all my sorrows to myself, determining, if the Lord did bless me with the knowledge of salvation by the remission of my sins, I would keep that also a secret; and I always failed, because my ignorant, proud heart was not willing to come out openly and above-board on the Lord's side. I wanted a secret religion, and wanted to keep it a secret from all my young associates, most of whom were very wicked; but the Lord did not intend to have it so. He meant to bring me out openly before the world. The truth is, it is a great calamity on any youth to have wicked associates, who sneer at religion. Such associates kept me back from Christ for several years. My cowardly heart was bound by their influence, as by a fetter of iron, which I had no power to break. Gospel sermons, parental instruction, example, and pray-

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ers, all seemed unavailing and powerless over me for good, while in the midst of wicked associates; and, alas for me! I had no others, and from them, at that time of life, I had not the moral courage to break away. Had it not been for the restraining grace of God, my ruin for time and eternity would have been complete.

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CHAPTER III.

LEARN THE FULLING TRADE—TRIP TO CANTON—GO TO SCHOOL IN VIRGINIA—DEATH OF MY FATHER BY DROWNING—COMMENCE TEACHING SCHOOL—ENTER THE ARMY IN 1812—THE WILD HORSE—JOHNSON'S ISLAND—GENERAL HARRISON—WINCHESTER'S DEFEAT—VOLUNTEER TO HELP AWAY THE WOUNDED—THE RETREAT—CAMP INUNDATED—FORT MEIGS—HONORABLY DISCHARGED—START FOR HOME—DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVEL—FAILURE OF PROVISIONS—MY RELIGIOUS CONDITION.

NEAR the close of my fifteenth year, by the advice of my parents, I undertook to learn the fulling trade with Robert Smith. Before being bound as an apprentice, it was deemed advisable by the parties concerned, that I should be considered on trial for nine months, to see how I would like the business and the man to whom I was to be bound, and how he would like me. This happened to be a good arrangement, for, at the end of that time, we mutually agreed to part. Finding myself put to running a saw-mill, to farming, to being a general lackey for the family, and every thing else that I did not go there to learn, I became uneasy, and indicated my dissatisfaction, because I had but little chance to obtain a knowledge of my trade; whereupon I was told I had the usual chance given to boys, and, if I did not like the course of treatment, I might go home. I did not exactly like this, for I greatly desired to learn the trade. Withal, I had no objections to Smith or his family; but I could not consent to be employed in time to come as I had been up to that date, so I declined being Smith's indented apprentice, and went home to work on the farm. Here were nine months of my life as good as thrown away, for I had learned but little of Smith, save to make fuller's soap—a capital thing, by the by; but I have long since

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forgotten how to do it. This I have often regretted, as there can be neither civilization nor religion without soap.

When the fall work was pretty well done up on the farm at home, feeling desirous of making a little money for myself, I went to Canton, in Stark County, Ohio, then quite a new place, about sixty miles off, and, for about three months, made good wages at hard work—cutting, splitting, and hauling wood into town. Returning home about the last of January, 1809, in fine health, I felt pretty well, indeed, at being able to clothe myself with the proceeds of my own labor, and to extend a little help to the family. When I left home on this youthful enterprise, my mother gave me a quarter of a dollar, and a little provision in my sack, and away I went on foot. When night came on, I slept in a barn, warm enough, in the soft hay. The second day, in the afternoon, I reached Canton; had my quarter of a dollar yet; got employment immediately; and the next morning, on my way to the woods, I found a new half-dollar in the road. This I took as a good indication, and felt quite encouraged by the occurrence; nor did I spend one cent, while I remained in Canton, in any useless way. Now, indeed, I was free from the influence of wicked associates, nor had I any good ones. There were at that time no meetings in the place; no Christians that I could hear of. I kept no company, either good or evil, further than business required. Yet experience taught me that I could be a sinner without sinners to entice me, and, I suppose, even without a devil to tempt me, for in my poor fallen nature there was a constant gravitation to the wrong, a proneness to forget God, and live according to the dictates of my own carnal heart. Nothing now engrossed my attention like the making of money. Even a beardless boy, as well as an old miser, can be carried away by the love of money. Still, I scorned to make it in any dishonest way.

In the spring of 1809, a most crushing injury received on my head, breast, and back, cut me loose from all further labor on the farm, and toward winter, having somewhat recovered, I went from home to school in Western Virginia. It was the

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overturning, on a hillside, of a sled, upon which was a large log of rail timber, that inflicted the injury, and from it I have suffered between the shoulders, more or less, to the present day. In Holliday's Cove, Brooke County, Virginia, I found comfortable boarding with my cousin, Richard Brown, Esq., a real, practical philosopher, and a man of great benevolence of heart, who took pleasure in rendering me all the assistance in his power, in the prosecution of my studies. Hugh Laird was my preceptor—a man of extensive attainments, a competent and successful teacher; but, alas! he loved liquor too well for his own good and the good of his school. However, during the two years I was with him, he took a deep interest in me, and gave me a pretty fair chance for what, in those days, was considered a good business education. But this only waked up in my soul a desire for a higher education; a thorough course in college was what I wanted, but was never able to obtain. Like all others who have had to be self-taught, I found my way strewed with difficulties in the acquisition of knowledge, yet I have done what I could in a course of mental improvement.

In the month of February, 1811, my uncle, Colonel Richard Brown, died. He was a real Western pioneer; a man of great physical and mental energy, universally respected for his usefulness as a citizen, and for his genuine benevolence of heart. That same year, July 11, I lost my father. He was drowned in the Ohio River, on the Ohio side of Brown's Island. In the time of harvest vacation, I went home to assist in harvest labor. When all the grain was in the shock, word came, by a swift messenger, that my Aunt Honor, the widow of my Uncle Richard, was sick, and supposed to be near unto death. Immediately my father and I went to see her—he on horseback and I on foot. The distance was fifteen miles, and all the way, as we went, my excellent father was most engaging in religious conversation. Neither of us knew that that was his last day on earth; but, had he known it, he could not have been more faithful and affectionate in the counsels he gave me. When we came to the river it was very low, and we both

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crossed it on the same horse, and found my aunt, as was supposed, quite out of danger. The next morning, my father, on his return homeward, was seen, by myself and others, to cross from the Virginia shore to the island in safety. But, on the Ohio side of the island, instead of inclining a little up stream, to the out-coming place, he kept too straight over, and got into very deep water, where he and his horse were both drowned, for neither of them could swim. The horse was found on a bar near the lower end of Brown's Island, but my father lodged against a rock on the Ohio side, about one mile and a half above Steubenville. He was drowned on Wednesday, found on Friday, so swollen that no one knew him, and, after an inquest was held over the body, he was buried below high-water mark that same day. A sea-shell, found in his pocket at the time of interment, by some one present, who supposed it to have come from my Cousin Richard Brown's, where I boarded, led to the identification of his body. The shell was brought on Saturday morning, inquiry was made, and it was found that my father had got the shell. Thus the dreadful secret was revealed, that my beloved and venerated father was the drowned man. In the water all alone, no wife, son, daughter, or friend near to witness the death-struggle, he yielded up his soul to God. My father was a good man, and, from the days of Robert Strowbridge to the day of his death, had been a consistent member of the Methodist Church. He left his children a bright example of every Christian virtue. I gave the family notice of the sorrowful occurrence on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday he was disinterred and buried again, in the Presbyterian Cemetery in Steubenville. His funeral was preached, to a very large audience, by Rev. William Lambdin, from the fourth verse of the Twenty-third Psalm. That day I began to feel myself an orphan, and settled it in my heart that the God of my father should be my God. As if a voice from heaven had spoken to me, I felt called to abandon sin and sinners, and betake myself to a life of religion.

In the autumn of 1811, I left school and returned home, and in a short time was called into service, in the neighbor-

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hood, as a school-teacher. This gave me a fine opportunity to review past studies, and to fasten more firmly on my mind what I had learned at school. But in 1812 the war came on. My two brothers were drafted; my school was given up, and I went home to take care of the farm. My brother Nicodemus had not long been married, and his wife brought on herself a sore spell of sickness, through grief at his going into the army. Nothing seemed likely to comfort or cure her but the return of her husband. I thought I could more readily stand the hardships of war and the bullets of the British, than the wailings of my brother's wife. So, away to the army I went, and was accepted as orderly sergeant in my brother's place, and let him go home to take care of his wife and the farm, two important duties which I was not fully able to perform.

On the 21st day of September, 1812, the regiment marched from Steubenville, Ohio, to join General Harrison in the Northwest. John Andrews was our colonel; Thomas Latta was captain of our company—both soldierly-looking men; and the whole regiment looked like rendering good service to our country, if called into action. Being orderly sergeant, I was taken into the captain's mess, ate at his table, lodged in his tent, was exempt from many hardships to which others were exposed, and did public writing during my whole term of service. Not many men in the army, at that day, could make out a pay-roll or a subsistence account. By permission of the captain, I did a great deal of this kind of work for the officers of our regiment, and all without charge. Some of them, however, rendered me a compensation for my labor; others did not, as they lacked the generosity to offer pay where no formal charge was made. But I had my compensation at last; such business was an improving school to me, while it saved me from the harder duties of the camp, and gave me favor with most of the officers of our regiment—a matter of no small importance to me, at that time.

From Steubenville the regiment marched by Canton to Huron, then, after considerable delay, moved on to Lower Sandusky. While at Huron, Captains Latta and Studger, with their companies, were detailed to take six large open boats,

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loaded with provision, from the mouth of Huron River, round by the lake, to Lower Sandusky. Studger's company went as guard along the lake shore; Latta's company took the boats. On the 4th day of December, the wind from the north being very high, the cold most intense, and the fearful breakers rolling in against the southern shore, out we went into the lake. Each of the four boats that went out of the mouth of the river before the one I was in, as it passed over the breaker into the trough between the waves, was for a time lost from sight, but presently it rose on the next wave, and away it went. The wind being against us, our small sails did us no good; so, we had to row the boats—it was row or perish, so terrible was the wind, so fearful was the cold. About midnight, being driven by the wind in near against the shore, all our boats ran hard aground on a bar, at the mouth of Sandusky Bay. We left the boats, and waded about sixty yards to the shore; I had the good fortune to be carried out on the back of a soldier. How clever was this man! How thankful I felt for so great a kindness when so thoroughly overcome by cold! Both the companies there came together and built fires behind a large sand-bank that sheltered them from the wind, to dry their clothes and warm themselves. In a little time all were cheerful and merry, and long before daylight all but the guards, and a few to keep up the fires, were sound asleep. When I awoke in the morning, I went right to the boats. The wind had fallen; the lake had receded to its proper level and left them high and dry, full fifty yards from the water; and there stood a large iron-gray horse, eating corn out of one of the boats. He was a beautiful animal, and as wild as a deer. Immediately I ran back and made report, and the two companies, with guns in hand, formed a semicircle from the water to the water, closing him in. He tried at every point to break the ranks, but the fearful array of bristling bayonets alarmed him, and he plunged into the water, and away he went three miles across the mouth of the bay. About midway he struck a bar, where the water came only up to his sides; he turned, lifted up his head and tail, gave us a look of scornful defiance, and snorted!—then, turning,

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he went in a gallop for several rods, and plunging into deep water, he swam away to the point above the bay. When he got out, he gave us another scornful look, turned, and galloped up the point as far as we could see him. I was told by a gentleman from Sandusky City, about five years ago, that that horse was the sire of the best breed of horses in all that region of country. He was a noble animal.

In a short time, the wind came again from the north, and brought the water, swelling high, to the southern shore of the lake. Then we got our boats off, and started up the bay for Lower Sandusky; but being obstructed by the ice, we landed on what is now called Johnson's Island, where we found corn, turnips, potatoes, and about two hundred fat hogs. The owner of the island had left all, and fled to Canada. Being, as we learned, a Frenchman, in sympathy with our enemies, we took possession of every thing that would be of service to the army. The hogs were killed, cleaned, and salted; and after waiting in vain about ten days, in hope of a thaw, so that we could reach our destination, we gave the matter up, and returned down the lake to Huron, bringing all we had gathered up on the Frenchman's island along with us. While on that island I came near losing my life, by eating a frozen turnip; a heavy cold settled on my lungs, fearfully indicating an approaching consumption, but in about six weeks my health returned. This was the only sickness I had while in the army. From Huron, our wing of the army, now amounting to a brigade, under command of General Simon Perkins, moved on by land to Lower Sandusky, where we remained several days under constant drill. No army, until thoroughly drilled, is in a condition to meet the enemy in the day of battle. About the 17th of January, 1813, I saw General Harrison for the first time. I was greatly disappointed in his appearance. I had formed the idea that our commanding General, the hero of Tippecanoe, must be a man of vast proportions, a real giant in his whole frame-work; but how I was surprised and disappointed when I saw him, a mere hoop-pole in military costume! But he looked as tough as a hickory-withe, and his dark, keen, intelligent eye, and his care-worn and

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thoughtful look, immediately impressed us all with the belief that we had an able, trustworthy commander—the right man in the right place.

About three o'clock that same day, while General Harrison was reviewing the troops, an express from General Winchester arrived, containing information that he had defeated the British and Indians at the River Raisin, and was holding that position, with a considerable amount of military stores taken from the enemy. He called upon Harrison to bring on the forces, and make that the point of concentration for the whole North-western Army, instead of the Rapids of the Maumee, the place designated by General Harrison. This was a rash act of disobedience to orders; and, in a council of war immediately called, Harrison predicted, among his officers, disastrous results to Winchester, unless our wing of the army could, by forced marches across the Black Swamp, reach him in three days. This was about the 18th of January, 1813. That night we received orders to prepare three days' rations, and to be ready to enter, at four o'clock the next morning, upon a forced march to relieve Winchester. We were off at the time appointed; but, as our train of wagons often broke through the ice in the Black Swamp, our progress was greatly retarded, for it would not do to leave our artillery and baggage-wagons behind—a loss to ourselves, and a prey to the enemy. On the third day, in the afternoon, our advance-guard reported that all that morning they had heard the roar of artillery ahead. This put new life into us all; though faint with marching, late and early, we nearly doubled our speed. But, on reaching the Maumee Bay, we began to meet the refugees flying from the field of battle—some without hats or shoes, others without coats, others were wounded, and all reported that Winchester was defeated! O, how sad this news was to all our hearts! But we went on down the bay on the ice, still meeting more and more of our defeated soldiers, all in a sad plight. At last we came to a final halt, and General Harrison, after a most thrilling speech—which he wound up with a flood of tears for the brave sons of Kentucky who had, with British allow-

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ance, after they became prisoners, been slaughtered by the merciless savages—called for volunteers to go to the battle-field, or as near as they could get, to help away the wounded. Three hundred and sixty men responded to the call. I was one of that number. We were gone, on this trying expedition, from about three o'clock P. M. until about daylight the next morning, when we rejoined the army, on Wayne's old camp-ground, very much exhausted. During the afternoon and night, as we moved on toward the field of disastrous conflict, we built many fires to warm the sufferers, and helped many a poor soldier in distress. One major had five wounds—both his arms were disabled—still he kept in his saddle, and, by some means, managed his horse with his feet. On approaching near the scene of strife, we learned from several wounded soldiers that the British commander, with his Canadian forces, had retired to Fort Malden, leaving about fifteen hundred drunken Indians on the field, who were burning up Brownstown, with all the wounded who had been left in the houses. These horrid atrocities greatly exasperated us all, and we felt that blood called for blood; but our force was inferior, and our orders restrained us from making an attack upon these furious savages.

When we reached camp in the morning, the scouts came in with the intelligence (which afterward proved to be false,) that the British and Indians were advancing upon us in full force. After a council with his officers, General Harrison ordered a retreat. So, after a hasty breakfast, we retreated all that day through a heavy rain, and in the evening crossed a small river on the ice, (name not now remembered,) and encamped along with the Pennsylvania troops, threw up breastworks of heavy timber as a defense against the enemy, got supper, and prepared as best we could, amid slush of snow about knee-deep, to get some sleep. Indeed, we all needed sleep. The forced march, the night spent in helping away the wounded and stragglers from Winchester's battle-field, the day's retreat, without halting to eat or rest, made sleep necessary for me, and I suppose for all the others, especially my companions in toil, who volunteered to help away the wounded.

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That night was the first time, in a long while, that we were able to pitch our tents; the ground had been frozen so hard we could not drive in our stakes. The snow was removed with a shovel, the tent was put up, and with a little brush under us, instead of feathers, we lay down, and were immediately asleep, with a great log fire just in front of our tent. All this seemed very fine; but, about four o'clock in the morning, the whole camp was inundated. As if a dam above us had broken, and let loose the water upon us, here it came, about knee-deep, all over the low bottom where we had pitched our tents, and there was no escape. When about half buried in water, I awoke. Supposing the snow had melted under me, I took up a pan and commenced throwing out the water; but hearing it fall in the water on the outside of the tent, I went out, and found that the river had overflown its banks, and that the whole army was in commotion—all were on the lookout to see what next was to be done. To meet the difficulties of our situation in the best manner our circumstances would permit, we raised log platforms above the water, and stretched our tents over them, and built large log-heaps higher than the water, and set them on fire. Here we dried our clothes, cooked our rations, talked over our troubles, and waited in patient hope of a better time to come; and, in some respects, a better time did speedily come. That morning the wind changed, and came furiously from the north; the cold became intense, and against night the soldiers were running about on the ice, and by the next night the ice would bear our heaviest ox-teams. So, all had solid ice to walk and skate upon, and there was much sport among the boys in the camp. But, alas for us! these sports were soon interrupted by disease; exposure and hardships brought on the bloody-flux, and during the eight days we remained in that place, we buried many of our comrades.

About the 1st of February, we returned to the Rapids of the Maumee, and built Fort Meigs. While engaged in that work, I went out on many a scout, but never came into conflict with the enemy. About the 10th of March, as our term of service was known to expire on the 21st of that month, our company

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was sent, by General Harrison, to finish some block-houses at Lower Sandusky, and then and there to be discharged. To turn our faces homeward was a joyful event to us all; so we crossed the Black Swamp, on the ice, in very high glee, accomplished the work assigned us, and gained a few days of our time, and were, all of us, honorably discharged. Honorably discharged, having fought no battles! Other portions of the army fought battles, and we would have done so too, if a chance had been given us: our regiment often sought battle, but it always fled from us, and, to our mortification, we came home without a fight.

On the evening before we set out for home, we drew two days' rations, which were supposed to be enough to last us through to Mansfield. The night before we started, there fell a snow about two feet deep. In the morning, at eight o'clock, without dreaming of the trouble ahead, we were off for home. We crossed the Sandusky River in canoes; there were thirty-two of us. We gave three cheers on the home side of the river, and were answered by our more sensible and cautious comrades, who, on account of the snow, declined to accompany us. We had to pass through an unbroken wilderness all the way to Mansfield. Our only guides were the blazes on the trees. The country was level and swampy. About eleven o'clock a rain set in, which continued several days; that great body of snow was dissolved, and the whole country was pretty much covered with water, which, level on the surface, revealed not the unevenness of the ground underneath. Often we plunged, without any warning of our danger, into holes, over head and ears. We could tell when we came to a stream, by a gentle movement of the water. We had two axes in company, some powder in flat flasks, which the boys carried in their hats, tightly drawn on their heads, and several rifles. Over creeks we felled trees, lodging them on their own stumps, and against trees on the other side. On these, instead of bridges, we always got safely over. When we came to ponds, we always knew them by the ice rising to the top of the water. Sometimes, when too many would get upon the ice at once, it would break, and down we would all go. These ponds and the creeks were numerous,

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and gave us a great deal of trouble; often we suffered injury by bruising ourselves against the ice. All this made traveling very slow. In two days our rations were gone, and it took us five days to get through; so we were three days and nights without any thing to eat, save two squirrels. After wading and plunging in ice and water for four days, about four P. M., on the fourth day, we came to a little elevation, and found two squirrels. The guns were put in order, and the squirrels were killed, broiled, and divided among thirty-two of us. I got a fore-leg for my share. Indeed, it was a sweet morsel to me; to this day I remember how pleasant it tasted. On this little piece of rising ground we encamped for the night, built large fires, and dried our clothes. We supposed ourselves about to get into a more elevated and rolling district of country, and our joy was very great.

The fifth morning came. For a little time we hunted sweet hickory roots, to appease the hunger from which we were suffering. We all had money; but how very contemptible was money, when we could buy nothing with it to keep off starvation! Finally, in Indian file, we proceeded, directing our course by the moss always found upon the north side of the trees, and in a short time came right up against another pond, covered with ice, over which we could not see. Twenty-four of the boys went in; eight of us held back, to see how they would get on. When they were nearly out of sight, among the bushes that grew in the swamp, often breaking through the ice as they went, and when at last we could get no further intelligence from them, we turned up to the north, hoping to find a better way. We had not gone far before we came upon the track of a bear, and, for some time, our hunger prompted us powerfully to try to overtake and kill him; but at last we gave up the pursuit, and in a little time crossed a stream about four rods wide, and up to our arms in depth, which, in our opinion, supplied that large pond with water. When safely over the stream, we fired a gun, to let our companions know where we were. The parties came together in about one hour afterward, and they informed us that the report of the gun was heard,

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and that, at that time, the foremost of them had just got out of the pond, and one man, a poor swimmer, was very near being drowned. He was the largest man in the company, and the smallest man among the thirty-two, by great exertions, drew him along through deep water, where all had to swim, and saved his life. About eleven o'clock A. M., being far behind, weary and faint with hunger, I heard the boys ahead of me cheering lustily. This inspired me with new energy, and on I went, to find out the cause of the cheering. There they were, all in a circle, looking at some object in the center, which proved to be nothing more nor less than a grain of corn! By this we were led to suppose ourselves near the settlement, and it filled us all with joy. By unanimous consent, John Potts, who found the grain of corn, was allowed the high privilege of eating it; and off we started in Indian file again. In about half an hour another shout was heard; it was prolonged and vehement, mingled with much laughter and joy. When we who were behind came up, there were the boys on the ground, like so many turkeys, scratching out of the dirt, and eating to appease their hunger, the grains of corn left where the Pennsylvania troops had encamped and fed their horses and oxen. Well, that corn tasted sweet to me, and to us all; we ate it with gladness of heart. But one occurrence there greatly marred our pleasure, and provoked general indignation. Off to one side, on a log, there sat the large man, who that day had been saved from drowning by the small man, as before stated—eating bread! and he boasted that he had half a loaf left, and invited us, then, to help him eat it; but no one would do it; every man scorned him, and from that hour he lost caste among us. Often, to help him along, had this man's heavy knapsack been carried by his comrades. And often, during our three days of starvation, while he carried it himself, did he fall back to eat, as we now supposed, his morsel alone. Now, all agreed that he might finish his loaf by himself, for we could not afford to eat a mean man's bread. That afternoon, about four o'clock, we came to Mansfield, where we were amply supplied with all we needed; and in about four days more I reached home, and felt glad that

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the toils of the campaign were over, and that God had spared my life to see my relations and friends once more.

On a review of the campaign of 1812–13, though our wing of the army had no battles, yet they had a great deal of toil and suffering to endure. Our north-western frontier was then an unbroken wilderness, full of streams to bridge, and swamps to cross by bridging, or otherwise; sometimes the ice was our bridge. As we had no railroads at that time, to carry armies or military stores, wagons and pack-horses had to be used, and the army marched on foot. Each night, before we slept, as a protection against the enemy, breastworks were thrown up all around the encampment. The winter was very hard; the ground was frozen, and the snow was deep. During the hardest of the winter we could not pitch our tents, it being impossible to drive the tent-stakes into the ground; so we built large fires to keep ourselves warm. Before these fires, with our tent-cloth thrown over some brush, which we used instead of feathers, wrapped in our blankets, with our knapsacks for pillows, we laid ourselves down under the open heavens, exposed to frost, or snow, or rain, or whatever came. Sometimes our heads were white with frost in the morning; often we were covered several inches deep with snow, or drenched with rain. To endure all this, and not be sick, required a very firm constitution. Harrison's soldiers became nearly as hardy as wild beasts. By the good providence of God, I returned home in perfect health, even better than I had before I entered the army.

Of my religious condition while in the army, it may be proper, in closing this chapter, to say a little. From the time of the death of my father, I had religious impressions, and fervently prayed to God, in secret places, to show me the way of salvation. On the subject of being born again, I was a perfect Nicodemus—my gross mind could not comprehend that spiritual change required by our Lord. In this condition I went into the army, where I found very pious officers and soldiers, who, on all convenient occasions, held prayer-meetings. These meetings I attended, and took part in the singing, but never ventured to lead in prayer; yet I constantly prayed in secret, until

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near the close of my term of service, when I became discouraged and gave the matter up. One night, while doing public writing in the captain's tent, some officers in a neighboring tent commenced singing a vain, carnal song, with which I had formerly been familiar, and, before I was aware of what I was doing, I found myself quite carried away with it, and was singing with them lustily. When it was over, on mature reflection upon what I had done, my spirit was wounded, my soul was discouraged, all my power over sin had departed, and I did not dare to pray any more until I returned home. I now see that all this was utterly wrong. He who goes on an errand, and stumbles and falls by the way, should not lie in the mud, crying, but should spring to his feet, and run the faster, and with greater care. But so did not I. My soul was in deep distress; the devil now had me down in the mud, and he kept me there for several months. What a blessing it would have been to me, at that time, to have had the counsel of some faithful Christian friend, to help me to recover from my fall! But this I could not have, because I had foolishly resolved to let no one know my spiritual condition. It is truly wonderful to me now, that, for so many years, I should have allowed the enemy of my soul to lock up my mouth, and render me completely dumb on the subject of my soul's eternal welfare. What Christian on earth could render me any service by his counsel, unless he knew my spiritual necessities? Evil associations and a disposition to conceal all my religious impressions from Christian friends, whose help I so much needed, proved a very great hindrance to me, in seeking the salvation of my soul.

During the summer of 1813, I attended a camp-meeting at some distance from home. There I did hope to be out of reach of the influence of my former associates, and that I should have an unobstructed opportunity to seek the Lord. There the Spirit of the Lord deeply moved my heart. But, being an utter stranger, no one spoke to me about my soul; often did I wish that some one would. I had not the courage to venture forward to the altar of prayer. So the meeting ended, and I returned home without finding the Saviour. For

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a short time, I then indulged in all the pleasures of sin, as they are called, and ran madly away from Christ. But I soon found that to sin against the clearest light and knowledge that God had given me, was an evil and a bitter thing; so I determined on two things: first, to come out entirely from all wicked company; and, secondly, that I would no longer conceal my spiritual condition from those who were both able and willing to instruct me in the things of God.

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CHAPTER IV.

TRIP TO BALTIMORE—HAD TO DECIDE BETWEEN MY TWO BROTHERS—THE CAMP-MEETING, AND THE GIANTS OF METHODISM—MY CONVERSION AND HAPPINESS—ROBERT FISHER—THE PRAYER-MEETING AND THE CROSS—JOINED THE CHURCH—GILBERT MIDDLETON, CLASS-LEADER—HIS FAITHFULNESS—MEMBERS OF HIS CLASS—THE CLASS OF YOUNG MEN WHO HELD PRAYER-MEETINGS—COMMENCED PREACHING WHILE ON PROBATION—MY STUDIES—THE BALTIMORE LOCAL PREACHERS—AN EFFORT TO REPAIR AN INJURY TO MY BROTHER—STUDIES CONTINUED IN MY BROTHER'S TAN-YARD—A SOLDIER AGAIN, IN DEFENSE OF BALTIMORE AGAINST THE BRITISH—A SOLDIER CONDEMNED TO BE SHOT—REFLECTIONS ON THAT THRILLING SCENE—FIRST LOVE-FEAST I ATTENDED IN BALTIMORE—LICENSED TO PREACH IN 1814.

MY two brothers, Edward and John, who resided in Baltimore, on learning that I had returned in safety from the Northwestern Army, both wrote me letters, urging me to visit them, and promising to aid me in getting into a clerkship, or some other suitable business, in Baltimore. So, in compliance with their wishes, I left my beloved mother in care of my brother Richard, who managed the farm and all the home concerns, and about the last of August I set out for that city. Nothing of special interest occurred during the journey until I reached Pipe Creek, Maryland, the old home of my parents—the place where they espoused the cause of Christ, and became members of the first class of Methodists ever organized in that state. There, among my relations whom I had never seen before, I spent about one week, and found many of them devoted Christians, in fellowship with the Methodist Episcopal Church. With them I attended several meetings, and was deeply impressed by their conversation, prayers, the preaching, and other religious exercises, with the absolute necessity of the conversion of my soul. To me it was as clear as Holy Writ could make it, that I was utterly unfit for, and unworthy of, such society as I was then in; so I determined upon a new course of life.

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While in the stage, passing on from Westminster to Baltimore, some young Baltimoreans, whose exterior would have passed them off for gentlemen, were exceedingly profane; such vulgar swearing I had never heard before. To myself, in my heart, I said: "Are these Baltimoreans? Am I going to that city? and are such men as these to be my associates? No, indeed, this thing shall never be!" Then and there, in the midst of those vulgar blasphemers, I entered into covenant with the Lord, and sealed that covenant with many tears and fervent prayers, that I never would, of choice, have another wicked companion, and that the people of God should be my people, to the end of life. That evening I reached Baltimore, and found a hearty welcome at the house of my brother Edward. He and his family and my brother John were all in good health, and expressed great gratification at my arrival, and John immediately gave me an invitation to accompany him to the theater, for he was a real man of the world, and made no pretensions to religion. My brother Edward, a good man, and a very zealous Methodist, asked me to accompany him to the prayer-meeting in Old Town. That night I had to decide between my two brothers. I loved them both, and did not like to offend either of them; but, remembering my covenant made that day with the Lord, in the stage, I determined to go with Edward to the prayer-meeting; and I found that, in so doing, all the religious purposes of my heart were invigorated, and that God had given me more than ever to feel my need of the Saviour. My heart was melted into tenderness, and my choking grief, on account of the sad condition of my soul, almost forbade utterance. A few days after this, my brother Edward took me with him to a camp-meeting, about fifteen miles out from Baltimore. All the way to that meeting I was utterly unable to converse with any one; but wept and prayed in deep distress, until we reached the encampment. There, for the first time, I saw and heard the great giants of Methodism—Revs. Asa Shinn, Nicholas Snethen, William Ryland, and Alexander McCain. The whole scene was new to me, and for a short time I indulged in an agreeable survey of the encamp-

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ment—so large, regular, and military in its appearance. In a little time preaching came on. The preacher was a colored man, whose name I have forgotten. He stood behind the stand, and, with uncommon power, delivered a discourse to a large congregation of colored people. This was the first son of Ham I had ever heard preach the Gospel, and this sermon revealed two things to me: first, that he was a capital preacher; and, secondly, that I was a poor, miserable sinner, in great danger of losing my soul. The sermon being over, I went to the woods, and sought a secluded place for prayer, for my distress was so great that it wonderfully exhausted all my physical energies. To this private place in the woods I resorted for prayer at the close of every sermon, from Thursday until Tuesday, eating but little, and sleep had well-nigh departed from me. When the trumpet was sounded for preaching, then my bower of prayer was vacated, and a seat taken in the congregation, at the root of a venerable oak, near the corner of the altar, where I sat, as a criminal before his judge, to hear the Word of the Lord. To myself I could appropriate the terrors of the law in all their dreadful severity, but had no power yet to claim the great and precious promises of the Gospel.

On Sabbath morning, Mr. Shinn preached. The congregation was uncommonly large. His text was taken from John xviii, 23: "Jesus answered him, If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou me?" This was a sermon directed against infidelity. His argumentative eloquence was overwhelming; but from it I received nothing but a deeper condemnation, for I, too, had smitten Jesus in ten thousand ways, and deserved the sorest punishment. So I labored on, between the bower of prayer in the woods and the root of the oak in the congregation, until Tuesday afternoon, when Mr. Snethen preached from John xiii, 13–17: "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am," etc. That sermon did reveal to me my whole condition—the stubborn pride and self-will of my soul. As a young forest bends before a heavy wind, so did that immense congregation bend before the power of the Lord, on that camp-ground. Not for a thou-

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sand dollars a man, would those young men of Baltimore, who treated the order of the meeting with contempt, have lain on their backs in the aisle, in the dust, if they could have helped it. There was a power there that managed every body. No one went to the altar that day: the whole encampment was the altar, and all over it the people were down, crying for mercy; and in all directions, from professing Christians, the shout of praise went up to God. To my bower of prayer my heart inclined me to go; but, on making trial to accomplish my purpose, I found that all my physical energy was gone, and there I lay at the root of the oak, helpless as a child, calling on "God to be merciful to me a sinner." When I could run no longer, then I felt willing to be ranked among the penitents, and that my spiritual condition should be known. My brother Edward came, looking here and there, among the slain of the Lord, and at last he found me, in deep distress, at the foot of the oak. "O, brother George!" said he, "is this you?" His warm tears fell on my face as he knelt by my side, and spoke the words of scriptural encouragement to my heart. He then prayed most fervently for my salvation, and, while he did so, my strength came again, and he helped me up; and, as he was taking me to Owen Dorsey's tent, in the upper part of the encampment, I leaning on his arm for support as we went, Rev. William Ryland met us. He was an aged minister, and very much in earnest in his Master's work. Looking me fully in the face, and stretching out toward me his long arms and pale, withered hands, trembling at once with eagerness and age, he said: "I am commissioned, by the Lord Jesus Christ, to tell such broken-hearted, penitent sinners as you are, that Christ died to save you. Yes," said he, "he died for you as really as if there had been nobody else in the world for him to die for but you; and you have a right to believe it. All men have a right to believe the truth; and, if you don't believe it, I'll go and offer him to some one else." That man's earnest manner, and the truth he declared, accompanied by the Spirit of God, overcame my unbelief; and, as he turned away from me, I did receive the Saviour, and felt in my soul a peace

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hitherto unknown. The Master had spoken, the storm had ceased, and there was a great calm!

We remained in that place a little time, and I begun to reason on the state of my heart, in about the following manner: "Can this be conversion? Is it the blessing of justification? I have heard no voice from above; no angel hath touched my lips with a live coal, taken with the tongs from off the altar; I have no rapturous joy such as many speak of as attending conversion. It will not do to be deceived in this matter. I would rather be a sincere seeker than a deceived professor." So on we moved to Owen Dorsey's tent, where many penitents from Baltimore were collected. After an address to earnest penitents, by Rev. Asa Shinn, all the seekers of salvation were invited to kneel at the mourner's bench. I went down among the rest, but could not pray; the spirit of rejoicing had come upon me—I had all joy, as well as peace, in believing. This joyous state of my heart was soon found out by the brethren, who lifted me up, and, in the midst of them all, I stood and made an open declaration of what the Lord had done for my soul. Thus I entered the service of Christ, on the 21st day of September, 1813, just one year after I entered the service of my country, under General Harrison. Before my conversion, the distressed feelings of my heart cast a gloom over every thing; but now all was changed—my soul was unspeakably happy, and the whole creation smiled. I felt a delight in the company of the children of God, that no tongue could express, and with them entered at once most heartily into the exercises of the meeting, at least so far as singing was concerned. The next morning the meeting closed, and we all returned home.

After our return to Baltimore, Robert Fisher, a venerable Methodist of about forty years' standing, came to the house of my brother, and took me into the front parlor, to a private interview. There he gave me much fatherly counsel, in a truly Christian spirit. Before we parted, he gained from me a promise that I would never evade or run round the cross. "Young Christians," he affirmed, "would absolutely backslide, if they did not bear the cross. If called on to pray, even in the street,

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by your elder brethren, the cross must be borne, or your soul will suffer loss." So, having me fully pledged in this matter, he left me.

The next Monday night, at Adam Riley's, just in our neighborhood, there was a prayer-meeting for the camp-meeting converts and the penitents. Two rooms in the house were crowded when I went. I could scarcely get in at the first door; and there stood the venerable Fisher at the middle door, conducting the meeting. When the first prayer was over, he called on me, by name, to come forward, take the book, and sing and pray. This alarmed me; every nerve quaked, and I looked round the room to see if some other George Brown was not there, supposing it hardly possible he could mean me, for I had been only five days converted, and had not yet joined the Church. Again he called my name, beckoned me forward, and I had to go, or violate my promise to bear the cross; but I found it to be heavy indeed, and could scarcely find courage to go forward in the duty assigned me. Taking up the hymn-book, I read the first two lines of the first hymn:

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;"

and while they were being sung, my eyes were closed tight, to avoid seeing the people, for I was perfectly terror-stricken. When I came to read again, in my confusion I read the first two lines of the second verse, and closed my eyes again. The tune was changed to suit, and on the singing went, in fine style; but my mistake greatly increased my confusion. When the book was opened to read again, my eyes could see nothing clearly; the words and lines were all mixed up, and so tangled together that I could go no further. After a momentary pause, I said, "Let us pray." Thus, with a cross on my soul more weighty than I can describe, did I, for the first time in my life, in a public assembly, undertake to lead in prayer to God. I had given my pledge to Robert Fisher, that I would never flinch from the cross, and he held me to my word; and it afforded me satisfaction afterward that I had at least made the

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effort to keep the promise which he had induced me to make. The old gentleman afterward met me, and gave me much good counsel and encouragement. From and after that time I had the cross to bear wherever the brethren could get an opportunity to lay it on me. It never did me any harm. No, indeed; it always did me good. It led to increased effort to obtain a holy heart and life; and in all after days, I have most conscientiously believed that the way of the cross is the way to the crown. It is the settled conviction of my mind, that it is impossible for the Lord Jesus Christ to save any of the depraved children of Adam, without, in a diversity of ways, laying the cross upon them. If poor, fallen human nature, with all its stubborn and rebellious inclinations, be left to take its own course, without ever being crossed, or obstructed in its mad career, it will certainly find its way to perdition. Christ saves our souls by the blood of his cross, and by calling us to deny ourselves, take up our cross and follow him.

Immediately after this memorable prayer-meeting at Adam Riley's, without waiting for a public opportunity to join the Church, I went to the parsonage and gave my name to the preacher in charge of the Baltimore stations, (Rev. William Ryland,) as a probationer in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The class to which he assigned me was led by Gilbert Middleton, an old Revolutionary soldier, a man of advanced age, and of great experience in the things of God. I was the only young man in the class; all the rest were men rather advanced in life, and well matured in Christian experience. This was a good class for me to be in. My leader was wise, tender, and searching in his exercises; and sometimes his pithy sayings were a little amusing. One Sabbath morning it rained; only a few were present, and, after waiting a short time, one of the members said to the leader, "I suppose you will not meet class this wet morning—there are so few of us." The old veteran lifted up his head, set back his spectacles, and said, "Brother Wood, it is true there are but few of us present, but there are entirely too many of us to go to hell: I believe we 'll meet class;" and he proceeded with his work faithfully.

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The well-matured and far-advanced experience of the aged Christian men belonging to our class left my infantile experience so far in the rear as to create doubts in my mind as to the reality of my own justification and adoption into the family of God. I was simply a young convert, a sinner recently saved by grace; but my classmates were hoary-headed saints, far advanced in the Divine life. My religious experience fell so far short of theirs, that I was often, in class-meeting, led to fear that I had deceived myself in my profession of the Saviour's religion, and that I had neither part nor lot in the matter. On such occasions, my doubts and fears were faithfully reported, and to me the kind sympathy of those aged Christians was extended. They had traveled over the same road, and had once felt the same doubts and fears, and were, therefore, prepared to give me counsel in the day of trial, and to assure me that, if I continued faithful, what I knew not now, God would make known to me hereafter. As is the difference between a prattling infant and a full-grown, intelligent man, so was that which existed between those aged Christians and myself. Among them I was a babe in the family. They all loved me, prayed for me, and watched over my soul with fatherly solicitude.

In the Old Town Church in Baltimore, to which I belonged, there was a very zealous class of pious young men, who had engaged to hold prayer-meetings in various parts of the city, of evenings, during the week. They took me into their number, and often put me forward to lead the meetings, and to deliver a few words of exhortation. However great the cross, I did not dare to refuse, for, as I have said, I had brought myself under a promise to Robert Fisher that I never would evade it. These religious exercises were to me a means of spiritual improvement and consolation. They were a blessing to us all, and they did good in the community, for at our prayer-meetings many sinners were converted to God, and by them the Church gained an increase of members.

In a short time, the local preachers—in that day a very zealous and laborious class of men—began to take me with them, on Sundays, to their appointments in the country. On

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such occasions I was directed to give an exhortation after the sermon, and to close the meeting with singing and prayer, and it was not long before they laid on the cross more heavily, for they called upon me to preach. This was a work which I felt wholly unable to perform; besides, I was only a probationary member of the Church. This, it was said by those preachers, made no difference; Paul preached in a few days after his conversion, and the Lord had a work for me to do, and I must do it. Having surrendered myself to the guidance of my elder brethren, and being under promise always to bear the cross, I at last consented to make a trial. Thus led on, step after step, by means of the Baltimore local preachers, and the providence of God, I became—before I was a full member of the Church, and without any Church authority at all—actively engaged in the great work of calling sinners to repentance.

Shortly after my conversion, I entered into my brother Edward's tan-yard and went to work. I loved my brother, and wanted to be with him, believing he would be of great service to me in a religious point of view; withal, I deemed the tanning trade a good one. Yet, after all, I did not believe I should ever follow that trade, for my heart was now fully set on the Christian ministry, and I was induced to believe I could carry on a course of reading, and preparation for the ministry, along with regular labor. In this tan-yard, therefore, I continued until the close of the year 1814. During that time, I was a hard student, and read many valuable books. Of long winter evenings, I went to school to acquaint myself with English Grammar. But the Holy Scriptures, Wesley's Sermons, and Clark's Commentary—then coming out in numbers—engrossed my chief attention. While thus laboring in the tan-yard, and carrying on my preparatory studies as best I could, I still continued to preach in the country, as opportunity offered; nor did the Lord let me labor in vain. The local preachers who drew me forth, put me forward, and helped me on, in my early efforts as a Christian preacher, were all men of sterling moral worth, and very zealous in the cause of

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Christ. All the Methodist Churches in Baltimore, at that time, were working, pious, and prosperous Churches, and they were generally under the pastoral care of the leading ministers of the connection. All the influences then surrounding me, in my Church relations, were of the right kind to aid me in a growth in grace, and help me on in the work whereunto I felt myself called. Methodism in Baltimore, at that time, stood very high in my estimation.

Here it may be proper to go back a little. While drinking the bitter cup of penitential sorrow, and feeling a load of sin and guilt too intolerable to be borne, I promised the Lord, if he would grant me the knowledge of salvation, by the remission of my sins, that I would not only live according to the Gospel—his grace assisting me—in time to come, but would, to the utmost of my ability, undo all the evil of my past life. In this state of heart I found forgiveness, and was adopted into the Divine family, and, for a short time, my cup of joy was full. But, upon a careful review of the past, I found nothing to give me joy. My whole career had been one of sin, and all was past remedy, so far as I was concerned, except one thing, and that, too, was beyond my power to rectify, unless the Lord would help me. My brother Richard, about two years older than myself, had been converted to God, and I, a thoughtless, perverse youth, about thirteen years of age, by diverting myself with his religious exercises, had, in my own opinion of the matter, caused him to backslide from the Saviour. During the whole of after life I deeply regretted this awfully wicked act, and now, since my conversion, as I thought more and more on the subject, my concern was greatly increased. At last I left Baltimore, with the consent of my brother Edward, and went to Ohio, to see Richard. We talked the matter over, and I got him to attend all the meetings which I held in his vicinity, and at the house of my mother, during my stay of about two weeks. The Lord gave me success; my brother returned to Christ, and I went home to Baltimore, greatly comforted in my own soul. In my judgment, God will forgive a penitent who promises reparation of injuries done to others, so far as

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may be in his power; but if there is a willful failure to fulfill the promise, forgiveness will thereby be forfeited, happiness destroyed, and the soul be in danger of being lost. In all cases where reparation to another for injuries done is at all possible, it must be made; God requires it, and no man, with safety to his soul, can evade his requirements. Mine was a case of unusual concern to me. I had injured my own dear brother, in his soul, by unjustifiable mimicry. He became angry, fell into sin, and gave up religion. The teaching of Christ, in such a case, is very alarming. Matthew xviii, 6: "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." To keep my promise, retain my own justification, if possible, recover my backslidden brother, and escape the condemnation indicated by Christ in the foregoing terrible text, were all matters of vast importance to me. My success in winning my brother back again to Christ was wholly of the Lord. That brother became a faithful disciple, and, I trust, is now among the spirits of just men made perfect, in heaven.

On returning to Baltimore, and to the labors of the tan-yard, I resolved on renewed efforts to improve my mind; so I procured such books as were recommended by my elder brethren. Shinn on the Plan of Salvation, Dr. Reed's Essays on the Active and Intellectual Powers of Man, Drew on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul, together with English Grammar, the Bible, and the Commentaries, were my constant companions. Several of these were very profound works, and to understand and profit by them required very close application. My advancement in theological and mental science was but slow; still, some progress was made, and my mind became gradually inured to hard study. To acquire every kind of knowledge which would be serviceable to me in the Christian ministry, and to enjoy and practice vital godliness, were, at this time, the great objects of my life, and have been, in the main, ever since.

During the summer of 1814, the British took Washington, and burned the National Capitol and all the public buildings. A

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little after, they took Alexandria, and on the 12th of September commenced an attack on Baltimore. This was a trying emergency; martial law was proclaimed, and all the citizens put under arms to defend the city. I was called out of the tan-yard, and away from my books, again to be a soldier. Both of my brothers went into service at the same time. Our army was large, and well protected by breastworks, extending from the bay about three miles round, on the east of the city. Our regiment occupied a commanding position on Federal Hill. From that point we could see Fort McHenry and the British ships of war, and every shot from each side during the conflict, which lasted about forty hours. And there, too, were the land forces of the enemy in full view, across the valley, on a hill about two miles off. They did not dare to attack us, because of our superior numbers. On the second night, it being very dark and raining, they sent six barges stealthily round to the rear of the city, to set it on fire; but, as they were landing, a little fort hastily erected, of which their guide knew nothing, opened on them a destructive fire, and it is not certain that any of them escaped to tell the tale. Then, from that little Spring-Garden Fort, and from the army on Federal Hill, and from Fort McHenry there was prolonged cheering. This was the final stroke, and ended the conflict. I had labored hard five days in the construction of that little fort, and felt much gratified, indeed, in its efficiency in turning the tide of battle. Immediately after the failure of this effort to burn the city, and thus confuse the army on the hill, all hope for the land forces of the enemy to get into the city being cut off, a rocket from one of the ships of war, of a peculiar color, sent up very high and sloping off down the bay, indicated a retreat. In the morning the land forces were all gone, and the ships of war retired a little after daylight. General Samuel Smith was our Commander-in-chief during this struggle; but in a short time, General Scott took command, and enjoyed the entire confidence of the army and the community.

In closing this little sketch of war matters about Baltimore, it may be interesting to give a brief account of a soldier who

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was condemned to be shot. The crime, as I was informed, was an attempt upon the life of an officer; some said that officer was General Scott himself. But the pistol, deliberately aimed, missed fire; the man was arrested, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to die. The day of execution arrived. The place was on the east slope of Federal Hill, in the head of a hollow. As we marched out, I was near the prisoner, who was already in a white shroud, and rode in a cart. A stake was driven into the ground, and to it this doomed son of the Emerald Isle was firmly tied, with a white cap drawn over his face. Nearest to the culprit were the soldiers, all around the head of the hollow, in amphitheatrical form. Next to them were the people from the city and country—an immense multitude. A lane was then made, along which to fire. Eight soldiers took distance twenty-five paces above the criminal. The officer in command ordered them to "halt! to the right about—face." Then there was a pause, as if waiting for something; and there stood the poor condemned soldier in a perfect shiver—every nerve in him quaked. Then came the order, "Make ready, take aim"—and as each of the eight soldiers looked along his piece, I felt in my heart an unutterable emotion; and a glance at the multitude revealed the fact that all were deeply moved. Like the gentle clouds melting into showers, so fell the tears from the eyes of that great assembly—if ever it rained tears, then was the time—all expecting the word "Fire!" Just at that painful moment a voice was heard, and all eyes were turned to the right. An officer in full uniform, on a white horse, came at the top of his speed, with an open paper in his hand, crying, as he came, "A reprieve! a reprieve!" The soldiers on duty were commanded to "order arms," and the tension of feeling became somewhat relaxed; a more pleasant emotion followed. Poor Pat was to have his life for a prey, and all hearts were glad. The officer was not long in making his way through the crowd. Some one informed the condemned man that a reprieve had come; but the news was too good; he could not believe it. There he stood, trembling as badly as ever. Finally, the officer with the reprieve dismounted by his side, took off the cap, un-

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tied him, and read his reprieve. Then he fell down on the ground, rolled over and over again, blessed the Lord and General Scott and the Virgin Mary, (for he was a Catholic,) and seemed almost as if he would die of joy. On this case, a reflection or two will be in place: First, if General Scott's pardon securing natural life, when made known by proper authority, did produce such overwhelming joy, will not God's pardon to a sinner, who repents and believes in Christ, and is thereby saved from eternal death, when it is made known to the heart by the Holy Spirit, be productive of more abundant joy? Secondly, as that condemned soldier was in a safe state from and after the time that his reprieve was signed, yet as he knew nothing of it, was very uncomfortable, and needed to have the fact of his reprieve made known by proper authority, in order to his happiness; so, in my opinion, a truly penitent sinner, whose faith in Christ is very weak, may be in a safe state, and yet have little or no comfort. The fact of forgiveness must be witnessed to the heart by the Spirit of God, before there is "all joy and peace in believing." Thirdly, as that soldier's pardon spread joy through the immense multitude, then and there assembled, so will the pardon of a truly penitent sinner, who hangs his all for time and eternity on Christ, by faith, give joy to the Church upon earth, and spread an exulting tide of joy all through heaven. "Likewise I say unto you, that joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."

In the first love-feast which I ever attended in Baltimore—a most spiritual and interesting meeting—I found much to encourage and strengthen me. It occurred shortly after the great camp-meeting, at which I found the Saviour. Not only was I profited by what I heard from advanced Christians, male and female, and from young converts, but at times I was very much amused. Many allusions were made, during the meeting, to the great sermon preached by brother Shinn, on the Sunday morning of the camp-meeting, all going to show the high appreciation of the spirituality of that great and good man's Gospel labors. One elderly lady, of very fine appearance, a German by

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descent, in broken English, said many fine things of this remarkable sermon. Then, in something of an ecstasy, she concluded by adding, that "it was as easy to tell the difference between a preacher vat preached over the spirit, from one vat preached over the letter, as it was to tell the difference between pone-bread and pound-cake." My own heart had to say that this witness is true. Even the poor and uneducated in human learning, if they have been taught in the school of Christ, can easily distinguish a sermon full of the marrow and fatness of the Gospel from one filled with literary quibbles and philosophical speculations; for what is the chaff to the wheat?

I sat far back in the church, and just in front of me there was a large Irishman, a member of the Church, who, at times, was very much excited. Several times he rose to speak; but, others having the floor, he had to sit down again. At last he got a chance, and spoke in about the following manner: "The brethren, in their wisdom, have ordained that I should come here to-night and make a confession." At such a time and place, "the Lord converted my soul, and for awhile I was exceedingly happy; but occasionally had some trials. If I but took a glass of bitters in the morning, my conscience was ill at ease about it all the day. But I grew in grace until I thought the Lord had sanctified my soul. I got so far on that I could take four or five glasses of bitters in the morning, before breakfast, and go on my way rejoicing. And what do you think, brethren? The other day a man hauled me home, on his dray, from the wharf, *dead drunk!* O, my brethren, the devil had deceived me until I mistook the hardening of my conscience by crime for a growth in grace. Will the brethren bear with me, and pray for me? and, by the help of God, I 'll not let the devil deceive me again." This man's confession was made in a droll way; it amused me very much. Is it not possible that many Church members have, like this Irish brother, been deceived by the devil until they have mistaken a hardened conscience for entire sanctification? To the damning sin the professor holds fast until conscience becomes hardened, and chides no more; then on he goes, as he supposes, to heaven, when, in fact, he

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is really going to hell. It takes afflictions and calamities, along with the Spirit and truth of God, to wake such professors from their criminal slumbers, and bring them back to Christ.

In the early part of the year 1814, I was received into full membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church. This act led to a new consecration of myself to Christ and his cause. Almost immediately after this, in the old Conference-room, in the rear of the Light Street Church, the Quarterly Conference granted me license to preach. This led to new efforts to prepare myself for the work before me, in the vineyard of the Lord. My having preached for some time without license was not brought before the Quarterly Conference as an objection against me, but was rather urged as an argument in my favor, for it indicated a disposition to work, and they wanted men who would work. From this time to the end of the year I labored with the rest of the Baltimore local preachers. We kept up appointments to the distance of twenty miles in the country, all around Baltimore, often preaching two and three times a day on Sunday, and returning home at night to hear preaching in the city. These local preachers, who labored so extensively in the country, had never been itinerants. They worked for nothing; they paid at livery stables the hire of the horses they rode; they paid the city preachers. They were a noble-hearted set of men. Never shall I forget James Armstrong, James R. Williams, Joseph Shane, and several others, my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the Book of Life. All these dear brethren have died in the faith; all my old classmates have passed away to the heavenly country; my dear brother Edward, who was a counselor, helper, and friend to me, in the days of my spiritual childhood, is now among the saved in heaven. Old age has at last overtaken *me*, and I hope soon to join my friends.

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CHAPTER V.

MY FIRST ITINERANT SERMON—THE NEGROES SLEEPING IN MEETING—MY DESIGN IN GOING ON ANNE ARUNDEL CIRCUIT—JACKSON'S VICTORY—PEACE RESTORED—THE GENERAL JOY—NOT BEING RECOMMENDED TO CONFERENCE, I RETURN TO WORK AND STUDY—WAS IMMEDIATELY CALLED TO PRINCE GEORGE'S CIRCUIT—THE HORSE—THE MONEY—MY COLLEAGUES—THE CIRCUIT—THE BILIOUS FEVER AND ITS CAUSE—KIND FRIENDS WHO CARED FOR ME IN MY AFFLICTIONS—CHAMBERSBURG CIRCUIT—MY COLLEAGUES—MY PRESIDING ELDER—CARLISLE CIRCUIT—MY COLLEAGUE—MUCH OPPOSITION—SUCCESS IN GETTYSBURG—THE INFIDEL CONVERTED—A MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY—STAFFORD CIRCUIT—MY ASSISTANT—THE VARIOUS SECTS—THE CAMP-MEETING—HOW METHODISTS AT THAT DAY REGARDED SLAVERY.

ON the 1st of January, 1815, my itinerant life commenced, on Anne Arundel Circuit, in the state of Maryland. At the call of Rev. Daniel Stansbury, and being prompted by my brother Edward, I left the tan-yard, my home, and Baltimore friends, to meet brother Stansbury, at eleven o'clock A. M., on New-Years day, to travel this circuit with him, until the approaching Conference in March. But, alas for me! Stansbury did not meet me, according to our appointment. So, I had to preach myself, and found the cross most uncomfortably heavy. The meeting was held in a farm-house, (name forgotten,) in a large room, with a corner chimney; and there was a very large fire, made of hickory wood about half seasoned. There was an excellent turnout of the young people of the neighborhood that day, for the sleighing was good, and the house was crowded. I stood with my back against the front door, and, over to my right, the colored people stood with their backs against the wall, all the seats being occupied by the white ladies and gentlemen. With much fear and trembling, the services were opened, and, after singing and prayer, the text was read and the sermon commenced. In a little time, I discovered that the young people of that assembly were all very much amused,

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and inclined to elbow one another, and to titter, in a suppressed way, all over the house. This produced great confusion and embarrassment in my mind, for I supposed they were laughing at my awkwardness. But, a glancing of their eyes toward the colored people revealed the secret: they were all asleep as they stood on their feet! Coming out of the cold into that warm room, the heat of the young hickory fire had wilted them down. With heads hanging over their breasts, a little to one side, eyes about half closed, mouths somewhat open, tongues a little protruded, knees going apart, and backs scraping against the wall, down they were going, lower and lower, when I saw them. In a moment, these sleepers, as if by concert, all started up at once, and blew, as if a little scared. Having found out the cause of the mirth among the young people, my embarrassment left me, and I proceeded with my discourse, but had not gone far before all looks gave indications of rising mirth again. That time all the colored people kept awake but one. He was a tall, slender, well-dressed mulatto—a waiting man—standing against the door that opened into the kitchen. As he sunk down, with knees parting, eyes half closed, tongue a little out, his hard breathing amounting almost to a snore, all eyes were upon him, and the mirth of the colored people was at least equal to that of the whites. He went down so low that I thought he certainly would come to the floor. Again he straightened up and blew, and, looking wildly around the room, he seemed to brace himself for a more determined resistance against sleep. Then the smothered titter of the assembly almost reached the point of open laughter. So far, I had maintained my gravity, but felt afraid to reprove, as I was a young man; so I went on with my sermon as soon as quiet was restored. But the hot hickory fire wilted down the yellow waiter a third time. With all the evidences of sleep on him that he had before, he sunk down quite to his "hunkers," and the snore was heavy. We all looked for him to fall right out on the floor; but he caught himself going, and sprang until his head went nearly to the ceiling, and, coming down, he whistled like an old buck. Finding what he had done, he opened the door into

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the kitchen, and away he went, leaving the whole assembly convulsed with laughter. This time I lost my gravity, and joined in the laughter with the rest. This ludicrous occurrence took place during the preaching of my first itinerant sermon. I have never seen the like since, and hope I shall never see the like again. Why did I not restrain myself? Why did I not admonish the people? Alas for me! at that time I had not the nerve to do either. After a little time to collect my thoughts, this much-disturbed congregation gave me a patient and respectful hearing to the end of my discourse, which I deemed prudent to close with all convenient dispatch.

Revs. James Reed and Daniel Stansbury were colleagues on Anne Arundel Circuit. Stansbury came that night; and until the 1st of March I traveled with him, in view of gaining all the information I could in relation to itinerant life, its sacrifices and duties. Perhaps I did more than my share of the preaching and meeting of classes, but did not complain, as I was under pledge, from the outset, always to bear the cross whenever my elder brethren laid it upon me. Above all other things, I felt at that time a most intense desire to be useful to the souls of my fellow-creatures, to build up the Church, and to glorify Christ. I felt that this was my calling, and that to walk worthy of such a high calling did require the utmost circumspection and prayer. Brother Stansbury was neither methodical nor powerful in his pulpit efforts; but he was a man of great zeal in all his exercises, and had considerable success in his ministry. He had great faith—was powerful in prayer. The longer I was with him, the more I loved him, for he was of an excellent spirit. In him I learned to understand how it is that weak preachers often do the most good. Being more faithful and holy than men of stronger talents, and more diligent in attending to all parts of the work assigned them, God gives them more abundant success than he will to the man of great talents, who preaches his great sermons and then neglects all the other duties of his charge.

While on Anne Arundel Circuit, the news came of General Jackson's victory over the British at New Orleans. Then, too,

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came the news of peace between the United States and Great Britain. These two important events filled our entire country with great joy, and were, every-where among the Churches, celebrated with appropriate thanksgivings to God. At last, Conference came. Not being recommended to that body for employment, I went home to Baltimore, intending, if spared, to work and study another year in the tan-yard. But, on the rise of the Conference, Rev. Enoch George, Presiding Elder, sent Rev. Joshua Wells after me, to supply a vacancy on Prince George's Circuit. After consulting my brother and a few other friends, I determined to respond favorably to this call. The first thing was to secure a good horse. One was immediately purchased by my brother Edward, and presented to me. "Now," said he, "you will need a little money in the outset, until you can get to your circuit, and be entitled to pay. This horse can earn you all the money you need, in about two weeks. So, a cart was hired of one of the neighbors, at twenty-five cents per day, and a young man to drive it, at fifty cents per day; and for about two weeks, while my other preparations were being made, that young man, with the horse and cart, finding constant employment on the wharf, earned me from two to four dollars per day, clear of all expenses. Finally, the day arrived for me to be off to my circuit. To leave Baltimore, where I had so many kind Christian friends, and go out among strangers, was, to me, a trial of considerable magnitude. On the morning before I left home, I paid short visits to such friends as were near at hand, to bid them farewell. To me it was a tender time; I could not restrain my tears. The last one I visited was sister Mitchell, a real mother in Israel. She had often said to me, that, unless I changed my vehement and vociferous manner, my life would be the forfeit. That morning, she took my hand, at parting, and holding it firmly, she said: "Brother George, before you go, I want to give you a bit of advice. Will you take it?" "Well, sister Mitchell," said I, "what is it? I 'll take it if I can." Holding my hand with a still firmer grasp, she said: "But you must take it, and I want you to promise me now, before we part, that you will take it." "Well," said I, "do

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tell me, if you please, what it is, and I'll take it if I can." "Now," said she, "mind what I say: when you get out to preaching on a circuit, meeting the classes, and laboring in the prayer-meetings, take very good care of yourself, and don't burst your gall." At this droll advice I felt a little amused, but promised compliance, and took my leave of this plain-spoken Christian lady. The advice had much meaning in it. Solid sense, sound piety, and a less vehement and vociferous manner would save the "gall," and the life too, of many a poor Methodist preacher.

That morning I left the house of my beloved brother Edward, for the itinerant field. He and his excellent wife and all the children, with warm hearts, wished me prosperity and happiness in my new and important undertaking; so did many of my Christian friends, and others, as I passed up Baltimore Street. It was a time of many tears with me—parting with those I loved so well, and with whom my earliest religious associations were formed. That day, in attempting to ride a branch of the Patuxent River, finding it rather deep, I halted to let my horse drink, and while I was looking across, and up and down the river, to see if there was a ferry-boat, my horse, being warm with travel, laid down in the water, and the current swept clear over him, wetting me up to my waist. I got him up, and crossed in a boat; and, disagreeably wet as I was, held on my way until I reached Bladensburg, in the evening. By that time my clothes had dried on me, and being called into service by some warm-hearted Methodists, I preached that night with more than usual liberty. The next day I found myself within the bounds of Prince George's Circuit, and at the quarterly-meeting on Saturday was introduced to my two colleagues, Revs. Thomas C. Thornton, preacher in charge, and John Childs, assistant, and, by their joint request, I tried to preach the opening sermon. The cross was exceedingly heavy as I approached it; but when the first prayer was over, I found the fear of man, that always bringeth a snare, had left me. I could not believe that where there was so much fervent prayer, there could be much captious criticism; so, with the Master's help, I

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had great liberty in preaching, and there was a heavenly state of religious feeling among the people.

Prince George's Circuit lay between the Chesapeake and the Potomac Rivers, and extended from Washington City and Bladensburg to Point Lookout. We had preaching in a farm-house on the Point, in full view of the junction of the two rivers; I suppose near the place where the United States Hospital now stands. Ours was a six-weeks' circuit, and we three followed each other at the distance of two weeks, going down on the Potomac side, and coming up on the Chesapeake side; and it was said by my colleagues that our traveling would be so zigzag in its character, that each of us, to complete one round, would have to travel six hundred miles, or about one hundred miles a week. We had several small towns in our circuit, such as Upper Marlboro, Port Tobacco, Leonardstown, etc., but at that time we had not planted Methodism in them. The Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopalian were the leading denominations; and it would have been hard to tell which was the greater, their bigoted attachment to their own respective parties, or their determined opposition to the Methodists. Common sinners and open infidels drank in the spirit of these Churches; so, Methodism had the honor to be persecuted on all sides. Under these, and all other kinds of disadvantages, evangelical piety, as maintained by the Methodists, gained considerable growth that year. In general, our people were poor, and a great portion of the country was poor, sandy, and worn-out, producing but little for the subsistence of man or beast. As for myself, I always fared very well, for they had plenty of fish, oysters, and fowls, brought from the rivers and creeks, to supply my wants. These, with a little corn-bread and a cup of tea, which they generally had, did well enough for me while among the humble poor; indeed, they seemed to be real luxuries, because they came with such a good-will. But I often pitied my horse, for he could not live on what they were accustomed to give their little sandy-ground ponies. I have often been asked by the servant, when I arrived at my appointment, which I would have for my horse—"two bundles of blades now,

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and six ears of corn at night; or six ears of corn now, and two bundles of blades at night?" "Well," I would say, "you see my horse is large; let him cool a little, and then give him the two bundles of blades and six ears of corn all now, and then, when night comes, we'll see if he wants any more." When night came, to the astonishment of the servant, my horse always wanted at least as much more! But there were parts of the circuit where the land was better, and produced an abundance. There we had a compensation for what we suffered in poorer districts; but the rich members could not possibly be more free with what they had than were the poor, nor were they more pious. Taken altogether, these persecuted Methodists on Prince George's Circuit were an exemplary community of Christians. They lived like lambs among wolves, were wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

On this circuit I had a sore spell of bilious fever. As I came up on my first round, T. C. Thornton met me, and proposed a change: he would fill my appointments up toward Washington City, and that would give him a chance to get married, the following week, in the city, and I must turn back and fill his appointments down the country. Well, to oblige my superior, I agreed to the change. But in this change there was a double wrong—one to me, and the other to the circuit. I was thrown back, and kept too long in the lowlands, where I took the bilious fever, which held me about two weeks, and then tapered off with eleven weeks of ague and fever—a sad injury to me. Meantime, Thornton utterly failed to fill my appointments according to agreement. So, the circuit was injured. The circuit, or rather the upper end of it, did not recover from this injury to the end of the year; and my constitution was so shaken and predisposed to disease, that the ague and fever returned on me for three summers in succession. I shall always have cause to remember brother Thornton's marriage, and the injury resulting to myself and the circuit.

It will be proper, in this place, to record my gratitude to several kind friends. At the house of Miss Betty Gant, during the first two weeks of illness, I received all necessary attention

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and care from that excellent Christian lady and those of her household. Being much concerned about the work assigned me, I went out to my field of labor too soon, and took a relapse. I was then taken to the house of brother James Friend, where he and his amiable wife had me well cared for during several weeks. They lived at the Navy-yard in Washington City, and I regarded them as true disciples of our Lord. But my recovery was slow at that place, and Rev. William McKinney, by consent of brother and sister Friend, took me to his residence in Georgetown. There I was on higher ground, had purer air, and my recovery was more rapid. Never shall I forget the kind attentions of brother McKinney and his good wife. But not until late in the fall was I able to resume my labors on the circuit. In all my sickness I had good doctors, good nurses, kind friends, and a merciful God to help me, in every time of need. That long affliction did me a real spiritual good. God meant all that I suffered in body, for the good of my soul. How often does our Heavenly Father find it necessary to teach poor, frail mortals a lesson of humility and resignation on a bed of affliction, which they were utterly unwilling to learn anywhere else! How often has it been good for me that I have been afflicted! During the year, Enoch George, my Presiding Elder, acted the part of a father to me, and both my colleagues were kind. I loved them, and easily forgave the wrong done me by brother Thornton, in keeping me too long in the sickly region, where I took the fever.

Conference met in March, 1816, in Georgetown, D. C., at which time I was received into the traveling connection, and appointed to Chambersburg Circuit. Rev. Robert Wilson was preacher in charge. He was an able minister, a pious Christian gentleman, a real friend to me, and very useful in his laborious efforts to build up the Church. At the end of six months he was released, in consequence of feeble health, and Rev. John W. Bond, who had been the traveling companion of Bishop Asbury, was appointed in his place. Bond was a man of fine talents, ardent piety, and was untiring in his labors. To me he was very kind, and we often took sweet counsel together. Our

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circuit extended from near Harper's Ferry, up the valley, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, into Pennsylvania, a little beyond Chambersburg, and included a number of towns, such as Sharpsburg, Williamsport, Chambersburg, Hagerstown, Greencastle, Mercersburg, etc. Among the denominations of Christians in that region, the Methodists were, at that time, just beginning to gain a prominent standing. The Lutherans and Presbyterians looked upon them with a jealous eye, and would have kept them down if they could. Those who joined the Methodists from among those bodies generally had to suffer persecution. That year we had a most fruitful camp-meeting, and the revival which commenced at that meeting extended to nearly all the appointments on the circuit. There were large accessions to the Church in Chambersburg, Hagerstown, Williamsport, and several other places, and the work went on to the end of the Conference year. Rev. Jacob Gruber was our Presiding Elder. He was a man of great physical energy, good mental powers, pretty well cultivated, and a most ready and powerful preacher of the Gospel. Never did I know a greater wit, a more eccentric minister, or one more laborious in his efforts to get sinners converted and to build up the Church of Christ. At camp-meetings he was a real general, ably marshaling all his forces. Sometimes he remained in the altar, superintending the work, the entire night, always requiring the presence and help of his preachers. It was a rule with him never to permit a gun to be fired from the stand, at the great congregation, that would not go off in the altar, among the mourners. Revivals followed Gruber wherever he went. He had many warm friends and some bitter enemies. My colleague, brother Bond, had not the eccentric genius of Gruber, nor had he his ability to manage the multitude on great occasions; but he was his equal in zeal and perseverance in the great work of saving souls. These men had great influence with me in molding my character and habits as a preacher. Who could look upon the untiring diligence and faithfulness of Gruber and Bond, and not feel in his soul that a ministerial drone was a real nuisance in the Church of the Lord? My year closed

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pleasantly and profitably on Chambersburg Circuit. I had many friends, and if I had any enemies, I did not know it. That year was a season of mercy and peace to me, and to the Churches on that circuit.

In March, 1817, I received an appointment in Baltimore to Carlisle Circuit, in Pennsylvania. Rev. Richard Tydings was the preacher in charge, and Gruber the Presiding Elder. The circuit lay in the Cumberland Valley mainly. It included Carlisle, Shippinsburg, Gettysburg, York, and sundry other towns of smaller note. It extended over to the Susquehanna River at Harrisburg, and was quite a large and laborious circuit to travel. In the bounds of this circuit we found all the various denominations of Christians, and none of them, save the United Brethren, seemed to have any friendship for the Methodists. At that day, Methodist preachers were held up to public scorn, by many of the clergy, as the deceivers that should come in the latter days; as preaching false doctrine, to lead astray, if it were possible, even the very elect. He who joined the Methodists from any of the older denominations in that region, had to make up his mind to bear a heavy cross and suffer much persecution.

Nothing daunted by the opposition and bigotry to be met with in that district of country, Tydings and I entered upon the labors of the year on Carlisle Circuit. We both preached the full and free salvation of the Gospel, and tried to live as we preached. God, in mercy, opened our way, and gave us access to the hearts of the people, and in almost all parts of the circuit there was a revival of religion that year. Many sinners were converted to God, the Churches were edified, and the borders of Zion considerably enlarged. That year we established a Church in Gettysburg, under rather trying circumstances. The previous year a trial had been made, but failed. The man who entertained the preachers, being poor, would do it no longer. So, Tydings and I, after consultation, determined upon trying Gettysburg another year, and that we would pay our own way at Gilbert's tavern. Our preaching was in the court-house, on Sunday evenings. We had to preach twice in

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the daytime, and ride eighteen miles; then our third sermon was in Gettysburg, at night. God at last gave us favor among the people. The court-house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and a glorious revival of religion followed. Ever since that year there have been plenty of comfortable houses for itinerant preachers in that place, recently made so famous by what will be known in history as the great battle of Gettysburg, where the rebel army, under General Lee, was defeated by the loyal army, under General Meade.

While this interesting revival was in progress, a Jewess—whose husband, a merchant, was a confirmed infidel, and had not been at any place of public worship for thirteeen years—became a convert to Christianity and joined the Church. Her whole heart was deeply enlisted in the cause of Christ, and she had also a very tender concern for the salvation of her husband, and expressed to me a desire that I would pay them a visit, and converse with him, and try to win him over to Christianity. At the same time, she cautioned me not to be offended at any treatment I might receive from him, for she could not exactly tell how he might act toward me, for he was not very well pleased with her joining the Church. I was just about leaving town, but concluded to visit him before I would go. When I went into his store, and was introduced to him by his wife, he immediately entered upon a tirade against Christianity, alleging that the whole system was a congeries of absurdities, utterly incapable of proof, and unworthy of belief by men of reason. He then produced one of his infidel books, written by a man whose name was Monday, and pronounced it unanswerable. Having never seen the book before, and not having time then to enter into argument, I proposed to him that I would take his book and read it carefully, and prepare myself to answer all Monday's strong points when I came back, in four weeks, provided he would take a book—Simpson's Plea—which I had with me, and prepare himself, against my return, to answer David Simpson's Plea for the Christian Religion. To this he agreed, with an air of confidence that he would be able to answer Simpson, or any other book written in defense of

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Christianity. So we parted for that time. In four weeks I returned, having done my best to be ready to answer all the slippery, serpentine sophism of Monday. When I entered the store, I found the infidel store-keeper lying on the counter, reading Simpson. On seeing me, he said, with tears in his eyes: "You need not trouble yourself to answer Monday; Simpson has answered me and Monday, too. I give the matter up. Christianity is true, and I have myself been deceived nearly all my life." Whether this man, whose name I have forgotten, ever joined the Church or not, I can not say, for I was then leaving the circuit. This was a victory gained for the Lord by means of a book. O how important it is for Methodist preachers, wherever they go, to have on hand a good supply of the right kind of books! What could I, a mere stripling, have done with such a man as that without the aid of Simpson's Plea? I think I could have answered Monday; but, perhaps, not to the satisfaction of the infidel. It was the Lord who made use of Simpson's Plea to convert that sagacious unbeliever to the Christian faith.

During the year spent with my excellent colleague, Richard Tydings, on Carlisle Circuit, many cases of the conversion of very hardened sinners occurred. We were called to preach at a new place, about six miles west of Gettysburg. A wealthy sinner, an oppressor of the poor, a noted money-shaver, one whose lust had done much mischief in the community, was powerfully awakened under the preaching of my colleague. His distress was great and of long continuance. He had a large family, and most of the members of it were under concern for their souls. This Zaccheus had restitution to make, and he could not be saved until he came under a pledge to the Lord to make it. He invited preaching to his house; and after brother Tydings had delivered a faithful discourse, he stood up in the congregation and declared his determination to lead a new life, and to undo, to the utmost of his ability, all the evils of his past life. "I have raised a large family of children," he said; "but the mother of these children is not my wife—we have never been married." This piece of information was astound-

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ing to all present; even the children knew nothing of the fact. He then and there proposed being married to the mother of his children, for he felt that the first reparation of wrong must be made at home. The father and mother then stood up before their children, and, in the presence of all the assembly, were duly married by my colleague. This being done, the whole family were baptized and received into the Church as probationary members. Such cases as the above clearly demonstrate the power of the Gospel to save the chief of sinners. Richard Tydings is still a sojourner among men. He resides in Kentucky, and should he ever see this notice, would, undoubtedly, give corroborating testimony to the material facts in this and all the other cases referred to in relation to our joint labors on Carlisle Circuit.

At the Conference in March, 1818, I was appointed to Stafford Circuit, in Eastern Virginia. This year, having been ordained a deacon, I was placed in charge, and Richard McAllister, my assistant. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth—a very interesting young man, of good natural talents, considerable mental cultivation, ardent piety, and fine preaching abilities. In the outset of his religious career, he had suffered banishment from his father's house, on account of having joined the Methodists. This act of his life, in the estimation of his father—who was a man of great wealth, pride, and bigoted attachment to a different creed—had degraded him so low that one house could no longer hold them both. *Richard had to go into banishment.* Thus sternly driven from home, he went to Baltimore, and there I became acquainted with him. He seemed to have in him the spirit of a martyr, and to be ready to surrender his life rather than abandon his Methodistical views of Christianity. He was, however, in a short time recalled, and became the means, under God, of the conversion of both his parents, and entered the itinerant field with the full consent of both father and mother, who, on being converted to God, did themselves join the Methodist Episcopal Church, and gloried in having a son in the ministry among that once-despised people.

Our circuit lay between the Potomac and the Rappahannock

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Rivers, and included the counties of Fauquier, Prince William, Stafford, and parts of King George and Culpepper, where, of late, the mustering hosts of loyalty and rebellion have often met in deadly conflict. In this district of country, the Methodists, though equal in standing and numbers to any single denomination of Christians, were, nevertheless, still "the sect every-where spoken against." Infidels despised them because they were witnesses against infidelity; that it loved darkness rather than light, because its works were evil. Proud, High-Church Episcopalians, who rested in the outward form of godliness, and denied the power thereof, despised them, because, in addition to the form, they taught mankind a powerful spiritual religion, coming home to the heart and saving the soul. The Baptists, in that day real Antinomians, despised them, because they insisted on good works as evidence of saving faith—held to infant baptism—that sprinkling and pouring, in baptism, were equally as good as immersion—that the whole world stood redeemed unto God by the death of Christ—and that as certainly as angels and our first parents fell from the Divine favor, so certainly might true believers fall from grace. The Roman Catholics, drunkards, profane swearers, Sabbath-breakers, and all classes of sinners, all seemed to have their reasons, such as they were, for despising the Methodists. In that day, there was no such thing as fraternal intercourse between ministers of other denominations and Methodist preachers, as there is now. To have helped us at our meetings would have been, in their view of the matter, to have made themselves common or unclean. But Richard and I, both of us young men, each having much to learn, had a good, sturdy-souled membership in the Church to shout us on. We studied the questions at issue between the Methodists and all other parties *well*. We deemed self-defense always in order; and taking on us the whole armor of the Lord, as fully as such young men could, we went forth to the conflict, in the name of Him who came into the world to destroy the works of the devil; and the Lord working with us and confirming the word of His grace, we had a good degree of success. Many sinners were born again unto the Lord, and the borders

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of Zion were considerably enlarged. It was a year of revival pretty much throughout the circuit. No man ever had a more agreeable or trustworthy colleague than I had that year. Richard and I were like David and Jonathan—of one heart and mind in the work of the Lord. But my dear Richard now rests from his labors.

In the summer of 1818, we held a camp-meeting within the bounds of our circuit, on the land of old brother Fortune. It was an exceedingly large meeting, very fruitful in converts, and was made a great blessing to our circuit and other neighboring charges. At that meeting I saw Rev. John Emory, D. D., for the first time, who afterward became one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There, too, I saw that eccentric genius, Rev. William Cravens, a local preacher in the Church. Rev. Joseph Fry, Presiding Elder, gave Emory the Sunday morning appointment. With a voice entirely too weak for such an immense audience, he preached a most valuable sermon; but I heard him with pain, because of an impression upon my mind that not more than one-half of the multitude could hear him. At three o'clock Cravens took the stand. He was a very large man, with but one eye. His weight was three hundred and thirty-three pounds! his voice round, full, and strong. While preaching, he drank a great deal of water, and handled the slaveholders with uncommon severity. They felt the lash as terribly on their souls as ever a poor negro did on his back; and, like the slaves, they had to take it in comparative silence, for, at that day, public sentiment still favored the freedom of the pulpit.

There was at that time, in Eastern Virginia, a great abhorrence both of the internal and foreign slave-trade. Men who bought up and drove slaves to the cotton and rice plantations in the South, to sell them there in interminable bondage, were called "soul-drivers," and were generally looked upon with ineffable contempt. For a Methodist to buy or sell a negro, except to better his condition, was deemed a crime demanding immediate expulsion from the Church. An instance in point may be given. A colored woman, belonging to Colonel Richard

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Beall, of Fauquier County, Virginia, robbed my saddle-bags, while cleaning up the room in which I slept. This enraged her master, and he sold her to a slave-driver, to go South. A slaveholding member of the Church brought charges, and I had to conduct a judicial investigation of Beall's case. Every member of the committee that sat on the trial was a slaveholder. The Colonel acknowledged the fact charged against him, but pleaded the aggravating nature of the case. This plea was not deemed sufficient, and the decision of the slaveholding committee was, that Beall must buy back that woman, or stand expelled from the Church. To this decision the Colonel submitted, and did all he could to buy back the woman, but failed. He spent both time and money in the effort, but could not buy her back at any price. I then brought the case before the ensuing Quarterly Conference for advice, as there was much feeling in the community in relation to the matter. That body ordered that Beall should make a confession of his crime before the Church, in the love-feast the next morning, and be admonished by the preacher in charge, or stand expelled from the Church. Colonel Beall confessed, with much humility and many tears, the anger and rashness of the wicked act charged against him. He was then admonished, according to the decision of the Quarterly Conference, and so the matter ended, and Beall, as it were, by the skin of his teeth, retained his membership. This action of the Church on the slave question is here introduced to show the sentiment and temper of the Methodists in Eastern Virginia at that day.

The case of Aaron Griggsby will give a further illustration of the opinions and feelings of the Methodists in Old Virginia on the subject of slavery at that time. The case now to be narrated occurred before my arrival on Stafford Circuit, but I have it from reliable authority, and, in its main points, it was confirmed to me by Griggsby himself. He was a slaveholder, a man of the world, and a persecutor of the Methodists before God converted his soul. After his conversion he became a very zealous Methodist, and had great concern of mind on the subject of holding slaves. It was his custom to have his negroes

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present at morning and evening worship. One evening, family prayer being over, he requested them to remain a little while; he wanted to talk to them. He then referred to his manner of life before his conversion, and to the fact that he had been very much opposed to the Methodists, and that in an attempt to take his own wife out of the altar, at a camp-meeting, he was arrested by the power of God, and, instead of getting her out, he got into it himself, and that he and his wife, after a long struggle, were, within a few minutes of each other, both converted to God in that altar which he had once so much despised. He then said, that ever since his conversion it had been his aim in all things to be a Christian, according to the best light God had given him; and according to his present light, he could not innocently be a slaveholder any longer. He could not do unto others as he would have them do unto him, and hold slaves; he must let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke; and then, with great kindness, he said, "From and after this date you are all free. To remain in Virginia longer than one year and a day, and enjoy freedom, is out of the question. You would be liable to be taken up by the sheriff and sold, to go down to the Southern plantations, and the money put into the poor fund of the county. Your only chance for freedom is, to go either to Maryland or Pennsylvania. Make your choice and go, all of you, in a body." He then promised to assist them in their removal, and do all he could in the way of helping them to begin life for themselves. All of this was as unexpected to these slaves as a clap of thunder from a clear sky, and they all declined the proffered freedom, and wished to remain where they were. Griggsby and wife never had any children, and since their conversion had treated their slaves with great humanity—more like children than slaves—and they did not want to leave them. Instead of rejoicing that the day of freedom had come, they set up a bitter, howling cry in every direction, saying they "did not know that they had done any thing to massa, that he should want them to go away." Seeing that these poor creatures could not be induced to accept of freedom, Griggsby determined he would not use compulsion in the matter, so he let them remain

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as they were, under the bond of the law, and treated them afterward more like hirelings than slaves. From and after that date he would not admit that he was, in the moral sense of the word, a slaveholder, as his negroes remained with him not because he wished them to do so, but because they wished to do so themselves.

Poor, foolish negroes! They did not know the value of liberty to themselves and their children. Slavery had degraded them. They did not reflect that, at the death of their master, they might fall into cruel hands, or be sold at any time during his life, by the officers of the law, to pay his debts. Griggsby ought not to have yielded to their ignorant wailings; but, under a sense of moral justice, he should have carried out his first determination, and, whether they liked it or not, should have set them all free. He who suffers himself to be overcome by the wail of ignorance, will not, in all cases, be able to carry into practical effect the principles of moral justice. Yet, after all, Griggsby might have done better if he had had more light. The full blaze of light does not come all at once: we gain it gradually, as we are able to bear it. He who acts up to the clearest light that God gives him, as fast as he gets it, acts nobly. Who among the sons of men can do any better?

Griggsby was a man of great strength of character, of warm and generous sympathies, and ready at all times to defend the cause of Christ. Woe be to the person who assailed the Methodists in his presence! If such an one had any defects in his character, then was the time to receive information on that subject. I give the following anecdote as an illustration. A very pragmatic lady once said to him: "Mr. Griggsby, what do you think? Them poor, miserable Methodists over at the quarterly meeting wanted me to join their Church!" "Did they, indeed?" said Griggsby. "I wonder what in the world they could have wanted with you! It could not have been your respectability they were after, for you have none. It could not have been your wealth they were after, for you have been living on the charity of your poor friends ever since I became acquainted with you. *It must have been your poor soul they were after!*"

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Such a retort was richly deserved, but it was, probably, a little too severe, coming from a gentleman to a lady. Such a case shows the man, always ready to make persecuting meanness quail in his presence.

Edward Diggs, another prominent member of the Church, always held himself ready to emancipate his slaves, provided it could be done in the state. But, as the law of Virginia would not allow this, he held the law to be the sinner, and not himself, for his heart was not in unison with the law.

But John Gaston, still another prominent member of the same Church, thought both the law and the master sinful, and was in great distress of mind on the question of slavery. One day he invited me to take a walk with him, and as we walked, he turned to me and said: "I am afraid I shall be lost. In my judgment, no slaveholder can be saved. The law will not allow me to free my negroes in the state. I would free them and send them out of the state, but can not." "Why can you not free them and send them out of the state?" said I. "To do so," he replied, "would part husbands and wives. Their marriages, though informal, I regard as being as sacred and binding as my own; and they are interlocked by marriage with the slaves of other people all around me. Nor would it mend the matter to sell my real estate in Virginia, and move with my slaves to a free state, to emancipate them there; for that, too, would part husbands and wives. Nor am I able to buy the husbands and wives owned by others, even if they were willing to sell them, so as to free all of them together. Now, what am I to do? The laws of the state, and the circumstances in which I am placed, embarrass me very much. Can you tell me what I am to do?" Gaston I regarded as a very honest man, fully bent on doing right; but I was utterly incapable of advising him in the case submitted to my consideration. During our interview, he wept bitterly over the sad condition in which slavery had placed him, and expressed, again and again, his fears that his connection with that unrighteous institution would eventuate in the loss of his soul.

I have been very particular in stating my best recollections

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of the foregoing cases, in order that it may be clearly seen that in Eastern Virginia, since 1818, there has been a fearful apostasy from the principles of human freedom. At that time, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in some other Churches, and among statesmen, too, there appeared to be a settled conviction that slavery was a great moral wrong, and ought to be done away. But, by degrees, throughout the entire South, this apostasy from human liberty and moral justice has proceeded from bad to worse, until slavery, with all its evils, is fathered upon the living God as its author! and the Christian Scriptures are brought to defend it! And, being rampant and furious, it has brought on our beloved country the most gigantic war that ever afflicted the world. Our country, and the Churches, too long in complicity with slavery, and other evils, have deserved this scourge, or God would not have permitted it to come. From the slaveholding and slave-trading South, God, after long delay, took off all restraint, and left them at will to act out the character that slavery had given them. So, despising all the authority of the best government in the world, they brought on that war to extend slavery. But now, according to the signs of the times, God, contrary to the first intention of our rulers, is about to make use of this war to abolish its very existence from our entire country. Hail to the President's Proclamation! Hail to Abraham Lincoln! Henceforth, all the sons of Ham will call him blessed. While there is such a thing as civil history in existence, the name of Abraham Lincoln will be ranked on the scroll of fame along with the name of George Washington, as an American benefactor; and all the lovers of freedom throughout the world will have his name in everlasting remembrance. God gave us, in the person of President Lincoln, a ruler to suit the times in which we live. May his wisdom and strength be according to his day, and through his agency may freedom come to all the slaves, and salvation to the country!

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CHAPTER VI.

WASHINGTON STATION—DIFFICULTY ABOUT THE CHOIR—REVIVAL OF RELIGION—STUDY OF GREEK AND HEBREW—REV. MATTHEW BROWN, D. D.—WHEELING AND SHORT CREEK—NOAH ZANE—METHODISM AND CALVINISM—LAY DELEGATION—DR. DAVID STANTON—WASHINGTON STATION AGAIN—MY MARRIAGE—OHIO CIRCUIT—OLD BACHELORS—INSUFFICIENT SUPPORT.

IN March, 1819, the Conference was in Baltimore, and Bishop Roberts, in view of giving me an opportunity to visit my beloved mother occasionally, appointed me to Washington Station. This was a new station, set off from the Ohio Circuit by Revs. Asa Shinn, Presiding Elder, and Thornton Flemming, preacher in charge, at the close of the preceding year; and they had placed a choir of singers in the gallery. From the seat of the Conference, in traveling to the West, I had the very agreeable company of my Presiding Elder as far as Uniontown. Never shall I forget the wholesome lessons of Christian instruction given me by that pious and able minister of Jesus Christ, during the journey through the mountains. When I arrived at my destination, brother James Shannon, with whom I was to board, immediately informed me that the Church, consisting of about one hundred white members and twenty-five colored, was unhappily divided about the singing—one half for choir singing in the gallery, and the other half against it. The next evening, at a large party to which I was invited, I found myself among the enemies of choir singing, who all strove, most earnestly, to gain me to their side, and secure the overthrow of the singing. And when they failed in their effort, they very gravely informed me that, unless I put the singing down, about fifty of them would leave the Church. I entreated them to give me a little time for reflection, to do nothing in the matter

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hastily, for it might look like presumption, in so young a man as I, to put down what Asa Shinn and Thomas Flemming, two venerable apostles of Methodism, had put up. The next evening I was invited out to another party. There I found myself among the friends of the choir. It was their wish to gain me to their side, and to have me indicate my approbation of gallery singing, by a public statement from the pulpit. This I declined doing, and said I should take things as I found them, and not connect myself with either party in this Church quarrel. I was then informed that about fifty of them would withdraw from the Church, unless I sustained the singing in the gallery, established by brothers Shinn and Flemming. The singing party, by their heated and fiery manner, impressed me with an opinion that, though they were very fond of music, and could sing very well, they did not pray enough, and were not as pious as they should be, to lead the singing of a Christian congregation.

It has always been my opinion that, as the singers in the gallery lead one part of the devotions of a congregation of Christians, and the preacher in the pulpit the other, common sense requires decent propriety among the former, as really as it requires talent, piety, and good behavior in the latter. Fearing that the choir, in this case, had, somehow or other, misbehaved, and thereby given cause of offense to the other party, I did not even let them know that I had any friendship at all for choir singing, however well the singers might conduct themselves. To let them alone where my elder brethren had placed them, and keep myself clear of party strife, in view of being useful to the whole Church, was my object. I had to adopt my own course, for neither of these parties could be safe advisers.

My plan was simply this: to carry up the case to the living God for help. So, I determined to visit the entire Church immediately, hear what they had to say, and then have a season of prayer. When I came to a family who opposed the choir, I would hear, with the utmost patience, all they had to say; then inquire, "Is that all?" "Yes." "Well, now let us

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pray." When I came to a family in favor of the choir, and very bitter against its opposers, I would hear them, too, with all due patience, and say, as before, "Is that all?" "Yes." "Well, now let us pray." After this manner I went through the whole Church, listening patiently to all parties, until they were done, and making no other reply than this: "Now let us pray." All parties, in a short time, began to regard me as a queer kind of a man, for they would get nothing out of me, in relation to their troubles, but, "Now let us pray." And in the pulpit nothing was said by which any one could learn that we had trouble in the Church, about singing or any thing else. In that sacred place the pure religion of the Saviour was explained and enforced; the members were urged to higher attainments in the Divine life, and singers to seek the salvation of their souls, for my faith was, that nothing but a revival of religion would end this bitter strife and save the Church. In about three months, sinners began to be awakened and converted to God, and, through these conversions, God reached the Church. All parties became ashamed of their strife, confessed their folly to one another, and came to the altar as laborers in the revival. That year, a camp-meeting at Pike Run, and another at Castleman's Run, largely attended by our people, were made a great blessing to Washington Station. The work went on all the fall and winter. It got into the gallery among the singers, all of whom were converted but one. It also extended to the country round about Washington, and reached many who were Calvinistically educated, and whose connections belonged to other Churches. On various occasions I have seen as high as seventy-five at the altar of prayer at one time; and about two hundred and seventy-five members were added to the Church that year in my charge. God gave the Church a better work to do than to contend with one another about choir singing in the gallery. A more harmonious and loving Church I never saw, and I felt in my heart an inexpressible love for the spiritual children whom God had given me, and for the whole Church. Yet I was afraid to return to them the ensuing year, as, in my opinion, such a work, in such

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a community, did require a preacher of more extensive knowledge and experience than I knew myself to possess.

It was my fixed purpose, during the early part of my ministry, to go carefully through Murray's English Grammar once a year, in view of establishing myself in all the rules of correct speaking and writing. The progress made in this direction was never satisfactory to myself, and, I suppose, not to others who possessed much refinement in grammatical knowledge. While in Washington I commenced the study of the Greek language, availing myself of the help of a student, Hugh Koontz, who was in his junior year in the college at that place. My progress was slow, as I was overburdened with duties; and, notwithstanding I continued the effort for several years, my knowledge of the Greek—though it saved me from being imposed upon by those who pretended to more knowledge of that language than they really had—never amounted to any thing like critical accuracy. About the same time, I undertook the Hebrew, being very desirous of understanding the sacred originals of both the Old and New Testaments. But, as the study of both languages at once, in connection with my duties as a Christian minister, in the midst of a glorious revival, proved a little too heavy for my health, I dropped the Hebrew, and confined myself exclusively to the Greek. What labor throughout life is given to the man who enters the ministry with a defective education! Yet, to meet the demands of the age in which we live, this labor must be performed; and many have performed it, and have become the giants of the land.

While in Washington, I received much encouragement from Rev. Matthew Brown, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church. He was a liberal-minded Christian gentleman. He often attended our meetings during the revival, and advised one or two ladies, who were in good standing in his Church, to join the Methodist Episcopal Church along with their husbands, who had been very intemperate, but had been converted and joined the Church during the revival. In the midst of so much surrounding and overshadowing bigotry and intolerance as then prevailed, such an act of genuine liberality deserves to

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be recorded by me, to the credit of Dr. Brown. Indeed, such was the influence of that revival upon the community, that intolerance in every direction had to lower its sails, and abate something of the harshness of its tone and manner toward the Methodists. Still, there were some who were strong, and even fierce, in the faith that all this revival was of the devil, and that his Satanic Majesty was my main support in all my labors. To help on the work in town, I occasionally preached in the country. One evening, about dark, as I was coming in on the Wheeling pike from one of my country appointments, I found myself riding in company with a very jolly Irish woman. As we entered a little way into the town, she pointed with her hand off to the right, and said: "What matin'-house is that down there?" "Methodist meeting-house, ma'am," said I. "Is that where that Brown praiches?" said she. "Yes, ma'am," said I. "Sure," said she, "if all that the paple tell me be corrict, the divil must help that man." "Why so?" I asked. "Why," said she, "they tell me that he can praich, and exhort, and pray, and sing, day and night, wake in an' wake out, and that the paple can hear him a mile off, and, sure, no man upon earth could do that unless the divil did help him." I tried to get a little more of the same sort, but could not, for she turned into another street, and so this amusing dialogue ended.

This poor, ignorant woman was wrong in attributing to the devil my strength to labor; it came from the Lord. And there was no protracted meeting, "week in and week out;" the revival at Washington was carried on at the ordinary meetings, and we ought to have revivals at our ordinary meetings now.

In March, 1820, the Conference was at Alexandria, and I was appointed to Wheeling and Short Creek, in Western Virginia. These two appointments were nine miles apart. The Short Creek congregation was strong, while the one in Wheeling was weak, and had lately been in a good deal of trouble on the slavery question. Rev. John Waterman, my predecessor, had preached a sermon against the institution of slavery, which roused the wrath of some of the leading men of the

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place, and Waterman was driven out of Wheeling by a mob, headed by Noah Zane, a wealthy citizen, and James Sprigg, a lawyer. So, for several months, in that place, the Methodists had no preaching. The year before, on going to Washington, I found trouble, and now, in Wheeling, it did seem that I was to have trouble again, for I had no way to interpret the Bible in favor of slavery, and if I came out against it, another mob might banish me, too, as well as Waterman.

On my first Sunday in Wheeling, after preaching morning and evening, I announced preaching for Thursday night; and there was a large congregation for a week night. Among the rest came Noah Zane, and, wrapped in a large blue cloak, he took his seat among the ladies, and paid very strict attention, while I discussed the great question of moral justice, and brought it home to the conscience as closely as I could. When the meeting was dismissed, Zane, whom I had never seen before, went out and waited at the door for me. At last he sent a man to tell me he wished me to go home with him. I went to the door and declined, saying I had engaged myself another way. But he would take no denial; said he had business with me, and I must go to his house that night. I felt some reluctance, knowing how he had used Waterman; but got myself released from my other engagement, and went with him, wondering, as we walked arm in arm together, what business he could have with me. Finally, he introduced Waterman's case; said he was a man of splendid talents, and that he and Sprigg had greatly misused him, and that he had been ashamed of his part in the transaction ever since. "But," said he, "Brown, while you discussed that question of moral justice to-night, I resolved that I would free two negroes before I would sleep, and my business with you is to have you sign their free papers as a witness. On last Thursday, I sold two colored women for fourteen hundred dollars, to go to the South, and next Monday morning they were to have been delivered to the purchaser. I know I am a wicked man; but still I have a conscience. I can never put that money into my pocket. I must cancel the transaction, and I will do it this night before I

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sleep. Your sermon led me to change my mind, and I want you to witness their emancipation." This is the substance of what he said, and, as nearly as I can recollect, the very words. After introducing me to his wife, we went into the library-room to look at his books. His library was large, and Mr. Zane took apparent delight in showing his books and in discussing the merits of the various authors. At last, he said: "It is growing late; the family have all retired, and we can't have prayers to-night, as is our custom when preachers are with us. We will have prayers in the morning, and in the morning, too, I will have the emancipation papers ready for you to sign as witness." So saying, he took a light and conducted me to my sleeping-room. When he left me, I began to fear that, as he had not freed the slaves before he slept, he might cool off against morning, and not free them at all.

But, in the morning early, I found Mr. Zane in the library, with the papers all ready, and I put my name to them both, as witness. He then called in the two emancipated women, and told them that, "for disobedience to their mistress, he had, on last Thursday, sold them to a Southern trader, to be delivered to him next Monday morning." There he paused, and the women gave signs of alarm. "But," said he, pointing to me, "this is Mr. Brown, and I want you to remember him. On hearing him preach, last night, I changed my mind, and determined to set you both free, and I want you to remember him as long as you live, and that you owe your liberty to him." He then gave each of them a paper of freedom and twenty-five dollars in silver, and advised them to go immediately to Ohio, and never to come within fifty miles of him, as they could not retain their freedom in Virginia. The family were then called in, and we had morning worship, at which time the Divine blessing was invoked on Mr. Zane and his family, but especially on the colored women just now emancipated, and ordered to go forth into the world and do for themselves. These freed women were young, healthy, and handsome, and I hope freedom proved a blessing to them. Zane then said to me: "This act of mine will probably be considered as a political maneuver, to gain the

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votes of the Methodists, as I am now before the public as a candidate for Congress. But I have freed these slaves in obedience to the dictates of my own conscience, and, that my motives may not be misunderstood, I will go this day and withdraw my name from before the public, and be no longer a candidate." And he did so, for I saw the withdrawal in the Wheeling papers. Many wicked men have some good things about them, as the foregoing case will show. Sinner as he was, Noah Zane had a conscience.

The country part of my charge was very prosperous that year. We gained many converts to the Lord and additions to the Church, by means of another camp-meeting at Castleman's Run. We had a loving, faithful, harmonious membership in the country—a real working Church. Who ever saw a working Church fail of a revival? Who ever saw a lazy, do-nothing Church have a revival? In Wheeling, we had a faithful, working membership, and a considerable increase by conversions; but there was some trouble in the Church, after all. As I only occupied the pulpit half the time in town, the Presbyterians, who, at that time, had no house of worship of their own, without fee or reward, occupied our house the other half of the time. In those days, the controversy between the Calvinistic Churches and the Methodists, on what was called "the five points," was rather bitter than otherwise. So, it happened that in our own pulpit the doctrines of Methodism were assailed, and grossly misrepresented, by Rev. James Harvey, and it became necessary to give them the best defense in my power. In doing this I ventured over a little into the regions of Calvinism, with the Confession of Faith in my hand, to let the people see how the doctrines of that book would stand in measurement with the Holy Scriptures. In all, I preached six carefully prepared sermons on the points of difference between Methodism and Calvinism. This ended our troubles with our Calvinistic brethren, for they drew off to another place, and we pursued our own course in new efforts to evangelize this wicked world. How glad I am that those days of controversial strife have measurably passed away, and that a greater harmony now

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prevails among the Churches than in former years. The converts gained to the Church on either side, in the time of a heated controversy, are more apt to be sectarian bigots than thorough evangelical Christians. Yet, the risk of all this is incurred, when the fundamental doctrines of Christianity are assailed, either by infidels or heretics or mistaken Christians. Every minister is set for the defense of the Gospel.

In Wheeling, and in the country part of my charge, the additions to the Church during the year were about one hundred and sixty members, many of whom still remain, but others have fallen asleep. Some of the best Christian friends I ever had in all my life were to be found in the Wheeling and Short Creek charge. While preaching, on Christmas day, at the Short Creek Meeting-house, my horse died. This fact was reported me as soon as I came out of the pulpit, and I felt sad, for he was a noble animal. But the brethren and outside friends bade me be of good cheer, for I should soon have another horse; and before I left the place they then and there bought and paid for a horse every way equal to the one I had lost, and presented him to me. Such acts of kindness deserve to be remembered.

On returning to Wheeling, I found in the post-office a circular, signed Adynacius, addressed to all the itinerant preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in favor of lay delegation in said Church, and strongly urging this measure upon public attention. The light contained in this circular was rather strong for my eyes; it produced pain. In Methodistical economy, to which I had been familiarized from childhood, I had supposed every thing to be exactly right; but now, here was a circular, powerfully written, going to show that in the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church many things were exactly wrong. After reading the above circular, I felt indignant, and threw it away, hoping never to have another such production sent to my address. I wanted Methodism to roll on as it was, down to the end of the world. That week I went to Steubenville to attend a quarterly meeting, to be held at New-Year. In the Quarterly Conference, on Saturday, the preacher

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in charge, Rev. Charles Godard, was charged with maladministration. A large class, of about forty members, had been expelled for continuing, contrary to his orders, to hold a class prayer-meeting on a night that did not conflict with the regular weekly prayer-meeting of the Church. Their class paper was burned by his Reverence, and they were all publicly declared to be no more members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Presiding Elder, Rev. William Swazie, gave his opinion in the case, against the doings of Godard, and ordered all the expelled to be publicly restored to membership again. They were accordingly restored, as directed by the Elder; but the case left in my mind ample materials for reflection on the legal powers of Methodist preachers, as being so great that sometimes a domineering spirit is thereby induced, which goes away beyond the law, into maladministration and tyranny.

I reported the above case to Rev. Daniel Hett, and he laughed heartily, and said such cases were quite common among Methodist preachers; and then told me how he had himself once dismembered a large class, by burning the class paper and pronouncing all the members out of the Church. They had a member's case under judicial investigation before the class, and the whole of the members became unmanageable, and he took this method to settle the difficulty. He afterward made a new class paper, and proposed to take all in again who would agree to behave themselves; but I think he told me that only a few of them came. The rest were all affronted, and well they might be. To hold one's membership in the Church of Christ at the mere will of the preacher in charge, liable to be burned out at any time, to avoid a little trouble, is enough to affront any man of sense.

But to return from this digression. On Monday evening, all the preachers were invited to take tea at the house of Dr. David Stanton, father of Hon. E. M. Stanton, now Secretary of War. He was a profound thinker—a real practical philosopher. While at the table, the Presiding Elder, who was always angling for big fish, said: "Dr. Stanton, are you going to love-feast to-night?" "Yes," said the Doctor, "it is my design to go."

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"Well," said the Elder, "I wish you would join our Church; your lady belongs, and we would like to have you, too." For a moment all were silent. Dr. Stanton then replied, in his own calm, slow manner: "Friend Swazie, I never shall join your Church. I like the doctrines and I like the meetings; but I never will submit my moral standing to the operations of a Church government which is wholly in the hands of the clergy." The Elder then threw himself forward into a rapid illustration of the principles of the Methodist Episcopal Church government, by comparing them to the wheels of a great double-geared mill. "There is," said he, "one great, all-moving wheel, rolling on with tremendous energy"—at the same time making a circular motion with his hand—"which keeps the whole machinery in motion, and it is the episcopal wheel. Within this wheel there are sundry other lesser wheels, subordinate in character, moving on with great efficiency, accomplishing much good for the Church, and they are the presiding elder wheels. Within these there are many other wheels, acting with great power, and accomplishing an immense amount of good, and they are the circuit and stationed preacher wheels. And within these are many other smaller wheels, each in its own place, in due subordination to all the rest, performing its part most beneficially for the Church, and they are the local preacher, exhorter, and class-leader wheels. So the whole system moves on like Ezekiel's vision—wheel within wheel. It is the most perfect government that ever was instituted; and you could not touch a cog or pin in any of its machinery without doing it an injury." After this manner, as nearly as I can recollect, spake the Elder, during which time eating was suspended, or nearly so, and all waited for the Doctor's reply. In a moment he said, with a sarcastic smile, "*Aye, and all these wheels to grind these people.*" This retort was withering on us all. It came like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. When no reply was made by the Elder, the Doctor proceeded: "Gentlemen," said he, "your Church government is more arbitrary than the British government, which our fathers threw off at the expense of so much blood and treasure, and which was finally banished

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from our land by the sword of our valiant Washington. That government had three principles in it: the monarchical, the aristocratical, and the republican. Yours has but two: the monarchical and the aristocratical. Your episcopacy answers to the British monarchy; your itinerants, holding power for life, answer to their peerage, or House of Lords. But they have a House of Commons, composed of delegates elected by the people. What House of Commons have you? You are a house behind them. I never shall join your Church."

Here the conversation ended, and we all went to the love-feast, which was, indeed, a queer meeting to me, though others appeared to enjoy it well. There was much speaking of the right kind, and the singing was very fine. But my mind was busy another way. In my imagination I could see all the wheels, spoken of by the Elder at the tea-table, rolling, and hear the Doctor's sarcastic retort, "Aye, and all these wheels to grind the people," ringing in my ears. From and after that time I was a convert to lay delegation, and did believe in my heart that the Methodist Episcopal Church had as much right to a free representative government as the state; and that to be a republican in the state and a monarchist in the Church involved a contradiction, from which I thought the Church ought to be delivered as soon as practicable.

The widow of Dr. Stanton is still living in Steubenville. She is a most excellent Christian lady, and a member of the Methodist Protestant Church. About three years ago, she and I compared our recollections of the conversation in her presence at the tea-table, between Dr. Stanton and the Presiding Elder, above referred to, and found a perfect agreement between us as to the facts as I have stated them. And I have no doubt but lawyer Dunham, of Beaver, if living, would bear testimony to the accuracy of my statement, for he was present, and, being a zealous Methodist, must have as deeply felt the mortification of defeat as any of the rest of us. Indeed, he told me in my own house, in Pittsburg, in presence of Rev. Z. Ragan, that he did, and that his recollection of the matter was about like mine.

When I adopted the lay delegation principle, it was not my

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intention to become immediately active in advocating its adoption by the Church. I wanted the question discussed by our most aged and able ministers, that the Methodist community might be informed on that subject; and it never entered into my mind that there would be any objection on the part of the preachers to such a discussion. Indeed, I thought that the preachers only needed to see that they had too much power in the government, and the laity too little, to induce them to adopt lay delegation. But in this thing I was under a mistake, as I have many times been in other matters; for it was found, upon fair trial, that the preachers were not willing to have their powers in the government of the Church publicly discussed, much less were they willing to divide their powers by granting the people lay delegation. I learned all this by slow degrees, as actual experience brought the matter to light. What I knew not at first I was made to know afterward, very much to my sorrow.

At the Conference, in March, 1821, I was appointed to Washington again. After an absence of one year—during which time Rev. John Bear was their pastor—it was pleasant to return to my warm-hearted and faithful friends in Washington. In that station God had given me many spiritual children, and it was very gratifying, indeed, to find that brother Bear, my successor, had taken good care of them, and that most of them were prospering in the Divine life. I could fully appreciate the language of the Apostle John, when he said, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth." But during that year, so many of them removed to various parts of the West, that I was made to feel sad at parting with them. Yet, I should not have felt sad, if I could have seen the hand of the Lord in their removal, as I saw it in after years; for I found them here and there in all the West, doing more service to the cause of Christ than they would probably ever have done had they remained in Washington. A few of them became preachers of the Gospel; others, who were mechanics, settled in towns, and became prominent members of the Church. Some bought farms in new districts, opened their houses for preaching, and contributed largely to the raising up of new Churches.

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God may have wise designs in the removal of Church members from one place to another. In one place, well supplied with active laboring members, there may be no room for a young class capable of equal activity in the cause of Christ. Now this young class must either bury their talents where they are, or remove to another place to find an opening for labor. Such removals are of Providence, and are meant for the good of the Church, the glory of Christ, and the welfare of the individuals who remove.

This was a prosperous year in Washington Station, yet not equally so with my first year in that place. We had preaching in Claysville, Canonsburg, and at Dr. Moore's, John Scott's, and other places round about, all opening the way for the formation of new circuits in after years. I went that year and labored some time, doing missionary service in the formation of the Chartiers Circuit, between Pittsburgh and Canonsburg. This outside work—enough for one man—all came on me, and was attended to through the week, without materially interfering with my duties in the station assigned me. Along with all this, my efforts to acquire a knowledge of the Greek language, under the instruction of Hugh Koontz, were still continued. In fact, I felt an ambition—and there is nothing sinful in this word—to improve myself all I could in the knowledge of ecclesiastical and civil history, in mental and moral philosophy, as well as in natural and biblical theology. My prompting adage was, "He who will not learn, can not teach." As I felt myself called of God to be a Christian teacher, I felt myself equally called to be a learner in every branch of knowledge that would contribute to my success in the Gospel ministry. He who addresses mind, should understand the laws of mind, and all the emotive principles of human nature. And the history of the Church and of the nations will furnish many an illustration in pressing home theological truth upon the souls of men. Yet, after all, and above all, the pious, humble preacher, who pants for success in building up the Church of Christ, must mainly study three books: the Bible, for there he learns the will of God; the congregation, for there he learns the wants of his people;

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his own heart, for there he learns the motives by which he is actuated, and he should never allow those motives to be sinister in their character.

In the summer of that year, two very successful camp-meetings contributed largely to the increase of membership in my charge; and there were a goodly number added, as the result of home labor. Nearly one hundred in all, if I remember rightly, were received into the Church that year. And yet, after so many removals, the increase was but small.

In the seventh year of my ministry, on the 6th day of December, 1821, I was married to Miss Eliza Jackson, of Washington, Pennsylvania. I am now writing, January 12, 1864, and my beloved wife still lives to be a blessing to me. I regard such a wife as one of the best gifts of God to man. Often had the thought of marriage entered into my mind before, and once I felt inclined to indulge that thought, but, for several reasons, I did not. Why should a young preacher make haste to take a wife, and thus double his claim on the Church for support, when he is not fully certain yet that he is worth his own support? There are principles of justice involved here, and young preachers should study them well. He who marries too soon, and claims from the Church support for a wife, as well as for himself, when, even in a judgment of charity, his kind of qualifications for ministerial service will not entitle him to more than a single man's salary, makes an unjust claim; and for so doing, both he and his wife may, under a just Providence, have to suffer, until further improvement will enable him to earn his wife's support as well as his own. There are giving and taking in this thing. A preacher should be able to render service to the Church equal in value to the salary claimed, before it will be just, in the sight of God and man, for him to take that salary. Why should not young preachers think of moral principles, as well as love, when they are about to get married? Marriage, they seem to think, is a matter of love, and who cares for moral principle when love is under consideration?

At the Conference, in March, 1822, I was appointed to Ohio Circuit, as an assistant to Rev. David Stevens, an old bachelor,

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about sixty years of age. This I understood to be a punishment inflicted upon me by an old bachelor Presiding Elder, because I had forsaken the ranks of old bachelors, and had entered into matrimonial life, contrary to his wishes. There were quite a number of old bachelors in the Baltimore Conference, to which I then belonged, and all of them were, more or less, celebrated for severity of temper. It takes the family relation to call out the tender sympathies and social qualities of the human heart. My colleague was not an exception to the general rule. He had lived locked up within himself, as old bachelors generally do, and was testy, crabbed, and sour to me and my wife. Even his very godliness had in it a tartness that was noticed in the families where he lodged, and in the pulpits where he preached. This infirmity, drawn on this aged man by bachelor life, did not hinder him from being a most faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord; but, to some considerable extent, it did hinder his usefulness in building up the Church of Christ. The Lord's truth was never indebted to any man's rasp for its success in winning souls to the Saviour of sinners.

To me this was a year of some suffering. My home was in West Middletown, among a kind-hearted people. The circuit was large and wealthy, yet my salary (only two hundred dollars) was but little more than half paid. I felt this very much in the outset of married life; so did my wife; but we kept the matter to ourselves, and pondered it in our hearts. To keep the cow from starving, in the winter, I tried to raise money to buy provender, by the sale of books out of my own scanty library; and it would not do to be much at home, for the circuit had made no provision for the subsistence of my horse. When the year closed, I had no clothes fit to go to Conference in, and no money with which to buy any. So passed away the first year of married life. It was a year of considerable success; many sinners were converted and joined the Church. It was a year of great mental conflict. When I saw the members of the Church at preaching, or heard them speak in class-meeting or love-feast, or talk about religion at home, I felt inclined to admit their piety. But when I thought of their wealth, and

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of my poor, meager, starvation salary not being much more than half paid, I was constrained to have my doubts about it. But in after years my mind was changed in relation to the piety of these people. I now charge all this apparent parsimony, as it regards ministerial support, to their anti-Gospel education on that subject. The high ordination of the Lord Jesus Christ, "that they which preach the Gospel shall live of the Gospel," had not, at the time of my ministry among them, been properly brought home to their consciences, as it was in after years.

My Presiding Elder, Rev. James Painter—another old bachelor—and my colleague, both found out that I was friendly to a change in the Church government, so as to admit lay delegation, and from and after that date they were neither of them very friendly to me. But this made little difference, for it was a settled point in my creed that lay delegation ought to be introduced into the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I knew that all the friends of that measure would have to meet with opposition, so my mind was made up calmly to endure whatever came upon me on account of my principles. As the year was closing, many little tokens of friendship were given me as I went my last round on the circuit, and I was kindly asked to return the next year. The Quarterly Conference, also, asked the Elder to have me reappointed. But, as I was going away in rags and in debt, without my full pay, I made no pledges that I would return. In Washington I was furnished with clothes, to be paid for when I got able. So, leaving my wife at her father's, I went on with the Western preachers to the Conference, and we had a very pleasant time together, as we passed over the mountains. I have always loved to attend Conference. To meet the bretheren is refreshing.

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CHAPTER VII.

CONFERENCE IN BALTIMORE—APPOINTED PRESIDING ELDER OF MONONGAHELA DISTRICT—EFFORT TO CHANGE THE MANNER OF APPOINTING PRESIDING ELDERS—BISHOP MCKENDREE'S VINDICATION OF HIS COURSE IN THE PRECEDING GENERAL CONFERENCE—REMOVAL TO WASHINGTON—MY FIRST QUARTERLY CONFERENCE—TRIP TO OHIO WITH BISHOP MCKENDREE—THE BISHOP'S VIEWS ON CHURCH POLITY—MY VIEWS—CONFERENCE IN WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA—CONFERENCE IN BALTIMORE—FORMATION OF PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE—FAILURE IN HEALTH—RECOVERY—THE NEW LIGHTS—THE BAPTISTS—CAMP-MEETINGS—MY FIRST PUBLIC CONNECTION WITH THE REFORM MOVEMENT—THE MUTUAL RIGHTS—BISHOP GEORGE.

AT the Conference in Baltimore, in March, 1823, I was appointed, by Bishop McKendree, Presiding Elder of the Monongahela District. This appointment was made, as I have reason to believe, with the full knowledge of my principles. Daniel Hett and James Painter, two aged ministers, both Presiding Elders and members of the Bishop's cabinet, and opposed to my views as to changes in Church government, did certainly inform the Bishop that I took rank among the reformers. Indeed, Mr. McKendree's whole course with me afterward made me fully understand that my principles were known to him when he gave me that office. Whether he meant this appointment as compensation for hard usage the preceding year, or whether he meant to win me back again to the anti-reform party, or whether, rising above all such considerations, he made this appointment simply and alone for the good of the cause of Christ, I know not, and it is useless to speculate on the subject. At any rate, I was, entirely contrary to my expectations, made Presiding Elder, and, without regard to the motives leading to my appointment, I determined to do all I could for the cause of Christ, and the extension of liberal ecclesiastical principles in the Methodist Episcopal Church, throughout the Monongahela District.

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At that Conference, we had a very protracted and exciting debate on Bishop McKendree's vindication of his course at the General Conference of 1820. For about twenty years, efforts had been made at each General Conference, by the liberal party, so to change the economy of Methodism as to authorize the Annual Conference to elect the Presiding Elders, instead of having them appointed by the Bishops, as the law now ordained. At that General Conference the debate ran very high, and brought out all the talent in that body. Finally, a committee was appointed, consisting of six members—three from each party—who were to meet the three Bishops in council and draft a report that would suit the views of all parties. A report was drawn up and presented to the Conference, signed by the six committeemen and two of the Bishops, George and Roberts—McKendree dissented—and it received a two-thirds vote of the General Conference, and so became the law of the Church. The substance of that report was as follows: Whenever, in future, a Presiding Elder is needed for any district, the Bishop, or Bishops, shall nominate three members of the Conference, out of which number so nominated the Conference shall elect the Presiding Elder wanted. If more than one is wanted, the same routine shall be observed in a second and third instance, and so on until the required number of Presiding Elders is obtained. In case of a vacancy by death, or any other cause, during the year, the Bishop shall appoint a Presiding Elder, whose term of office shall expire at the ensuing Conference. These Presiding Elders, so elected by the Conference, shall be the advisory council of the Bishops in the stationing of the preachers. We only give the substance of the law.

Upon the passage of the foregoing law—which secured a little liberty for the preachers, but none for the people—there was, it is said, much joy in the General Conference. But it did not last long: the brethren were not quite out of the wilderness into the promised land yet. That bright day was destined to be overcast with very dark clouds, highly charged with ecclesiastical electricity and episcopal thunder. Rev. Joshua Soulé, then

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elected to the episcopal office, but not yet ordained, immediately after the foregoing action, addressed a note to Bishop McKendree, in which the following strong language is held: "If they should ordain me, under existing circumstances, I could not, conscientiously, carry the above-named resolutions into effect, inasmuch as I conceive them to be an unconstitutional transfer of executive powers from the episcopacy to the Annual Conference."* This note was immediately laid before the General Conference by Mr. McKendree, accompanied by his own protest against the action of that body, as being an unconstitutional transfer of episcopal powers to the Annual Conferences. This high-handed measure of the Bishop and the Bishop-elect led to a reconsideration of the whole matter, and, finally, to the suspension of the Presiding Elder law for four years. After the General Conference, Bishop McKendree prepared a vindication of his course to lay before the Annual Conferences, to get them to indorse what he had done. This document was now before the Baltimore Conference for its approval, and, after having been very distinctly read by the secretary, the debate was commenced by the brethren in real earnest, and the excitement was very high.

Bishop McKendree occupied the chair during the debate, and from the scathing manner in which his vindication was handled by Ryland, Griffith, and Emory, I was constrained to feel a good deal of sympathy for him, notwithstanding my opposition to his course. S. G. Roezel and a few others undertook to defend his document, but, in my judgment, they utterly failed. Asa Shinn at last moved an indefinite postponement of the resolution to approve of the Bishop's vindication, which motion was carried by a very strong majority of the Conference, and so the matter ended, very much to the mortification of Bishop McKendree.

On returning from the Baltimore Conference to the West, I removed from West Middletown to Washington, so as to situate my wife among her relations and other valued friends, for I was

*See Rev. J. Smith's letter, Wesleyan Repository, 2d vol., p. 129.

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now in the performance of official duties, destined to be a great deal from home. The first quarterly meeting I ever held, as Presiding Elder, was in Washington. On Friday evening Bishop McKendree arrived in town. On Saturday morning I waited upon him, to tender my respects, and know of him at what hours it would suit him to preach. Without giving me an answer, he waived the conversation, and began to talk about something else. In a short time, I told him it would give me a great deal of pleasure to have him name the hours at which it would suit him to preach, as I desired now to make an arrangement for preaching throughout the meeting. The Bishop then turned his eye keenly upon me, and said, in a harsh, stern manner I shall never forget, "I do not like to see young men too presuming." I arose, took up my hat, and said "it had been my sincere desire to be respectful, and show him that courteous regard which I held to be due to age and office; but if he thought me presumptuous, I would retire." So I bade him good morning and left the room, determined to trouble him no more. At eleven o'clock, on Saturday, he sat in the altar, while I strove, under many embarrassments, to preach. After preaching was over we had no conversation at all. At three o'clock he returned, and presided in the Quarterly Conference. When it was over, he returned to his lodgings and I to my home, without any conversation, for I was afraid to introduce conversation with him, lest I should be considered presumptuous. He did not come to meeting at night. On Sunday, at eleven o'clock, I found him in the pulpit, when I entered the church, hunting his hymn. So, that morning he preached and took the lead in the communion services. All that time he said nothing to me; but, as we were going home, he called after me, and, when I turned back to him, he said he was going to leave for Ohio on Wednesday, and wished me to go with him; and, if it would be agreeable, he would like to dine at my house on Tuesday. I assured him that it would give me a great deal of pleasure to have him dine with me at the time named. After this, we had a very considerable amount of pleasant conversation together, and I excused the Bishop's behavior

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at our first interview, under an impression that he had been worn out traveling, and was yet smarting under the defeat of his measure at the Baltimore Conference. On Tuesday, according to appointment, the Bishop came to dinner, and a very pleasant time we had, bating one circumstance, which was very mortifying to Mrs. Brown and myself: there was a toughness in our chicken which no amount of cooking could remedy. On that account we regarded our dinner as being rather a failure. We ought to have had better chicken for the occasion, for it was intended as a feast of reconciliation, a confirmation of friendship. The Bishop spent the afternoon with us, was very cheerful, and gave me much fatherly counsel as to the duties of my office, and the interview was closed with prayer.

In our trip to Ohio, I was with Mr. McKendree about ten days, and observed his manner of life strictly. He read much, prayed much, and was apt to teach, wherever he went, both in public and in private. At first, I was afraid that his temper was irritable, but I found nothing of the kind in him, save that little snap he gave me in Washington, and that may have grown out of causes referred to above. One thing I found to lie very near his heart; namely, the maintenance of the present order of things in the Church, as they were handed down to him from Bishop Asbury. The itinerant general superintendency and the present powers of the itinerant preachers must not undergo any modification, by the election of Presiding Elders or the admission of lay delegation. How could a Bishop oversee ("overrule") this great work without agents; *i. e.*, Presiding Elders? And if the Annual Conferences elected them, then they would be the agents of the conferences, and not of the Bishops; so the Annual Conferences would oversee the work through agents of their own, and the Bishops, who are elected to superintend, by the General Conference, would be powerless nullities. As to lay delegation, that would be destructive to the itinerancy; and, besides this, the itinerant preachers were instrumental in the conversion of the membership, and had, therefore, a right to rule them. Children ought not to rule their fathers; but fathers ought to rule their children. The right of our

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preachers to all the power and authority they have, grows out of the nature and fitness of things. So taught the venerable Bishop McKendree, in 1823. He seemed to think I needed instruction, and, on all convenient occasions, he repeated these lessons with fatherly kindness. I never argued against his views, during our sojourn together; but, still, I had in my own mind the answer ready. When we parted, I was strongly impressed with a conviction of his honesty, piety, and intelligence, but not with his arguments.

The General Conference elects the Bishops to superintend the whole work. Why should not that Bishop-creating body pass a law to create Presiding Elders through the joint agency of the Bishops and the Annual Conferences, as proposed by the General Conference of 1820, to aid them in their work? This joint authority in the creation of Presiding Elders would imply a responsibility of the Elders to the Annual Conferences and Bishops who created them, and not to the Bishops alone, as in former years, and as it is to this day.

As to lay delegation destroying the itinerancy, I held this to be an indefensible assumption. Besides, I held then, and do now, that if itinerancy can only live on the destruction of human liberty, it ought not to live at all. Christianity can be maintained in the world consistently with human liberty. And to say that instrumentality in conversion gives a right to rule, looks like the old doctrine of kings ruling by the right of conquest. Moreover, it implies too much, for the purposes of those who bring it forward. According to this, all the local preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church who are instrumental in the conversion of sinners have a right to rule them. This is not allowed. Any pious old lady, who, by her exhortations, prayers, and tears, might be instrumental in the conversion of a philosopher, would have the right to rule him as long as he lived, for the good of his soul. After this manner, in my own mind, all the Bishop's ecclesiastical lessons were disposed of; and I felt, on my return to my own field of labor, more than ever, a disposition to promote the lay delegation cause.

In March, 1824, the Conference was in Winchester Virginia,

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and I was again appointed Presiding Elder. In March, 1825, the Conference was in Baltimore, and I still was continued in the same office. That year, in September, the Pittsburgh Conference, having been set off by the General Conference of 1824, held its first session in the city of Pittsburgh, and again I was appointed Presiding Elder, making, in all, three years and a half that I served in that office. A full account of all that transpired while in that office can not now be written. Only such things as memory has retained, or recollection can call up, and are deemed of interest, will be introduced to notice.

The hard service rendered in Washington, Wheeling, and Short Creek charges made great inroads on my health. During nearly the whole time of my presidency on the Monongahela District, that most tormenting of all complaints, the dyspepsia, afflicted me sorely. Every thing I ate in a few minutes became acid on my stomach, and led to vomiting; perspiration was utterly obstructed; my skin was nearly as sallow as a seed cucumber, dry and mealy; my head was hot, my feet were cold, showing an unbalanced circulation of the blood. I was perpetually harassed with a dyspeptic colic; there was a giddiness in my head, a ringing in my ears, floating phantoms before my eyes—in fact, I was a sick man. Still, I hung to my horse and filled my appointments on the district, trying, as I went, all the remedies prescribed by the physicians, and growing worse and worse. Finally, every doctor in my district, save one, pronounced sentence of death upon me, and advised me to go home and set my house in order, for I could not live. But Dr. Charles McClean, of Morgantown, Virginia, was of a different opinion. He said life was sweet and worth preserving, and that I must not be discouraged by the nonsense of the doctors. "Come," said he, "I will make you a box of blue pills, on the plan of those prepared by Dr. Phillips, which you are to take at the rate of three grains a day, for six weeks, then go to Bedford Springs a couple of weeks, and you will get well again." I followed the Doctor's advice, and though I could not (because of those who were with me) remain at the Springs but eight days, I came away measurably restored to health, and took no

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more medicine for twelve years, save once, and that was for an attack of fever. To Dr. McLean, then, under God, I certainly owe my life; and I make this record of the fact, with gratitude to him and to the Lord. In the ecclesiastical controversy which resulted in the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church, the Doctor, who was a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, did all he could against me and against the cause I advocated; but still, I always admired his talents, and felt gratitude for past favors, especially medical services.

A great portion of the Monongahela District, which was very large, was a real battle-ground between the Methodists and other denominations, especially the New Lights, who denied the doctrine of the Trinity and the divinity of Christ. They held that the atonement made by Christ was a reality, and that it derived its value entirely from the appointment of the Father, and not from the dignity and glory of the Godhead that dwelt in his humanity; that Christ, being the Son of God, could not be eternal, as no son could be as old as his father; and that no man would ever believe in the Godhead of Christ, unless he were misled to do so by a creed. Against creeds and disciplines, and all forms of Church government, they had much to say; and made sport of the Methodist preachers going about with their saddle-bags full of disciplines to sell. I deemed it my duty to rid my district, if I could, of New-Light heresy. Accordingly, on all convenient occasions, in all parts of the country where I traveled, I gave the doctrines of the Methodists the fullest vindication, upon scriptural grounds, that I could. *Were the Methodists Trinitarians?* I showed this doctrine was found in all parts of the Bible; and though above reason, it did not contradict reason; for reason must be able to comprehend every possible mode of Divine existence, before it could pronounce, infallibly, that God could not exist a trinity in unity. *Were they believers in the divinity of Christ?* I showed from the plain Word of God that this doctrine was true, and affirmed that no sane reader of the Scriptures would ever deny the divinity of Christ, unless he were misled by some hard-skulled leader, whose teachings operated upon his mind with all

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the force of a creed. As to the atonement being made by a mere creature, divinely appointed to do that work, and all the value of the atonement resulting from the Father's appointment, and none of it from the dignity of the person who suffered, the Methodists held this to be *monstrous*. According to this doctrine, the Father, contrary to His own Word, had given His glory to another—a mere creature—and ordained that the nations of the earth should trust in a creature, and the doings of a creature, for the salvation of their souls. If the Godhead of Christ gave no value to the atonement, then why was his divinity made so prominent a part of revelation? My doctrine throughout the district was, that the atonement derived its value from both the divinity of the Sufferer and the appointment of the Father. To separate divinity from what Christ did to save the world, would leave the world to be saved by the doings of a creature; and to call the Gentile nations off from idolatry to trust in a creature, would be idolatry still. The preachers of the district over which I presided were, generally, vigorous, talented young men, well suited to the region of country where they labored; and as we had to win every inch of the ground we occupied by the sword of the Spirit—which, of necessity, in many instances, had to be a controversial sword—they came manfully up to the battle of the Lord, and the enemy had to yield or retreat. There are very few New Lights in that district now.

The Baptists also met us at every point, and resolutely opposed the doctrines of the Methodists. They were Calvinists in doctrine, as well as immersionists in practice, and went, with all their might, against the Methodist view of Christian perfection, and the possibility of falling from grace. On all these points we gave them battle. Happily for us, they did not occupy a great deal of territory; but where they did exist, they were generally pretty strong as to numbers. In Pruntytown, they and the Methodists had each a comfortable house of worship, and their preaching was on alternate Sundays. In those days there were "go-betweens" to report to each preacher what

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the other would say of his doctrines. On one Sunday the Methodist preacher, in his sermon, had handled the Baptist doctrine of the final, unconditional perseverance of the saints with some severity. This was reported, by the "go-between," to Dr. Waldo, the minister in charge of the Baptist congregation, who, on the next Sunday, at considerable length, defended his doctrine in his usual lengthened tone, amounting, when greatly in earnest, to something like a whine. In the course of his sermon, as the "go-between" reported, he illustrated the impossibility of falling from grace, in the following manner: "My dear brethren, if you only have a desire to have a desire to be saved, you are as sure of getting to heaven as if you were already there. Religion is just like my old raccoon-skin. The other day I brought an old raccoon-skin with me to town and tried to sell it, but I could not sell it; I tried to barter it, but I could not barter it; I tried to give it away, but I could not give it away. I then rolled it up in a piece of newspaper and tucked it under my arm, walked out into the street, lifted up my arm and tried to lose it, but I could not lose it, for there was a man just behind me, who picked it up and said, 'Holloa, Waldo! here is your raccoon-skin.' Just so, my dear brethren, it is with religion: you can't sell it; you can't barter it; you can't give it away; you can't lose it. If you only have a desire to have a desire to be saved, you are as sure of getting to heaven as if you were already there."

What Methodism could stand before the logic of such an illustration as this? The citizens of Pruntytown amuse themselves to this day by telling this 'coon-skin anecdote. Dr. Waldo was an eccentric wit, had a good standing in the community, and, from the anecdotal character of his preaching, always drew a full house. From my own personal knowledge of the man, I have no doubt of his being now among the saved in that better land; but his witty 'coon-skin illustration amounts to nothing. There is no analogy between the free mind of man holding on to or letting go religious truth and the Doctor's inability to sell, barter, give away, or lose his raccoon-skin. If he

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had done as much to get clear of his religion as he did to dispose of his 'coon-skin, and had failed, then his illustration would be of some force; not otherwise.

The religious state of the district was good throughout my entire term of service. In all the circuits and stations, each year, there were revivals and large additions to the Church. My district was famous for its camp-meetings. The lowest number we held in one camp-meeting season was eight; the highest, eleven. These meetings, as a general thing, were largely attended, and were real working meetings; not meetings of feasting, parade, and show. God owned them by the advancement of his children in scriptural holiness, and in the conversion of sinners, in great numbers, from the error of their way. Rev. William Barns, of the Wheeling Station, got leave of absence from his charge, and accompanied me (my health being feeble) as a fellow-laborer to the eleven camp-meetings held in one season, and rendered very important service. He is still a sojourner among men, and can bear witness to the success of the Gospel in the conversion of sinners at the camp-meetings among the hills of Western Virginia and Western Pennsylvania. The day of judgment alone can disclose the whole amount of good that was done, and how much labor and care devolved upon me at these meetings. To see that order was maintained, so as to prevent the outside world from doing harm to the assembled worshipers, to give a right direction to all the ministerial talent on hand, both local and itinerant, so as to keep down the little, petty jealousies too often found among the preachers on such occasions, and to employ the whole force at command, both ministerial and lay, in the labors of the altar, so as to bring as many souls as possible to Christ, and to continue this kind of effort day and night, throughout eleven consecutive weeks, was indeed labor and care such as few Presiding Elders at this day know any thing about. The state of my health gave indications that my career upon earth would be short. To be ready to go into eternity at the call of the Lord, and to get as many sinners as possible converted to Christ before my departure, were then the all-engrossing objects

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of my life. Paul said, "To live is Christ, to die is gain." So I felt at that time, and, in the midst of my toils, enjoyed much religious happiness.

The preachers who labored with me on the Monongahela District have nearly all passed away, and, so far as I have been able to learn, they died in the faith, hope, and charity of Christianity. Revs. T. M. Hudson, C. Cook, W. Barns, H. Furlong, and S. Chaney, I believe, yet remain, and, like myself, are far advanced in life. They are excellent men, and have been worth more than thousands of gold to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Nearly all the local preachers and prominent lay members who labored with me, and at whose habitations I was always made welcome and comfortable, are now on the other side of Jordan—saved and crowned, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.

The institution of the Mutual Rights, in 1824, in the room of the Wesleyan Repository; the action of the General Conference in Baltimore, preceded by the doings of the Baltimore Annual Conference in Winchester, Virginia, all had a tendency to rouse the spirit of inquiry in the Church, on the subject of itinerant supremacy and lay delegation. At the Conference in Winchester, Beverly Waugh, with some difficulty, obtained leave to read N. Snethen's letter in favor of lay delegation. It was heard by that body with mingled indications of favor and displeasure. Joshua Soulé read a paper inflicting some heavy censure on John Emory, for certain statements made (if memory serves me) by Emory and others, in a pamphlet, involving Soulé's course at the General Conference of 1820. Emory, in the course of his reply, admitted the right of the Methodist people to a lay delegation, and said they ought to have it, if they so desired. Soulé presided in a caucus held by the anti-reform party to nominate delegates to the General Conference, and, in his remarks before taking the chair, went against nominating any reformer, as the ancient order of things must be strictly maintained. Accordingly, Emory, Waugh, Shinn, Ryland, Davis, Griffith, Morgan, and others, known to favor reform—at least the election of Presiding Elders—were all left

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out of the nomination. That afternoon, the way being thus prepared, R. Birch, in a very honeyed speech, tried to bring on the election, but failed. After Conference adjourned, Emory and Waugh took me with them to a self-defense caucus-meeting of the friends of ecclesiastical liberty. This was the first time I ever took an open, public part with the reformers. The reform caucus, of course, nominated none but reform candidates for election to the General Conference. When the election came on, so well had the other party managed, in adopting their measures, that we were defeated by a small majority. This defeat, in connection with that of the local preacher claim to a share in the government of the Church, led Emory and Waugh, and most of the others, it is supposed, to abandon the cause of reform. Emory became a Bishop in 1832, and Waugh in 1836. Thus these two men, who had been my leaders, turned against me and the cause of Christian freedom, and grasped the episcopal power which they had so long and so ably opposed; "the march of which," they say, in their pamphlet, "is ever onward, and its tremendous tendency is to accumulation."

But nothing within my knowledge spread the reform controversy like Bishop McKendree's address in vindication of his action in arresting the Presiding Elder law of 1820. This address was carried round to all the Annual Conferences, in view of getting those bodies to justify his course, and every-where it elicited debate among the preachers in the Conferences. Here were high powers claimed by the Bishops. Here were preachers, claiming the right, as American freemen, to elect the Presiding Elders who were to rule over them. This ministerial struggle for power waked up inquiry among the people after their rights; and, to meet the wants of the times, the periodical called "*The Mutual Rights of the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church*" was instituted in Baltimore, "edited by a committee of ministers and laymen."

On my return from the Conference in Winchester to the Monongahela District, I took time for reflection on the state of affairs in the Church, and to determine what was my duty in the

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premises. The conclusions at which I arrived were, that I owed very high obligations to the Church, and to those in authority over me; but that my highest obligations were to the truth, and to the God of truth, and that I ought to obey God rather than man. When the Mutual Rights appeared, I ordered it to be sent to nearly all the leading men of my district, and paid for it, in advance, out of my own scanty funds. So that paper was read in all parts of the district, privately; for a time, even the preachers were not permitted to know any thing about it, nor did any one suspect my agency in the matter. On the subject of Church government, in public and in private, I maintained the most profound silence; and, from the office I held, it was generally supposed that I was unfriendly to the changes contended for, and the periodical was kept very carefully out of my sight wherever I went. When dismounting from my horse at the house of Thomas Maple, a valuable local preacher, to whom I had sent the paper, I heard sister Maple call out to one of the girls: "Run, Sal, run! take them Mutual Rights off the table; there comes the Elder." And "Sal" must have taken and concealed them in some by-corner, for they were not to be seen during my stay. So it was in all places, no one being disposed to let me know that he read so obnoxious a paper as the Mutual Rights. All this was very amusing to me.

Ultimately the readers of that work became more bold, and ventured to tell me of its coming to them; but by what agency it came, or how the editorial committee ever found them out, so as to send it to them, they could not tell. I found, in every instance but one, that the work was approved of; that lay delegation would, in their judgment, be of immense value to the Church. As they knew that I had dealings in Baltimore, they desired me to receive and transmit the pay for the Mutual Rights to the publishers. I took the money and retained it, having already paid for the work in advance. So I lost nothing by my old friends, nor did they find out, during my time as Presiding Elder among them, that it was through my agency the paper was sent to them. Toward the latter part of my

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term of service on the district, in private conversation, I let my friends know that the lay delegation cause had my approbation; but in public I still remained silent, not wishing to create an excitement, or call off public attention from the higher interests of the Christian religion. But information went abroad by loaning the paper; the district understood the lay delegation question well.

It became known to Bishop George that I not only read but circulated the Mutual Rights, and it grieved him very much. He was a very effective preacher, of good natural powers and sterling piety, but without much literary culture, and had, for many years, been favorable to reform, so far as the election of Presiding Elders went. But now, as the Mutual Rights had given the controversy a wider range, and had taken in lay delegation, the Bishop held back, and all his influence was thrown against the reformers. Having brought me out into the ministry, and taken great pains to shape my course for usefulness in the itinerant ranks, watching over me as a father would over a son, he took it very hard that I should be found among the reformers, engaged, as he said, "in the disorganizing work of striving to introduce lay delegation." This was no more disorganizing than his efforts, in preceding years, to introduce the election of Presiding Elders.

On one occasion, while resting himself from the toils of travel, in Washington, the Bishop invited Rev. C. Cook, the stationed preacher of that place, and myself, to take a walk with him. When we were a little out of town, he turned to us, and said he had it on reliable authority that we were both readers of the Mutual Rights, and that we circulated that paper among our people. Cook admitted that he was a constant reader of the periodical in question, but denied any agency in its circulation. I informed him that I had been a regular reader of that paper from the commencement of its publication, and favored its doctrines, and, for that reason, had ordered it to be sent to a number of my friends on the district. The Bishop then expressed great surprise that I should do such a thing, and wondered how I, as minister and Presiding Elder, could reconcile

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it with my obligations to the Church, to be found circulating a periodical among our people which would only agitate them to their injury. It did seem to me as if he deemed my ministerial relation to the Church to be an utter foreclosure of my way, so that I could not now, with such obligations as an ordained minister and Presiding Elder had assumed resting upon me, do any thing, in any way, to reform the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church. With this view of the matter I did not agree; but I did not attempt to argue the case with my old friend. I felt then, as I do now, that my highest obligation was to God and his truth, and that reformation in Church government never came from without, but, in the nature of things, must come from within, and that I was now in my proper place to do all I could for the introduction of lay delegation. So, in mildness, I replied in about the following manner: The controversy is now up, the inquiry is now abroad in relation to introducing lay delegation into the Church. The day is coming that will try men's souls. In that day I must either act as some hard-headed leader may direct me, or take pains to be informed, by reading all that is written on both sides of this question, so as to be able to act on my own best judgment in the matter. Taking this view of the subject, I have been a reader of the Mutual Rights, and have put that work into circulation among my people. "Bishop George," said I, "did you ever read the Mutual Rights?" "Why, no," said he; "but brother Roszel has, and he has told me all about it, and he thinks it will do a great injury to the Church." I then advised him not to make any further opposition to that work until he would read it for himself. The good Bishop was affected unto tears at what he considered my obstinacy, and so the conversation closed, and we returned to town. The next morning, at the Bishop's invitation, I accompanied him on his journey for several miles, during which time nothing was said on the lay delegation question. The whole conversation turned on metaphysical preaching, against which he strove to guard me, and requested me to guard the preachers of the district, as being "mere moonshine to the people." He ex-

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pressed his fears that Rev. Asa Shinn's essay on the Plan of Salvation, being so metaphysically written, would turn all the preachers into hair-splitting metaphysicians, and lead them off from the simplicity of the Gospel. Here, too, my opinion differed from his. He who addresses mind ought to understand the laws of mind.

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CHAPTER VIII.

CONFERENCE IN WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA—REFORM MOVEMENT—BISHOP HEDDING'S ADDRESS AGAINST REFORM—REASONS FOR REPLYING—D. W. CLARK, D. D.—FRIENDLY RELATIONS EXISTING BETWEEN BISHOP HEDDING AND MYSELF—TIMOTHY'S ADDRESS TO THE JUNIOR BISHOP—CONVENTION OF BISHOPS IN BALTIMORE—BISHOP HEDDING'S NOTE TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE DEMANDING TIMOTHY'S READ NAME—MY REPLY, SURRENDERING MY NAME—REV. H. B. BASCOM'S TESTIMONY AS TO THE TRUTHFULNESS OF TIMOTHY'S ADDRESS—SIMILAR TESTIMONY FROM REV. JOHN WATERMAN, REV. ASA SHINN, THOMAS MORGAN, ESQ., REV. JOSHUA MONROE, REV. T. M. HUDSON—REASONS FOR PRESENT SELF-DEFENSE.

THE Pittsburgh Conference held its session in Washington, Pennsylvania, in September, 1826, Bishop Hedding presiding, and I was appointed to Steubenville Station. At that Conference Bishop Soulé was in attendance, and Rev. J. B. Finley, with his two Indian chiefs, Mononque and Between-the-logs. These chiefs lodged at my house, prayed in my family, asked the blessing at my table, prayed in the Church, and deported themselves, during their stay, in all respects like Christian gentlemen. I saw nothing light or trifling about them. To me they appeared to be men of great moral worth and real substantiality of character. All their exercises were in the Indian language, and we had no interpreter, a matter much regretted by us all. Finley said they were men of great mental vigor and fine native eloquence. They had laid aside the Indian garb and assumed the costume of the whites, and, for plainness, appeared like two Methodist preachers.

At this Conference the reformers were a little in the minority as to numbers, but a little in the majority as to talent. Dr. Bond's book had come to hand, entitled "An Appeal to the Methodists." Rev. A. Shinn induced Rev. T. Fleming—who had Bond's book for distribution among the preachers—to hold it back until his review of it should arrive, so as to let both

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books be distributed together. This would give each party an equal chance; for among the members of the Conference there was, at that time, a disposition to deal fairly with each other on the question of reform.

As to myself, I did not like to see Bishop Soulé there. I remembered his efforts against the reformers, in the caucus, during the Conference in Winchester, Virginia, by which their election to the General Conference of 1824 was defeated. I remembered, too, his opposition, in connection with Bishop McKendree, to the Presiding Elder law passed by the General Conference in 1820, which has already been noticed. At that time he was only a Bishop-elect, not yet ordained; and to avoid a protest against his ordination, which his arbitrary measures had led ministers of sterling worth to prepare, he deemed it wise and proper to resign his position. But he was elected and ordained Bishop in 1824; and now, being clothed with full episcopal authority, however much I admired his talents and trustworthiness in all other matters, I felt confident that reform had nothing to hope from his presence at that Conference. All the reformers disrelished his arbitrary principles; and it is my belief to this day, that, had he not been there to counsel and advise Bishop Hedding, that functionary would never have taken the high ground he did against the lay delegation question, as discussed in the Mutual Rights. *In this belief I was not alone.*

The business of the Conference passed on smoothly, and greater harmony could not have been expected in a body so divided in sentiment, on a subject so all-engrossing as the one now demanding attention. Mr. Shinn and I, being yet in the Bishop's cabinet as Presiding Elders, were called to a private interview in my front room, up stairs, by Bishops Hedding and Soulé. The two Bishops and Mr. Shinn had dined with me that day, and the conversation had been remarkably pleasant. In that interview, the presiding Bishop, Mr. Hedding, took the lead as chief speaker, and Mr. Soulé took his position up in a corner, and sat silent all the time. So we poor subordinates had to take, as patiently as we could, a pretty long lecture on the impropriety of our efforts to introduce lay delegation. "The

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injurious tendency of the effort"—"The people did not want what we were trying to crowd upon them"—"Lay delegation would be of no value to them if they had it"—formed the ground of his lecture. All this time the Bishop never called in question our right to discuss the points at issue between the parties, in the Mutual Rights, but only argued from supposed evils that might result from the investigation.

At last he put the question to Mr. Shinn direct: "Is it your intention to leave the Methodist Episcopal Church? It is my duty to have an answer to this question before I make out the appointments." Mr. Shinn replied that he had never thought of such a thing, nor had he ever said to any person that he would leave the Church; and then, straightening himself up and pointing with his finger at the Bishop, he said, in his own peculiar, emphatic way, "I now demand of you, sir, to point out to me, in any thing I have ever written, a single sentence or word that would be a just foundation for the question which you have now propounded to me." Mr. Hedding said it might not be expressed in so many words, but he thought it was clearly implied, in one or two of Mr. Shinn's articles in the Mutual Rights. Mr. Shinn then said it was neither expressed nor implied, and that no just construction of any thing he had written would afford an inference of that kind. "Well," said Mr. Hedding, "I am satisfied with your present declaration, and can go on with my work and make out the appointments." "But," said Mr. Shinn, "I want you Bishops to understand well, that if you ever give the administration of the government of the Church such a direction as to abridge or take from me my right of free discussion of the reform question, in the Mutual Rights, or wherever else I please, I will then feel myself bound to leave the Methodist Episcopal Church. I never will belong to a Church that will deny me the rights of an American freeman." "O, well, well, well," replied Mr. Hedding, "we have said enough on the subject; let us talk of something else." Just at that juncture, the Presiding Elders were heard coming up stairs, and the business next on hand was the stationing of the preachers. I have stated the substance, ac-

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cording to my best recollection, of what was said by the parties at the foregoing interview, and, on the main points, I think I have given their own words.

The next afternoon the Conference adjourned, and just before the appointments were read, Bishop Hedding made his celebrated address against reform. So soon as he was done, the appointments were read; then came the closing prayer, immediately after which, the preachers all dispersed, leaving no opportunity for any one to reply to what many of them did most highly disapprove of in that address. I then and there determined that I would wait two months for Shinn or Bascom to reply, and if neither of them did, I would do it myself; for I did consider its doctrines inconsistent with the liberties of an American Christian.

It may be proper in this place to record the fact that between Bishop Hedding and myself there was entire friendship. I have been his confidential secretary. I had, therefore, no wrongs to avenge, when I resolved on a reply to his address. While I respected him highly for his piety, his talents as a preacher, and his fine executive abilities as a presiding officer in the Conference, I could not respect his opposition to the free discussion going on in the Mutual Rights in favor of lay delegation. It was, then, nothing but a feeling in my heart that an aggression on our inalienable rights ought to be resisted with all the manhood in me, that moved me to resolve upon a reply. For, to my mind, it did appear that Church government was as open to free discussion as any other question under heaven. For the Bishops, Presiding Elders, and itinerant preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church to have all the power in the government, and the local preachers and lay members none at all, was bad enough; but for Bishops, in Conference addresses, to deny the right of free discussion, as to this order of things, made the matter worse—*it looked like slavery.*

After I had removed to Steubenville and become comfortably situated among the people of my charge, I soon found myself among reformers. In a short time a union society was formed, and leading members of said society informed me that Rev.

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Joshua Monroe advised this measure. Being pastor of the flock, and wishing to do religious good to all parties, I never joined the union society in Steubenville, nor attended one of its meetings, nor did its members wish me to do so, lest I might give offense to those in the opposition. Time rolled on: the two months were out, and neither Shinn nor Bascom had replied to Mr. Hedding's address; so I made my preparations to perform that task. Already had I compared my recollections of objectionable points in the address with those of other brethren who had faithful memories, and had fixed, with all possible care, upon the ground to be occupied. Then Timothy's Addres to the Junior Bishop was written. No one in Steubenville ever saw that piece in manuscript, save A. Sutherland, Esq. Knowing him to be a sound, practical philosopher, and a fine critic on such compositions, I submitted the paper to him, for his judgment. He made no changes in any part of it, but said, "Publish it as it is, or not at all; but mind, if you do publish it, all the Bishops will be on you." So, determining to incur the risk of whatever might come, I sent the document to the editorial committee for publication.

As in my judgment, Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D., in his Life and Times of Bishop Hedding, has done me great injustice, in his representation of what occurred before the Committee on Episcopacy, at the General Conference in Pittsburgh, in 1828, in relation to Timothy's Address to the Junior Bishop; and as it has pleased God to spare my life to be my own vindicator against the injustice done me in that work, I shall now proceed to a careful and candid examination of the whole matter, from first to last.

In a letter published in the Mutual Rights, immediately after the statements of the Committee on Episcopacy had appeared in the New York Advocate -which statements were, I suppose, relied on by Dr. Clark—and then again in a paper published in Dr. Jennings's Exposition in 1831, but written at an earlier date, I did aim, briefly, in each paper, to shield myself from the injury intended me by the publication in the Advocate. But I suppose the Doctor never saw what I had written; or, if he

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did, it might not, in his judgment, have suited his purposes in exalting the Bishop's character, and in giving him a triumph over all his opposers. Bishop Hedding saw what I had written in my own defense, for he told me so himself, when he was attending the General Conference in Cincinnati, in 1836; nor did he mention any thing wrong in those articles. Our conversation was free and full on the old controversy; and, in conclusion, we both agreed that peace was best. So we renewed our friendship, and he and a few of his New England friends dined with me, at my own house, on the Sabbath day, he having fixed the time himself; saying, when he did it, "The better day, the better deed;" and he introduced me to his friends as his son Timothy, and they all indulged in much pleasantry on that occasion. When dinner was over, the Bishop read a chapter and prayed with us and for us, and for the Methodist Protestant Church, that it might be useful and prosperous in all the land. And we then parted in peace and friendship, expressing our hopes of meeting in heaven. Bishop Hedding is now no more seen among men; and I am sorry, indeed, that Dr. Clark has made it necessary for me to vindicate myself against any statements made by him in relation to the old controversy with a man between whom and myself the hatchet was, as I supposed, buried forever.

The following is "Timothy's Address to the Junior Bishop:"

"I humbly trust you will not be offended, if an obscure brother, a minister of that branch of the Christian Church of which you are a superintendent, shall venture to address you on a subject in which he, at least, feels deeply interested. I allude, sir, to the address in opposition to reform, which you delivered to the members of the Pittsburgh Annual Conference, in Washington, Pennsylvania, in September last.

"When you came to our Conference, every eye that saw you was pleased; your appearance prepossessed the people in your favor; your public ministrations were gratefully received by the citizens; and your manner of conducting the business of the Conference gave general satisfaction to the preachers. So far,

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all went well; and it is a matter of deep and sorrowful regret that any thing should have occurred by which your popularity should suffer the least diminution. But so it was, and you ought to know it. Many of our most distinguished preachers did feel most serious objections to the address which you, very unexpectedly, took occasion to deliver, just before the appointments were read. It did seem to the reformers as if you had taken advantage of the Conference to broach a subject, on that occasion, which the preachers, for peace' sake, had, in their Conference capacity, never thought proper to meddle with; and you gave no opportunity for any one to reply.

"*Public men* and *public measures*, in a *country like ours*, will, most undoubtedly, be scrutinized by a thousand eyes; and, under an entire conviction that you believe your measures to be correct, and are therefore willing to submit them to public scrutiny, I take the liberty of addressing you in this public way. With your person I have no quarrel. I admit your piety; I allow your talents to be respectable; it is your address alone with which I am now concerned.

"You opposed preachers taking any part in the discussions of the 'Mutual Rights;' you opposed our members in Church fellowship having any thing to do with that work. You supported your opposition by two arguments; viz., that the 'Mutual Rights' would agitate the Church; that the change called for by the reformers would never be brought about, because it was not desired by one in twenty of our people. You then gave us an advice to be still, and say nothing until we got upon the floor of the General Conference, for there, and there alone, *was the proper place to discuss such subjects*. Such was your opposition, such your arguments, and such the advice which you gave on that occasion, to all of which I shall take the liberty, in a plain, yet, I hope, respectful way, to make my objections.

"I. You opposed our traveling preachers taking any part in the discussions of the Mutual Rights. This was to have been expected. You, perhaps, too easily arrived at the conclusion that the preachers would favor the views of the Bishops; would support their enormous power and prerogatives; that they would,

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of course, be unfriendly to a liberal diffusion of light on the subject of Church government among our people; that they, consequently, would take no part in the discussion of such matters in any way. But when you found your mistake; when matters of fact demonstrated to you that many of our best preachers thought that our Bishops had too much power and the people too little, and that the Bishops and preachers would do well to divide their power and prerogatives with the laity and local preachers; when you saw that our preachers would write and publish their sentiments to the world on these subjects, then, I say, it was to have been expected that you would exert all your power and influence against them. You were pleased to inform the Conference that 'it never had been your practice to enter upon public discussions of such matters anywhere, save on the floor of the General Conference.' You most undoubtedly had a right to observe this kind of secrecy, even on the floor of the General Conference, if you chose; but does this go to prove that it will be wrong for your brethren in the ministry to act differently?

"Whatever your practice hitherto may have been, whatever your opinions now may be, it matters not. When delegates are to be chosen to represent their brethren and the interests of our Zion in the General Conference, to make laws that may be binding on us and on our children, free men will speak and write—they will communicate their ideas to one another. All, in fact, whose persons, property, or character are to be in the least affected by those laws when made, should claim it as their inalienable right to discuss such subjects privately—aye, and in public, too—long before the sitting of the General Conference; for then it might be, in many instances, entirely too late to arrange business prudently and discuss important questions with success.

"Is there any thing sinful in the investigations carried on in the Mutual Rights? I, for one, am not convinced that there is. Surely, it is not sinful to call the attention of our brethren to a subject of vital importance to the future interests of our Zion. It is not sinful for any man to search after truth. It is

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not sinful to spread the truth abroad by every fair means. It is not sinful to take every justifiable step to obtain a well balanced form of Church government. And if Bishops and traveling preachers should have to resign a little of their power in favor of our members and local preachers, even this would not be sinful. Nor is it sinful for our traveling preachers to labor to bring this thing about.

"Is there any thing dishonorable in those investigations, that our traveling preachers should abstain from them? Make this appear, and I contend no longer. But this you can never do. All the measures pursued by the editors of the Mutual Rights are honorable; nothing hidden, nothing dark. They spread what they have to say before the whole Church, on the pages of their miscellany; and they give their brethren of the old side a continued invitation to state their arguments in favor of the present order of things. In short, it is holy, it is honorable, to seek our rights. It is equally so to give our people theirs. 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.'

"Is the great law of love violated by our traveling preachers taking part in those discussions? If you think so, show us wherein, and I will abandon the Mutual Rights at once. He who sins against the law of love, wrongs his own soul; and to bring about a change in our Church government, by injuring our souls, would be infinitely foolish. But you certainly will not attempt to say that the law of love was consulted when our Church government was formed, or that it is by that law that you Bishops and we traveling preachers have all the power and the people none! I incline to the opinion that, were the law of love consulted, and suffered to have unobstructed sway over all our hearts, the point would be gained, the government would be duly balanced, and all parties then ought to be satisfied. To conclude this point: if it be allowable to all to investigate the principles of our Church government, it must be the privilege and duty of the preachers to take part in the investigation as soon as any others; and if it be not our privilege nor our duty, let us go back to Mother Church again, that she may

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feed us with a Latin mass and a wafer god, until we die, without a question asked or an answer given.

"II. You opposed our members in Church fellowship having any thing to do with the Mutual Rights. Were you afraid that, by reading that work, they would understand their rights, and take measures to obtain them? According to the New Testament, the ministry and the membership were together in deciding the great question at Jerusalem respecting circumcision; in electing a successor to Judas; in furnishing the Apostolic Church with deacons. According to Mosheim's Church History, the people were the source of ecclesiastical power during the first century; and for the first three centuries the ministry and the membership were together in making and executing the laws of the Church. The ministry soon found means to lessen the power of the membership in ecclesiastical matters, but a thousand years had rolled away before a single Pope ever sat in St. Peter's Church at Rome without the concurrence of the people.* The die was then cast; the liberties of the people were gone; princes held the Pope's stirrup, suffered him to set his foot on their necks, and even kissed his great toe. No wonder our people should, with this march of power before them, start from their slumbers and inquire for their rights. Human nature is still the same, and, if not well watched, will do now as it did in former years.

"I think it is pretty clear, from Moor's Life of Wesley, that Dr. Coke exceeded his authority in the affair of a third ordination, and in taking to himself and Mr. Asbury the name of Bishop. The forming a Church government which gives all ecclesiastical power to the ministry was a bold step. But Bishops stop not here; the creation of Presiding Elders, who are the special agents of Bishops, has given them a degree of power over the whole Church which really looks alarming. And now four of our Bishops divide the whole work, in these United States, between them, and our Senior Bishop is arched over the whole. What does this look like? In fifty years power has

* See Wesley's Notes on Revelations.

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marched further in the Methodist Episcopal Church than it did in the first three centuries of the primitive Church; and yet, with all these facts before you, the people are admonished to abstain from reading the Mutual Rights, and to let such investigations alone! GOD FORBID.

"Reverend sir, I want you carefully to examine whether it be not the privilege of all people, under whatever form of government they may live, whether civil or ecclesiastical, to examine into and understand the principles of those governments as fully as possible; and whether such an examination is not essential to our being good members of any community; and whether our pronouncing our government to be good, before we have examined its principles, is not altogether premature; and whether a mutual interchange of ideas between the members of such a government might not be necessary; and whether to think, speak, write, print, and read be not the birthright of every freeman; and whether our nation does not appear to understand it so, in the arguments for and against the alteration of the constitution; and whether any but despotic rulers have aught to fear from such investigations.

"We should be more inexcusable than the members of the Christian Church in the rise of Popery, if we were to suffer our spiritual rulers to enslave us. We have many advantages unknown to them, particularly the printing-press. What a blessing this has been to the world! what a scourge to wild and lawless ambition!

"To me it does appear to be a duty which we owe to the glorious Author of our holy religion, to our fellow-citizens, and to posterity, to discuss this subject before the whole Church, that the slumbering sons of our Zion may be roused and kept awake, with an attentive eye fixed on the stealing march of ecclesiastical power. We have seen what the Christian Church was in its origin. We have seen what it grew to in process of time. The people trusted too much to the goodness and infallibility of the ministry; and the preachers, seeing this, took advantage of it, and went on increasing their own power, until the Church was ruined. Let the Methodist Episcopal Church

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take warning. The wreck of one fallen Church now covers the world, and what has happened to the Church of Rome may happen to us, if we are not careful, vigilant, prayerful, and resolute.

"I think it particularly my duty, since no one else has done it, to hold up the attempt which you made against the rights of a whole Conference, and, through them, against the rights of a whole people—any one of whom would look as well meddling with your undoubted rights, as you did with theirs. I do, sir, think it my duty to hold your conduct up to public view, that all men may know what a genuine friend to the rights of man you are, and how entirely republicanism governs all your movements. The fame of this transaction shall float on the winds of heaven, and the generations yet unborn shall hear the wondrous deed. Verily, I say unto you, wheresoever our history is known, there shall this thing be mentioned, for a memorial of Methodist Episcopal dictation!

"But we return to your arguments. You oppose the Mutual Rights, and you give as a reason for so doing that its discussions will agitate the Church. If by agitating the Church you mean that by reading the Mutual Rights a state of confusion, of tumult and clamor will be produced, I think this may be guarded against. Let those who write be temperate and rational, and so will those be who read; for the feelings of the reader are not apt, in general, to rise higher than those of the writer. We do not wish to enlist the boisterous passions of our people. We make our appeal to sober sense; we stand before the bar of human reason to have our claim tried. We have as much to fear from angry passions as our old-side brethren. What blind, impetuous passion would never do for us, we think enlightened reason will; so that to agitate our people to their injury is not our aim. If by agitating our people you mean that the Mutual Rights will make them think for themselves; will rouse them to inquire into the nature of our Church government; will excite them to ask of the General Conference their long-neglected rights, I own that the Mutual Rights will have such a tendency. And does this tendency of that work,

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this kind of agitation in our Church, alarm you? Is even sober inquiry, on the part of our people, so terrifying to our Junior Bishop? O, my dear sir, let your present palpitations teach you, if nothing else will, that all is not right in our Church government; and that to assuage your fears, you must lessen your power. Nothing is more alarming to men in your situation than even a just reaction of public feeling. Still, you oppose the Mutual Rights, for fear of agitating the people. Did Luther, and Calvin, and Zuingle, and their coadjutors, feel the force of this argument? Did they abandon their holy enterprise for fear of disturbing His Holiness in St. Peter's chair, for fear of agitating the Church of Rome? No, verily, they did not; nor will we.

"I am inclined to think that no branch of the Christian Church has, for several centuries, been in such a dilemma as ours. We are in a strait between two—between 'agitating' the Church, on the one hand, (if calm discussion will agitate,) and the bold march of ecclesiastical power on the other. If we let power march on, the Church is ruined. If we attempt, by our investigations, to arrest it in its course, the Church, it seems, will be 'agitated.' Under a conviction that there is some analogy between the natural and the moral world; that, as the ebbing and flowing of the tide has a tendency to purify the ocean, and that, as thunder-storms tend to purify the atmosphere which surrounds our earth, so, also, does the agitating of the great political, ecclesiastical, philosophical, and religious questions, by which the attention of the community has, now and then, been arrested, tend, more or less, to political, ecclesiastical, philosophical, and moral purity. Under a conviction of these things, I have been led to adopt my present course, with a fixed determination to be troublesome to lovers of power and prerogative so long as I live.

"Your efforts, sir, at the close of the Conference, to silence our investigations, and to tie us down to the present order of things, were of no ordinary character. Your office gave you influence, and you put forth all your strength. Your effort spoke volumes. It seemed to say, 'Let our power and prerog-

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atives alone; let the people get to their burdens; what have they to do with making laws? To obey is enough for them—aye, and more than they are willing to perform. We will not let this people have their liberty; if we do, they will only abuse it. We rule them by a divine right, which ought not to be examined or called in question. What do we care for Mosheim's account of the ancient order of things? The ministry have all the power in the whole heaven and earth of Methodism, and they ought to keep it unimpaired, and hand it down to their successors. The preachers ought to say nothing before our people, for they share our power with us; let the people alone—do not "agitate" them. Political liberty is desirable; but, in ecclesiastical affairs the preachers are always supposed to be before the people, and, therefore, have a right to rule them, by laws of their own making.' What a lover of republican principle you must be! Surely no man in his senses would agitate the Church for the purpose of changing this very agreeable order of things!!!

"You told the Conference that not one in twenty of our brethren desired a change; therefore no change would be given. Granted. Let us have no alterations in our government until they are desired by the people, provided, our people shall have had proper opportunities to be suitably informed on the subject. The reformers do not pretend that we are yet ripe for a change, but they do insist upon it that we are ripe for examining the subject in the light of open day; and if light can be cast upon the subject, so that our people may see their rights, and ask for them in a respectful way, we hope you will have the goodness to yield them. You say the people shall not have their rights, because they do not want them. This seems to say they shall have their rights when they do want them. Thank you, sir, for this concession in the people's favor.

"Time was when not more than one in twenty wanted Judaism; wanted Christianity; wanted the reformation; wanted Methodism. The odds against all these was fearful; but the work went on, because it was of God. And so, I hope, will the glorious enterprise in which we are engaged. So soon as our

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Church shall become sufficiently enlightened in her ministry and membership as properly to appreciate and understand her rights, an overruling Providence will make our Zion free, and not before.

"But, my dear Bishop, you will pardon me if I can not agree with you when you say not more than one in twenty desire reform. You may sincerely think so, because you have not the means of knowing any better; you do not read the Mutual Rights. Wherever you go, old-side men surround you. They flatter you into the belief that reformers are very scarce indeed. On the contrary, reformers, knowing they have very little to expect from men in power, silently pass along, and you know them not; they have no desire to provoke your opposition by declaring themselves reformers. If all such were known, I am inclined to think you would change your opinion, and mention another number—say one-fourth—and they on the increase from day to day.

"As to your advice to 'be still and say nothing until we stand on the floor of the General Conference,' I can only say that the delegates for that body are yet unknown, and perhaps arrangements may be made, by caucusing or otherwise, to leave reformers all at home. The like has been heard of.* In such an event, are we to be kept out of General Conference by stratagem, and forced into silence, too? This will be very hard indeed. A few such attempts have been made. They succeeded, and a few more will make a new Church. Brethren ought to be above stratagem when they select their delegates. Surely, we are far gone after the mother of harlots when we can practice pious frauds! Every honest man should abandon the Church as he would abandon a sinking ship, so soon as she determines on carrying her measures by trick, stratagem, or pious fraud. It is to be hoped that the Episcopacy will have nothing to do with these things. If they do, I here advertise them, that they, and not the reformers, must bear the blame, if commotions shall ensue.

"Perhaps you will say, 'Cease to write for the Mutual Rights;

* Witness the Baltimore Conference at Winchester, 1824.

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cease to circulate and read that work, and then we will abandon our stratagems,' etc. And are old-side men serious in asking us to abandon our undoubted rights before they will refrain from a systematic course of trick and stratagem? I hope not. It is our right to read the Mutual Rights, and to write for its pages, if we choose. It is not the right of old-side brethren to deal unfairly, to use trick and management, so as to defeat our election to the General Conference.

"I shall conclude by making two observations more on your bold invasion of our rights. And, first, this opposition of yours looked bad, as coming from a Bishop. Many advocates for the high-handed measures of men in power no doubt thought extremely well of the course which you adopted on that occasion. Perhaps you had consulted with them, and were influenced by them in all you did. If so, it would have been well for you if your friends in council had been a little less impetuous, and a little more under the influence of sober sense. You can not fail to know that the power of the Bishops is one principal bone of contention between reformers and old-side men, and that, so far from producing any effect favorable to your views, you would exhibit yourself to all present as a man pertinaciously cleaving to power, authority, and prerogative. Every reformer, at least, and perhaps old-side brethren, too, must have felt the following sentiments spontaneously rising in their minds; viz.: the Bishop has some fears for his power, or why all this exertion against reform? Bishops and traveling preachers have all the power in the government of our Zion, and this address plainly says that, by the grace of God, or otherwise, they mean to keep it. A love of power always marches onward, crying 'Give! give!' And men of great prerogatives are rarely known to yield them in order to secure the general welfare. In short, sir, your hand seemed to be against every man whose hand might be against the episcopal and ministerial power of the Church. You took your stand against all who would ask you for Christ's sake, for the Church's sake, for peace sake, to let some of your ecclesiastical power fall into other hands.

"I observe, in the last place, that your policy was unsound:

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you injured your own cause; you helped ours. Yes, reverend sir, though you thought of no such thing, neither came it into your heart; yet, in delivering your address, you certainly did a very important service to the cause of reform. The mind of man is naturally free; it can not be forced to surrender even its errors, much less its undoubted rights. You only made reformers more determined than they were before in pursuing their glorious enterprise. You made others first sympathize with them, then go over to the reformers. I could give their names. According to the unalterable laws of human nature, the sympathies of mankind will always be on the side of the injured and oppressed, when such are contending amid many difficulties for their native rights. Permit me, then, to inform you, sir, that the reform will go on, it will succeed. Its germinating principle can not be destroyed: the attempt has been made again and again, in various places which we could name, and, instead of injuring, such attempts have uniformly advanced our cause. I have no advice to give you, except it be that you urge all the other Bishops to enter upon a course of Conference address opposition against reformers—aye, and all the Presiding Elders, too—and if you can get all the old-side preachers who have charge of circuits and stations to join with you, so much the better for us. The wrath of man shall praise the Lord, shall defeat your own designs, shall work for our good. Opposition will keep alive debate, and will wake up slumbering thousands to habits of sober inquiry after truth. They again will, as freemen always should, communicate it, as they learn it, until in reference to our Church government we shall all know the truth, and the truth shall make us free.

"I conclude as I began, without any quarrel against your person, talents or piety; and if I have been severe, I hope you will pardon me, and so will the public, when they remember that I write on no ordinary occasion. Our liberties had been touched, and manly resistance was deemed to be indispensably necessary. Very respectfully, yours, etc.,

"TIMOTHY.

"NOVEMBER, 1826."

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The question may well be asked, why did Bishop Hedding deliver the address to which the foregoing is a reply? He acted in that case either as a Christian minister or as an executive officer of the Church. If he acted as a Christian minister, then where in the Holy Scriptures can a single text be found to justify a Christian Bishop in an effort to obstruct the right of free discussion, by the ministers and members of the Church over which he presides, of the propriety and importance of a change in the government so as to introduce lay delegation? No such text can be found; Scriptural authority is wanting. If he acted, in delivering that address to the Conference, as an executive officer of the Church, then what law of the Church was he executing? No law of the Methodist Episcopal Church can be found binding it on Bishops to deliver addresses to the Annual Conferences in opposition to a free discussion of ecclesiastical questions. "Timothy's Address to the Junior Bishop" was written because, in his heart, the writer did believe that no law of Church or State, human or divine, did justify the Bishop's address in opposition to the free discussion of the lay representation question. To "oversee," according to Bishop McKendree's doctrine, meant to "overrule;" yet this "overseeing" and "overruling" should be according to the Scriptures and the laws of the Church; otherwise, episcopal action is neither more nor less than *despotism.*

When the address to the Junior Bishop appeared in the Mutual Rights, Rev. Timothy Merrit rode fifteen miles (as Bishop George informed me, in 1827,) to show it to Mr. Hedding. After reading it carefully through, he laid it down, and said, with tears in his eyes, "Now, Timothy, I am done. God knows I never did want to be a Bishop." I had drawn legitimate inferences from Mr. Hedding's points of opposition to reform, which gave him great pain, and afforded me no pleasure, but a just defense of a righteous cause demanded that these inferences should be drawn. No monarchical aristocracy was ever yet reformed without giving pain to men in power; and reformers have always been made to suffer by those in authority.

Not long after this there was a convention of the Bishops in

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Baltimore. What the object of the convention was I can not say, as its designs and doings were never made public. But certain things followed which may have been devised and arranged in that convention. The case of Rev. D. B. Dorsey—who, for recommending the Mutual Rights to a friend, had fallen under the displeasure of the authorities—was to be managed. A plan was to be laid to crush the Mutual Rights or expel its editors. The real name of the author of Timothy's Address to the Junior Bishop was to be demanded. No doubt as fixed a determination at that time existed among the Bishops to crush the lay delegation movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church, as did exist among the Jewish high-priests to crush Christianity in its origin, by the crucifixion of its Author. The high-priests failed of their object, and Christianity was spread through the nations. So, the Bishops failed to effect their object, and lay delegation, after severe persecution, has found a home in the Methodist Protestant Church, where its practical utility is fully demonstrated. The principle is from God, who made all men for freedom in the Church as well as in the State. This principle now acts in the inside of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a powerful leaven, not easily removed; and on the outside by a very strong pressure, derived in part from the Methodist Protestant Church, but mainly from American republican feeling. That Church, to save herself from *ruinous convulsions and divisions, will yet have to adopt lay delegation.*

As God intends out of the Jews and the Gentiles to make one Church, when the Jews embrace Christianity, so I think he will out of the Episcopal and Protestant Methodists make one free and powerful Church, when our Methodist Episcopal brethren embrace lay delegation. But before that event occurs, the old warriors on both sides will all be gathered to their fathers; none but a new race will be found worthy to enter into the land of promise, and enjoy all the immunities of a free ecclesiastical government. Here and there a Caleb and a Joshua may be found on each side of this controversy—men of great virtue and long life, who will, at the end of about forty years, go up and possess the land.

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The following is the note of Bishop Hedding to the chairman of the Editorial Committee, demanding the proper name of the author of Timothy's Address, etc.

"BALTIMORE, *April* 6, 1827.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

"There is a *piece* in the 'Mutual Rights,' vol. iii, page 108, entitled, 'Timothy's Address to the Junior Bishop,' etc., which I consider unjust, a misrepresentation throughout of an address I made to the Pittsburgh Conference, and a vile slander on my character. My object in addressing you as one of the Editorial Committee of that work is to request of said committee, through you, the proper name of the author of said address, whose signature is 'Timothy.' You will oblige me by giving me the names of the committee. Please send your answer to Mr. John T. Kepler's as early as convenient, at furthest in this week.

"Respectfully, yours, etc.,

"ELIJAH HEDDING.

"Rev. Dr. S. K. JENNINGS."

It may be justly doubted whether, in the excitement of the times, Mr. Hedding fully weighed the meaning of his note demanding my name. It affirms of my "piece" three things: First, the "piece," in all its parts, is "unjust." Secondly, throughout every line and every sentence of my "piece," it is a "misrepresentation" of his "address." Thirdly, the whole of my "piece," taken together, is "a vile slander" on the Bishop's "character."

I had represented Mr. Hedding as opposing the lay delegation reform, as discussed in the Mutual Rights. But in his note he affirms that my entire "piece" is "unjust, a misrepresentation throughout, and a vile slander on his character." Now, if this be so, it will clearly and logically follow that he did not oppose reform, as advocated in the Mutual Rights, at all, and that it is "injustice, misrepresentation, and vile slander" to say he did. Of course, too, it would follow, from his note, that the Bishop was a very great friend to the lay dele-

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gation movement of that day, and by no means opposed to the discussion of that question in the Mutual Rights.

The Bishop did not mean all this, yet his very strange note very fairly affords these inferences. His note sounds like the clarion of war. My name is demanded—if we judge from the tone of the note—not for argument, but for punishment. The spirit of his epistle is quite belligerent, and seems to lack the meekness and gentleness of Jesus, together with exact truth, as we shall see hereafter.

The Editorial Committee declined surrendering the name of the author of Timothy's Address until they had time to forward Mr. Hedding's note to me, and receive my answer. On the receipt of that note, I felt profoundly amazed that a Christian Bishop, now that the dark ages had passed away, should write in such a harsh and warlike manner. My calculation was, that I should immediately be arrested and tried in an ecclesiastical court for my Address to the Junior Bishop. So, resolving to meet the case squarely, and in a Christian spirit, I surrendered my name. The following letter was written, on that occasion, to the chairman of the Editorial Committee:

"STEUBENVILLE, *April* 15, 1827.

"DEAR BROTHER:

"Your communication of the 6th inst. now lies before me. You are at perfect liberty to make known to Bishop Hedding the proper name of the author of Timothy's Address. I have no time for consultation with any of the reformers in this region, but my judgment is in accordance with yours, as to the propriety of giving the name. Timothy's Address is all my own, in matter, form, language, etc. As to its being unjust, a slanderous misrepresentation of the Bishop's address to the Pittsburgh Conference, that remains to be made out hereafter. I have a letter from brother ———, who heard the Bishop's address, giving my paper his unqualified approbation; another from brother ———, to the same effect, only he thinks Timothy's remarks, in some places, a little too satirical; another from brother ———, agreeing precisely with the others—all

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members of the Conference. In short, no brother of either side who heard the Bishop's address, and has read Timothy, has ventured to say (that I have heard of) that my piece contains any thing unjust, slanderous, or in the form of misrepresentation.

"My reliance is on God and the Pittsburgh Conference. Surely you, my dear brother, will not easily believe that I slandered the Bishop, when I was aware that seventy-five preachers could with one voice contradict me if I did; at least I could not, without having lost my senses first, and I think I was sane when that address was written. I shall need supporting grace, that I may meet this trial in the spirit of a Christian and a reformer. I do not intend to go back from what I have written, unless the Conference shall clearly convince me that I misunderstood the Bishop. I know not what is before me, but am of the opinion that even the sufferings of those who labor in liberty's holy cause will be glorious in the eyes of the American people. If I fall, do you stand to your posts, and God will be with you; and let us all commit ourselves to his keeping, as unto a faithful Creator.

"GEORGE BROWN.

'DR. S. K. JENNINGS."

The Editorial Committee at that time deemed it proper to withhold the names of the brethren referred to in the foregoing letter. A. Shinn, H. B. Bascom, and T. M. Hudson are the men—all good witnesses in such a case.

Here, then, was full liberty given to the Editorial Committee to surrender my name, and it was accordingly done, as the following note will show:

"BALTIMORE, *May* 2, 1827.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

"According to our promise, made 7th of April, we have corresponded with the brother who forwarded the 'piece' published in the Mutual Rights, entitled 'Timothy's Address to the Junior Bishop,' and have obtained for answer that we are at perfect liberty to make known to Bishop Hedding the proper

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name of the author of Timothy's Address. We therefore now, with all cheerfulness, inform you that the Rev. George Brown, of the Pittsburgh Conference, is the author.

"Respectfully yours, etc.,

"S. K. JENNINGS,

"Chairman Editorial Committee Mutual Rights.

"Rev. E. HEDDING."

Here, then, over our own names, through the medium of the Mutual Rights, Bishop Hedding and I were brought before the public in open conflict: he charging me with injustice, misrepresentation, and vile slander, and demanding name; and I giving up my real name, in expectation of all the pains and penalties of which he might be able to prove me worthy in an ecclesiastical court. If such a court had been called by the Bishop, or his proxy, I was always ready to answer to his charges and meet my responsibilities. To call me out, in so public a manner, and under so foul a charge, and then give me no chance for a hearing before a legally constituted Church court, so as to relieve myself from the infamy which his note to the committee had heaped upon me, was neither kind, fair, nor just. Why did the Bishop do this thing? Having publicly charged me with doing him injustice, misrepresenting, and slandering him, would not moral justice require him to make that charge good before a proper tribunal, or else withdraw it altogether? The charge, with all its blackness and darkness, was left hanging upon me, and I was never brought to trial. Why was this? I strongly suspect that the Bishop had his doubts about being able to prove against me, by any witnesses to be found within the bounds of the Pittsburgh Conference, the charge of injustice, misrepresentation, and vile slander; so, he cautiously avoided a legal investigation.

In this state of suspense, to shield my reputation, I requested Revs. H. B. Bascom and John Waterman to say, through the Mutual Rights, without consulting me, what they thought of the truthfulness of Timothy's Address. The following is the testimony of Mr. Bascom. (See Mutual Rights, vol. iii, p. 274.)

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"To the Editorial Committee:

"*Gentlemen*—I have been recently favored with a copy of Bishop Hedding's letter, of the 6th inst., to the chairman of the Editorial Committee of the Mutual Rights, demanding the real name of the author of Timothy's Address to the Junior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, together with a request from the writer of Timothy that I would say to you, without consulting him, what I think of the accuracy of his address and the correctness of Bishop Hedding's letter. Without the least hesitancy, therefore, I sit in haste to report to you what, at this distance of time, is my recollection of the case. I heard the address of Bishop Hedding with great interest, and not without some alarm, apprehensive that it might lead, as the present state of things evinces, to unpleasant consequences. Some time after, I saw Timothy's Address. I read it with great care, and in view of the probable effect it would have upon the public mind. My impression then was, and it remains unchanged, that every thing material in the address was correctly reported. I have conversed with many preachers who were present when the address was delivered, and who have read Timothy, and they all agree that, so far as matter of fact is concerned, the writer will be sustained in his statements. I have the opinion of several preachers decidedly opposed to reform—and among them Presiding Elders—who think the charge of injustice, misrepresentation, and slander against Timothy will result more to the disadvantage of the plaintiff than the defendant in this affair. Bishop Hedding is respectable for worth and talent, and so is the writer of Timothy, and I regret exceedingly the present misunderstanding between them; but it would seem 'offenses must needs come.' In the present instance, I confine myself to my recollection of the facts, without deciding 'by whom the offense cometh.'

"One thing I am certain of: that any high-handed authoritative attempt to suppress or discourage free inquiry, on the subject of Church government, in this Conference, will be resisted with the great weight of its talent and a large number of its members. Reformers, so far as I know them, are willing

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to incur the usual tax laid on reformers in Church and State (the displeasure and hard speeches of the reigning ministry); but when this opposition extends to persecution and legal *disability*, my impression is, they will assert their rights with becoming firmness. If they are *put down*, it must be by argument and fair discussion, and I have heard the principal ones among them repeatedly declare that they consider the use of any other weapons of warfare cowardly and disgraceful, and in this opinion it is likely the good sense of mankind will concur. Thus, gentlemen, you have my statement, and when it becomes necessary my name shall be forthcoming.

"A MEMBER OF THE PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE."

The following testimony of Rev. John Waterman, who was not in Conference when Bishop Hedding delivered his address, is chiefly valuable as reporting faithfully what other members of the Conference reported to him:

"TO THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

"*Dear Brethren*—I have just seen a copy of Bishop Hedding's letter, addressed to you, demanding the name of the author of an address to him, signed Timothy. I am not a little surprised that the Bishop should say that Timothy has misrepresented him throughout, and that it is a vile slander. I was not in the Conference at the time when the Bishop addressed the brethren on the subject of reform; but this address was immediately reported to me by men of intelligence and faithful memories, who gave me to understand that the Bishop had recommended to the preachers not to agitate the subject of Church government among the people, and not to support the Mutual Rights. He said that the General Conference was the place to discuss these subjects; that he was friendly to reform so far as the election of Presiding Elders, and no further; that the liberty called for by the reformers, in the Mutual Rights, could not be granted, for many reasons, one only of which he stated, and that was, the people did not want it. Since Timothy appeared, I have frequently conversed with

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preachers of different sentiments on Church politics, and have never heard Timothy charged with misrepresenting the Bishop.

"I have lately heard two Presiding Elders, both old-side men, say that they thought the Bishop's address improper, and an infringement on the liberties of the brethren; and one of them, a man of science, concluded by saying that he had intended to have addressed the Bishop himself on the impropriety of his Conference address, if Timothy had not done it."—*Mutual Rights*, vol. iii, p. 274.

This "man of science" was Rev. Charles Elliott. So Mr. Waterman informed this writer, at the Conference in Steubenville, in 1827. Dr. Elliott, now the editor of the Central Christian Advocate, is the gentleman alluded to, and there is at least one witness living who heard him say the same thing. From this I infer that the Bishop's address was a little too strong for his own friends. No wonder, then, that the friends of reform had their objections to it. Had it been a political address, delivered by some high officer of the civil government, in the hearing of Bishop Hedding, no doubt he would have stood in the front rank of objectors, and sounded the alarm that our civil rights were in danger. But I infer from the doings of the clergy in all past ages that the right of free discussion is as valuable to the Church as it is to the State, and that it is as much my duty to advocate free discussion in the Church as it is in the State, for the Church of Christ, the "Jerusalem which is above is [or should be] free."

How changed are things now from what they once were! So far as I am informed, at the time of this writing, all the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church are in favor of discussing, in all their Church papers, the propriety of introducing lay delegation. May be our sufferings have helped to gain the people this liberty.

The following testimonials were sent to me in Steubenville, and were afterward published in the Mutual Rights:

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REV. ASA SHINN'S TESTIMONY.

"DEAR BRETHREN:

"I am prepared to testify that, at the close of our last Pittsburgh Annual Conference, Bishop Hedding did deliver an address in opposition to reform; that, in my judgment, he did take advantage of reformers on that occasion, and gave no one an opportunity to reply; that he did oppose our preachers and people having any thing to do with the discussions of Mutual Rights, and stated his opinion that the time of General Conference was the only proper time to discuss such subjects; that he did say lay delegation was inexpedient, inasmuch as our members in general did not desire it; and that he did advise us to be quiet, and let such subjects alone, until we should get on the floor of the General Conference, where we should have a full right to express our sentiments and arguments, either verbally or in writing."

This testimony is full and clear, and to the point in every particular. Such a witness, so high in intellect, so unimpeachable in moral and religious character, would be deemed worthy of credit in any court under heaven. The same may be said of the preceding witnesses.

We will now introduce the testimony of a lawyer of Washington, Pennsylvania, who had heard Bishop Hedding's address, and had read Timothy. Thomas Morgan is his name.

"DEAR SIR:

"While I feel extreme regret that any thing has transpired which can, in however remote degree, require a statement from me, under the circumstances to which I have referred, yet, when reputation is at stake, it would, it appears to me, be a fastidious and reprehensible delicacy and in violation of the golden rule, 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you,' to withhold the statement you require. In unequivocal terms, therefore, I do not for a single moment hesitate to attest that, in my opinion, Timothy has not treated Bishop Hedding unjustly, misrepresented or slandered him in the statement of facts."

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Mr. Morgan, I believe, is still living, and is a gentleman of high standing in the community—every way qualified, by intelligence and moral character, to be a competent witness in such a case.

REV. JOSHUA MONROE'S TESTIMONY.

"I was present at the Conference in Washington when Bishop Hedding addressed the preachers on the subject of reform. I have also read 'Timothy's Address to the Junior Bishop,' and, after a calm deliberation, I think I am prepared to say that, if I understand the meaning of terms, Timothy has *fairly represented* the Bishop's address, and has done him no *injustice*, and is not guilty of *slander*, unless plain truth bears that appellation."

Mr. Monroe is still living, and has been in the ministry over fifty years. He now holds a superannuated relation to the Pittsburgh Conference, and has a first-rate moral and ministerial standing among his brethren. His testimony would be taken in any court.

TESTIMONY OF REV. THOMAS M. HUDSON.

"DEAR BROTHER:

"In reply to your inquiries, I have only to say that I was present and heard Bishop Hedding's address in Washington. I have read 'Timothy's Address to the Junior Bishop,' and am of opinion that it is correct, as to the statement of facts; and there is nothing unjust, no misrepresentation, and nothing in the form of slander, contained in the whole piece."

Mr. Hudson is still living, an active laborer in the Pittsburgh Conference. He is a man of high and holy standing among his brethren—every way qualified to understand the subject on which he gives testimony.

As all the testimonials (eighteen in number) agree in character with the foregoing, it is deemed unnecessary to introduce them here. They were all obtained in view of a legal investigation; and when it became probable no ecclesiastical court

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would be called in the case, I published, in the Mutual Ri[illegible]sage. the testimonials now introduced, and a few others, in [illegible]y, I defense against Bishop Hedding's charge of injustice, misr[illegible]my resentation, and slander. [illegible]ld

Dr. Clark,* in his "Life and Times of Bishop Hedding," h[illegible]- made it necessary to reproduce them, and give this matter [illegible] more thorough overhauling. My reputation is worth more than money to me and to the Methodist Protestant Church, and with the help of facts, and the help of God, I mean to defend myself before I go and stand before my Judge. An honest man's character does not often need defense against the assaults of private enemies. Such enemies generally do themselves more harm than any body else. But where public official action wrongs a man, and that wrong passes into history, then self-defense becomes a duty which no friend of truth and righteousness will allow himself to neglect. If my defense shall lead me to bring out some of the things of darkness, which I had hoped to have left in the shades forever, what will be said? What can be said? Simply this: self-defense required me to bring them out.

* This gentleman is now one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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CHAPTER IX.

A Bishop George—His Conciliatory Efforts—Concessions to the Pitts- Conference—Passage of My Character—Private Interview between *P* George, H. B. Bascom, A. Shinn, and Myself—Letter Published in the *G*al Rights, Signed "Plain Dealing"—The General Conference of 1828—Mr. *A*nn's Eloquent Speech in Favor of the Restoration of D. B. Dorsey and *J*. C. Pool—Bishop Hedding and Myself before the Committee on Episcopacy—Decision of the Committee—My Defense.

In the summer of 1827, while strong measures were being taken in the Baltimore Conference against reformers, and preparations for ecclesiastical action against the Editorial Committee were likewise being made, Bishop George addressed a letter to Revs. A. Shinn, H. B. Bascom, and myself, jointly, designating us as being at the head of the reform movement in the Pittsburgh Conference. This letter was written in a friendly tone, indicating, however, great solicitude of mind, and containing entreaties, expostulations, and warnings of danger ahead, not only to ourselves, but to the Pittsburgh Conference, if we persevered in our efforts to reform the government of the Church. Mr. Shinn sent a copy of this letter to Mr. Bascom, and another to me, with notes on all the leading points, and kept the original himself. As to the "danger ahead," neither of us could fully understand what it meant. We might either or all of us be arrested and brought to trial according to the plan of doing business in the Baltimore Conference; but how could the Pittsburgh Conference be in danger? This was a mysterious intimation of something we could not fully comprehend. As to myself, I took occasion to look forward to an account which I would, in all probability, have to give at our approaching Conference, for Timothy's Address to the Junior Bishop. Yet the letter did not single me out personally for punishment, and

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gave no intimation of any thing of an unkind character to either of us. So matters stood until the Conference in Steubenville; and Shinn and Bascom and I kept all these things and pondered them in our hearts, wondering what the "dangled ahead" to ourselves and to the Pittsburgh Conference could mean.

About ten days before Conference, Bishop George arrived in Steubenville. He seemed to be in fine spirits, and was pleasant and agreeable in conversation. After attending a camp-meeting in Jefferson County, he returned to town and spent a day with me in talking over the matters at issue between Bishop Hedding and myself. He assumed, as I understood him, to act for Mr. Hedding, who, as he said, could not be present. He wished to have an understanding of the whole matter from first to last. So, to be entirely private, we repaired to a beautiful shade on the bank of the Ohio River, and there we overhauled Timothy's Address, and spent the day (save the dinner hour) in very friendly, earnest conversation. The address of Bishop Hedding, my reply, the demand for my name, the testimonials given me by the preachers, the publication of some of them in the Mutual Rights, and the propriety of an amicable adjustment in terms honorable to the parties concerned, were all under consideration.

The Bishop said, at last, if I "would only make suitable concessions—when my character was under examination before the Conference—to be forwarded by him to Mr. Hedding, the matter could easily be adjusted." I then informed him that "I could not concede any of the facts; they were all susceptible of proof, as he had seen from my testimonials; but I was willing to admit, the whole case taken into consideration, that in my address there was an unnecessary severity of language, a kind of familiar disrespect, which should have been avoided in an address to an aged Bishop." "Come, now," said Bishop George, "can you not admit something more?" "That is all," said I; "my facts are provable, and I shall never give them up." One of us (I forget which) then proposed an amicable reference of the matter to five of the preachers—he to choose two, and I two

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choose a fifth—by whose advice I should cessions to be made. This arrangement we then returned home. When the Con- Bishop George chose (if I remember right) and C. Elliott, and I chose Revs. A. Shinn som; and these four chose Rev. J. Waterman. had an advisory council elected from both sides versy. These brethren (save Waterman) had heard of Bishop Hedding; they had also read Timothy, well qualified to give advice in such a case. They ed, after mature deliberation, that it was not due to Hedding for me to admit any "*injustice*," "*misrepresent-*" or "*slander*," in the statement of facts. But as to the erity of the language used in Timothy's Address, concessions ere due to Mr. Hedding. So, on this basis, Rev. A. Shinn, at my request, did then and there draw up a paper containing all the concessions deemed by them to be due to Bishop Hedding. To this paper I attached my name, and read it in open Conference when my character was under examination. The following is the paper:

"Having understood that some of my brethren are dissatisfied with me as the author of an address to the junior Bishop, signed Timothy, I cheerfully avail myself of an opportunity to offer a few remarks to the Conference on that subject. My object in doing so is to assure my brethren that, for peace' sake, I am willing to enter into measures of pacification. And that I may not be misled by my feelings, and to prevent any future misunderstanding on this subject, I have thought proper to place my present views and sentiments on paper.

"Peace is my object. I concede, therefore, that in two particulars in relation to Bishop Hedding I have erred, and failed to select the most excellent way. In the first place, considering the age and standing of Bishop Hedding, and my own youth and relation to the Church, I think it more proper for me to have conversed with the Bishop, or written to him for the purpose of explanation, before I published. This seems to have

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been required by the law of brotherly love and Christian usage. I admit and regret my error in this particular. Secondly, I also concede that in some reflections and inferences in my address I was unnecessarily severe, and that the asperity should have been avoided, as tending to disagreeable results and unpleasant excitements. This I also regret; for, although I thought, at the time, that my severity was justified by the circumstances, yet I now believe a more mild and cautious manner would have been preferable.

"I will further concede that I may have misconceived the meaning of Bishop Hedding in some instances, and hence may have made an application of his positions beyond what he intended; but if this was the case, it was an inadvertency; no unfairness of construction was intended by me, and no departure from principle, truth, and justice. Nevertheless, I do not admit the charge by Bishop Hedding of '*injustice*,' '*misrepresentation*,' and '*slander*.'

"After mature reflection, I offer these explanations to the Conference as due to Bishop Hedding, to them, and to myself, and as required by the ties of our common brotherhood, Christian courtesy, and the pacific principles of our holy religion.

"GEO. BROWN."

The next day, when my name was called in Conference by Bishop George, I arose in my place and distinctly read the foregoing paper. When done, I remained standing for a little time, waiting for objections; but, as none were made, the Bishop instructed me to retire. While I was out, Bishop George, as I was informed, said many good things in my favor, having known me from the commencement of my labors in the ministry. For this kindness of the Bishop I felt thankful. Bishop George, like the Saviour, came not into the world to destroy men's lives, but to save them. Having diligently inquired into this whole matter, while at Conference, he appeared to agree with my advisers, that I had conceded to Bishop Hedding enough in the paper read in Conference. My character was then officially passed by that body, with a refusal on my part to admit Bishop

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Hedding's charge of "injustice," "misrepresentation," and "vile slander."

The members of the Pittsburgh Conference, at their session in Washington the preceding year, had heard Bishop Hedding's address; they had read Timothy, and had likewise seen the note of Mr. Hedding demanding my name, and were not willing officially to sustain his charge. How could they be willing to do such a thing? To say officially, in the sight of God, that a charge so broad, so all-comprising, and so foul, was true, could not be done by that body of ministers. That Timothy's entire "piece" was "unjust" to Mr. Hedding; that the whole "piece" "throughout" was a "misrepresentation" of his address; that the whole "piece," taken together, was a "vile slander" on his "character," were distinct propositions which neither my advisory council nor the Conference could in conscience sustain against me. So there the matter rested, and I felt thankful to God and the Conference for sustaining me in the dark hour of trial. All through this trial I felt it to be a fearful matter to be in conflict with a Bishop; to have all his weight of character and influence against me. I saw, also, among the brethren, a great tenderness toward Bishop Hedding's character; yet that tenderness, which I could not blame, did not sway their judgment; they relieved me of the terrible weight of the Bishop's charge, in obedience to their clearest views of justice in the case.

In relation to the paper read in Conference, it will be proper to observe that, standing pledged to be governed, as to concessions, by my advisers, I yielded a little more than I did to Bishop George. I did it, not from conviction of moral obligation, but for "peace' sake." In this thing I allowed my brethren to judge for me. Bishop Hedding did not consult the Conference as to the propriety of his address against reform, the time when it should be delivered, the manner how, or any thing about it, but gave it to us at the close of the Conference, leaving no opportunity for any one to reply. Under these circumstances, I did not feel myself bound, in moral justice, to consult him by "conversing with him," or "writing to him," as

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to the time or place, or manner, of my reply. In all this I felt entitled to equal rights with the Bishop. Especially did I feel so, as he had stepped outside of all law, civil, ecclesiastical, and divine, when he made that address against reform, as discussed in the Mutual Rights.

In the progress of affairs at the Conference in Steubenville, Bishop George invited A. Shinn, H. B. Bascom, and myself to his room, and there, in great earnestness and yet with Christian tenderness, he breathed out all that was in his soul against our reform movements. To him lay delegation was ruin to the Church. To me the good old man did appear to be most religiously sincere. At last he said there did exist a determination—but he did not say where—to dissolve the Pittsburgh Conference, at the ensuing General Conference, if we, and the other brethren in the Conference known as reformers, did not cease to agitate the Church on the lay delegation question. The Bishop thought lay delegation would be ruin to the Church. We thought that to admit the laity to a just participation with the preachers in every department of the government would be a ground of general prosperity to our community. So, without making him any promise to give up the cause of reform, the interview was closed, and we now understood for the first time what was meant in the Bishop's letter, previously received, concerning "danger ahead to the Pittsburgh Conference."

The following communication, said to have been written by Mr. Bascom, and published in the Mutual Rights, vol. iv, p. 91, will indicate the kind of feeling produced by this threat to dissolve the Pittsburgh Conference in the minds of reformers. It is dated September, 1827, and signed "Plain Dealing."

"MESSRS. EDITORS:

"There is a measure in contemplation which I think proper to make known. It came from one of our Bishops, and the witnesses are eight or ten in number. It is a determination to dissolve the Pittsburgh Annual Conference, at the next General Conference, should its members persist in their attachment to the principles of reform. Now, in my judgment, there is more

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want of principle, more deliberate cruelty in this hard-hearted, unjustifiable measure of oppression, than in all the petty deeds of persecution with which our modern journals have been stained. Merciful God! are these the only weapons Christian Bishops and their ministerial dependants can use to exterminate error! I heard it with regret, I write it with sorrow; but it is due to the Methodist public that it should be known.

"The territory embraced by the Pittsburgh Conference supports a population of several hundred thousand. There are nearly ninety traveling preachers belonging to the Conference, and some of them inferior to none in the United States. But all this avails nothing; reform must go down, right or wrong, and hence the meditated blow at the very existence of the Conference! Other measures of a similar kind are in contemplation, and as I have collected a large number of facts in relation to these things, you may hear from me again. It may yet be seen what share a Methodist Bishop can take in the persecutions now going on in Baltimore. I have also had my eye on the movements of a few individuals in that city who have been forming alliances, that I may be compelled to expose, not much to their credit, in order to affect injuriously the reputation of reformers. If private character must be assailed in this controversy, let the inquisition extend to a few of the blustering dupes of the artful and designing in your city, and it will be found that they are not quite so invulnerable as they have imagined. Should justice and humanity compel me to engage in this business, I shall undertake nothing but what I can prove in courts of law, civil or ecclesiastical."

Here, then, we have it clearly brought to light that, in the high places of the Methodist Episcopal Church, "there did exist a determination" to put down reform, by the abolishment of the very existence of a Conference. Much has been said, in times gone by, and in later times, too, of the rashness and violence of the reformers, but nothing equal to this can be laid to their charge. To kill a Conference in order to prevent lay delegation was an exceedingly violent proposition. Yet, according

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to the disclosures made by Bishop George, holy ministers of the lowly Jesus were "determined" upon this thing. They must have been ministers in high authority, and of great influence, to hope to sway the General Conference in such a tragical transaction. The whole communication of "Plain Dealing," on the proposed destruction of the Pittsburgh Conference, to defeat the lay delegation reform, indicated a mind thoroughly roused and indignant; his thoughts are all on fire, and his very words burn.

Perhaps his scorching communication balked the purpose of men in power, and hindered the dissolution of the Conference.

The ecclesiastical proceedings against reformers, in Baltimore and other places, indicated trouble ahead to the friends of lay rights at the approaching General Conference. Rev. C. Springer, in a letter, informed me that "there was a rod in soak for me." That the "directory of the Ohio Conference" had originated a determination to bring up the Hedding case in General Conference, and get it disposed of in such a way as would clear the Bishop from all blame for his note to the Editorial Committee, and seriously involve me. This I could hardly believe they would do, as such a procedure would as deeply implicate the Pittsburgh Conference as it would me; for that body had officially passed my character, with an open declaration on my part, at the time, that I did not admit the truth of Bishop Hedding's charge made against me of "injustice," "misrepresentation," and "vile slander." When the General Conference of 1828 assembled in Pittsburgh, Rev. C. Springer and I attended. We saw, when there a few days, unmistakable evidence of great hostility to reform. The prejudice against us and our cause seemed equal to that of Jews against Christians, or of Catholics against Protestants. There was in that prejudice no mercy to the cause of lay delegation; yet I heard nothing among the members of that Conference about dissolving the Pittsburgh Conference to put down reform. No such earthquake occurred. Perhaps the "determination" to do that violent deed had been given up, in view of other measures equally effective and less repulsive to the common sense of mankind. I saw and heard,

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in a General Conference love-feast, on Sunday morning, enough to satisfy me of the depth and force of misguided zeal and ignorant prejudice against the friends of ecclesiastical reform. Almost all who spoke praised the ancient order of things, and placed their heaviest condemnation on those "restless spirits" who were disturbing the peace of the Church by trying to introduce lay rights. The Southern preachers, who were generally slaveholders, took the lead in this scandalous abuse heaped upon the heads of reformers, in that love-feast meeting, in the house of God, on the holy Sabbath-day. One could hardly wonder that Southern slaveholding preachers, who deny civil freedom to the colored race, should likewise deny ecclesiastical liberty to their white brethren; for slaveholding is naturally corrupting in its tendency. But how men in the free states, educated to hate slavery, could, in a love-feast, reproach reformers for seeking to enfranchise the Church of God with ecclesiastical liberty, was to me incomprehensible. For Methodists in the free North, always glorying in their civil freedom, to be living from generation to generation under ecclesiastical laws, in the making of which they had no more hand than Southern slaves have had in the making of the laws under which they are lashed and driven, from age to age, is to me absolutely amazing. Does slavery, in many instances, stupefy the faculties of the sons of Ham, and render them indifferent to liberty? Does not ecclesiastical bondage, as seen in the Roman Catholic and Methodist Episcopal Churches, have the same tendency? To insure the perpetuation of American liberty, all the Churches in this nation should, both by precept and example, teach the doctrine of civil and ecclesiastical freedom.

But, to show still further that reformers had but little to expect from the General Conference of 1828, I will now give, according to my best recollection, a brief account of the trial of the appeals of Rev. D. B. Dorsey and W. C. Pool, both of whom had been expelled for reform movements by the Baltimore Conference. Neither of these brethren could be present, so they had committed the management of their appeals to

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Rev. A. Shinn; and, if I remember right, Rev. W. Fisk was appointed by the Conference to assist him. The case came on in the morning, and was opened by Mr. Shinn, who represented the appellants, by reading the grounds of their appeal as set forth by themselves in writing. Then the members of the Baltimore Conference, according to the forms of law governing in such cases, responded, justifying the action of their Conference in the expulsions. This brought on the hour of adjournment for dinner. That day I dined with Mr. Shinn. He ate but little, conversed none, but his great soul was full of thought and prayer. At two o'clock the case was resumed, and there was a full house to hear Mr. Shinn make the closing argument. I sat back without the bar, to take down in writing the main points of said argument.

When Mr. Shinn arose and stood in silence for a few moments, the whole assembly became very still. He was pale, calm, self-possessed, and very dignified in appearance. He commenced his argument with a clear, full, round tone of voice, evidently reaching every ear in the house. His exordium was simple, modest, chaste—going to show that all he wished for in behalf of the appellants was, that the *truth might shine* and that *justice might be done*. The facts of the case and the laws of the Church were then most searchingly examined, and it was made distinctly to appear that the expulsions were without the sanction of the laws of the Church. He then made it appear, from all the evidence in that high court of appeals, that the things charged against the appellants in the court below were not, in themselves, criminal actions. He then took the written appeal sent up by the expelled brethren, and argued the truthfulness and justice of that paper in all its parts. He then appealed to the justice, honor, and impartiality of that high tribunal, and urged, with all the force of his logical energy, the restoration of the appellants to their places in the Church, and to the public confidence. In the peroration the speaker became most overwhelmingly eloquent, and swept defiantly over the enemies of mutual rights. The effect upon that great assembly was thrilling. The Bishops, generally florid, now

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looked pale. Ex-Governor Findley, of Pennsylvania, who sat in the gallery, wept like a child. Many members of the Conference felt like the Governor, so did many spectators; and I found myself unable, some time before the speech was ended, to take any more notes.

When Mr. Shinn resumed his seat there was a long pause—a time to take breath. The Bishops, and other leading members of the Conference, looked wisely at each other. Just then a New England preacher, having seen me writing, came round to me and said: "Why don't the Bishop put the vote? I hate Shinn like fire, but I never heard such an argument before in all my life. If they will put the vote now, the appellants will be restored and the Baltimoreans defeated—and they ought to be defeated." So thought I, and many more besides that New England preacher. But the vote was not put, as the law directed. Rev. John Early, and other Southern preachers, without introducing any new question, were suffered to run a tirade against Mr. Shinn, during most of the afternoon, for a piece in the Mutual Rights, published by him, entitled "Sovereignty of Methodism in the South." To this disorderly ramble Mr. Shinn made no reply, as it had no relation to the question before the Conference. Finally, the Chair announced that the vote would be taken the next morning. From that moment the reformers had their fears of foul play.

That evening, at supper, at the house of John McGill, much was said of the argumentative eloquence of Mr. Shinn's speech that afternoon. Bishop Roberts, who sat by my side, said, "Yes, that was true eloquence of the highest order." He then added that he "did not remember ever to have heard a speech surpassing Mr. Shinn's for argumentative eloquence." At that table, however, no opinion was expressed as to how the vote would go the next morning.

That night, about eleven o'clock, I met Mr. Bascom on the street, who said: "There has been a caucus meeting to-night, and I have been eavesdropping them. They have secured a majority of twenty, pledged on a paper, against the appellants." I said I did hope, for the honor of the Christian religion, that

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he was mistaken; but he affirmed it was so, and said, You will see, to-morrow morning." In the morning, when the vote was taken, they had about the majority against the appellants that Bascom had reported. This whole affair led me strongly to suspect that reformers were to have no fair dealing in that General Conference. In this case, would the end sanctify the means? or the means sanctify the end? Were not both the end and the means wrong? The forms of law, in the main, had been allowed during the trial; but the ends of justice had been defeated by caucus management.

On hearing that Bishop Hedding had thrown his case before the Committee on Episcopacy, I sought an interview with him, at the residence of Rev. C. Avery, to give him an opportunity, in person, to convince me, if he could, of the "injustice," "misrepresentation," and "vile slander" contained in "Timothy's Address to the Junior Bishop." That interview lasted about four hours, during which time we overhauled the whole matter at issue between us, without any unkindness of feeling on either side. He complained that I had not done him justice; first, in the broad, undefined sense in which I had used the word "*reform*." It might be inferred, he said, from Timothy's Address, that he was opposed to all reform, in the broadest sense. This was not true, for in his address at Washington he had claimed to be a reformer on the Presiding Elder question. Secondly, in the broad, undefined sense in which I had used the word "*discussion*." It might be inferred, he said, from Timothy's Address, that he was opposed to all manner of discussion. This was not true, for in his address at Washington he did allow of preachers discussing matters of Church government "*privately, between themselves*." These were the main points on which the Bishop founded his complaints against Timothy's Address. The other complaints were of inferences which might be drawn, to his injury, from the aforesaid terms being used in too broad a sense. Neither of us had Timothy's Address with us, nor had I read it for eight or nine months; so I supposed that the Bishop was correct as to my using the two terms, "reform" and "discussion," in too broad a sense, and concluded

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at once on making reparation. When I came to this conclusion, I did certainly know that conceding that the two terms, "reform" and "discussion," had been used in too broad a sense, would not afford an honest logician any just grounds to infer the truth of the Bishop's charge. It would not vitiate Timothy's whole address so as to make the whole "piece" "unjust"—the whole "piece" in all its parts a "misrepresentation"—the whole "piece" a "vile slander" on the Bishop's "character." I greatly desired to be an honest man, and felt entirely willing, in this case, to make reparation so far as conscience might require.

The next day, at the invitation of Bishop Hedding and two of the members of the Conference, I went before the Committee on Episcopacy, for the purpose, as I was informed, of a "*friendly explanation*" of the difficulty between Mr. Hedding and myself. It never entered into my mind that the results of that pacific, friendly explanation to which I was invited on that occasion were to be published in the Advocate and Journal. I believed then, and trust I always shall believe, that no good cause can be benefited by avoiding the light, or injured by a candid acknowledgment of our unintentional errors. Four reasons induced me to seek an interview with the Bishop, and made me willing to go before the Committee on Episcopacy: First, I wanted the truth of the case in hand to be clearly ascertained, that I might make reparation, if any were due. Secondly, terms of pacification were talked of, and, as I understood it, greatly desired by leading men on both sides of the controversy. I did not, therefore, want my difficulty with Mr. Hedding to be in the way of so desirable an object as an honorable pacification. Thirdly, but if pacification proved a failure, as I feared it would, and the reformers should be pressed out of the Church, I wanted all my matters settled before we went, so as to leave it in the power of no one to injure me about this affair after our separation. Fourthly, for the sake of my own natural and spiritual health, I felt it a duty, as far as possible on honorable principles, to be at peace with all men. Without

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natural health, life is a misery; without spiritual health, our eternal interest is ruined.

Rev. S. G. Roszel was the chairman of the committee, and I knew him too well to have any hope of favors from him. He was—to his honor be it recorded—no enemy in disguise. His open hostility to the Wesleyan Repository, the Mutual Rights, the Presiding Elder reform, and the lay delegation reform is well known. To see S. G. Roszel in the chair, with all his unbending antipathies and prejudices against all manner of reform, did foretell to me nothing favorable. When the chairman had stated the object of the meeting, the delegates of the Pittsburgh Conference were called upon to state their recollections of Bishop Hedding's address at the Conference in Washington. They did so, one after another, in order. Shinn and Bascom, the only reformers in the delegation, were not present. (*Query:* Had they been invited?) These delegates, severally, then answered such questions as were proposed by the Bishop and the committee. Then the Bishop read a paper, containing his recollections of his address to the Conference in Washington. He then pointed out what he conceived to be the "injustice," "misrepresentation," and "slander" in Timothy's Address. All this time I had received no new light from either the Bishop or the Pittsburgh delegation on the subject before us. My impressions remained the same as they had been the night before, at the private interview with Mr. Hedding. Finally, I was requested to make such statements as I might deem proper on that occasion. I arose, and stated frankly that "I was willing to concede to Bishop Hedding that I had failed, in my address to him, to discriminate with sufficient clearness and accuracy in the use of *two words*, and had, therefore, used those words in too broad and undefined a sense. The words were '*reform*' and '*discussion*.' It might be supposed by some, from my undefined use of the word 'reform,' that the Bishop had opposed all manner of reform. This supposition would be untrue, for he had said explicitly, in his address, that he favored reform so far as the election of Presiding Elders was concerned, and no further. It might be

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concluded by some, from my use of the word 'discussion'—not having limited its meaning—that he had opposed all manner of discussion. This, too, would be untrue, for he had allowed of private discussion of matters of Church government among the preachers. Any inferences injurious to Bishop Hedding, drawn from these two terms used in too broad a sense, are hereby given up. The premises being incorrect, all the inferences may be erroneous." This is the substance, as near as I can recollect—my notes being lost—of the concessions then made; and they do not, as will be seen hereafter, affect the general truthfulness of Timothy's Address, or afford a just and adequate reason for sustaining the Bishop's charge.

Bishop Hedding, when I was done speaking, arose and said frankly, in the presence of the committee, that "he admitted the uprightness of my intentions, and that I did not design to do him any injustice, in any thing I had written." When the Bishop sat down, Rev. W. Capers, a Southern slaveholding preacher, came stepping out of a corner and said: "In publishing this matter, it would only be necessary to mention the name of Timothy; brother Brown's name need not appear." On learning that they had been getting something out of me for publication, I informed them that "I intended myself to give a correct explanation of this whole matter to the public."

After some time, I saw in the Advocate and Journal the report of the Committee on Episcopacy, justifying Bishop Hedding and involving me, which thing, Rev. C. Springer had informed me, the "directory in the Ohio Conference" meant to have accomplished by the General Conference. I will now give the closing part of the report of the Committee on Episcopacy, above alluded to, and then make my own defense:

"The plan pursued to attain this object [the character of Mr. Hedding's address] was, for the members of the (Pittsburgh) delegation, severally, first to state their recollections of that address, and then to answer the questions proposed to them on the subject. After all those delegates had thus communicated to the committee their recollections, a paper was read con-

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taining as accurate an outline of the address of the Bishop as he had been able to make out from his own recollection. The recollections of the delegates from the Pittsburgh Conference and of Bishop Hedding were not only substantially, but, in a remarkable degree, circumstantially concurrent.

"The Bishop then pointed out the injustice, misrepresentation, and slander of his character, which he considered as pervading the address signed 'Timothy.' After which, the author of that article, having been permitted to address the committee, acknowledged that, in not properly distinguishing in two instances, he had done injustice, giving the general character of the Bishop's address; that some of the inferences he had drawn were unjust; that, as his premises were incorrect, all the inferences drawn from them might be erroneous.

"Your committee beg leave, therefore, to declare, as the result of their investigation in this matter, that they consider the view presented in the Bishop's note to the editor of the Mutual Rights, of the article signed 'Timothy,' to have been strictly correct. The committee would further declare that, in their opinion, the address of Bishop Hedding, as recollected by himself and the delegates of the Pittsburgh Annual Conference, not only was not deserving of censure, but was such as the circumstances of the case rendered it his official duty to deliver.

[Signed] "S. G. ROSZEL, *Chairman.**

"PITTSBURGH, *May* 15, 1828."

The foregoing decision of the Committee on Episcopacy is made to rest on three sources of testimony:

I. On the "recollection" of Bishop Hedding. Let it be kept in mind that he is bearing testimony in his own behalf. Here I claim equal rights all through the defense I now make. The report says, "A paper was read containing as accurate an outline of the address of the Bishop as he had been able to make out from his own *recollection*." Here I have the advantage, for I wrote from *memory*, and memory is more reliable than *recollection*. In his case, some months having elapsed

* See Life and Times of Bishop Hedding, p. 338.

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before he saw Timothy, it required a mental effort, called recollection, to recover back to the mind what he did say in his address in Washington. But on the spot, before the Bishop had left town, I compared my views with those of my aggrieved friends, as to the objectionable traits in his address, and stored the whole away in my memory, and in a short time committed all the points to writing. I think, therefore, that my remembrances, as contained in Timothy's Address, are entitled to a higher degree of credit than the Bishop's "recollections," and that Timothy's Address, as to matters of fact, is a reliable communication. Is it not a little remarkable that so important a paper as the Bishop's "recollections," etc., should have been omitted by Dr. Clark in his Life and Times of Bishop Hedding? It would have been very gratifying to me, indeed, to have seen that paper in print. Then I should have been able to compare it and Timothy together, and see whether his recollections were, under the character of testimony, worth more than my remembrances.

II. The testimony of the Pittsburgh delegation. The report of the committee says, "All those delegates had communicated to the committee their recollections," etc. The recollections of the delegates and of the Bishop are said to be "substantially and circumstantially concurrent." Now let us examine this boasted testimony, and, if possible, ascertain its worth. In the first place, the report itself is wanting in truth. It introduces all the Pittsburgh delegates as stating their recollections to the committee. This is not the fact: Shinn and Bascom were not there. Undoubtedly they would have been, had they been notified. Perhaps, as they were reformers, their recollections were not desired, lest they should be on the other side. In the second place, Timothy's Address stood indorsed already by two other Pittsburgh delegates, Monroe and Elliott, in a very formal manner. The first had voluntarily given me a written testimonial sustaining the facts of my address, and the other, as a member of my advisory council, had joined with his colleagues, in judgment, that I ought not to admit any "injustice," "misrepresentation," or "slander," when my character passed the

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Pittsburgh Conference in Steubenville. Besides, Mr. Elliott had said to Mr. Waterman and others that "he had intended to have addressed the Bishop himself, on the impropriety of his address, if Timothy had not done it." I watched these two witnesses closely, as they were both old-side men, and of course had their leanings toward the Bishop's side of the question, yet I could not see that they contradicted their former testimony as to the facts in Timothy's Address.

As to the other members of the Pittsburgh delegation—surrounded by the influences and antipathies then felt, at that General Conference, where even Bishops anticipated the dissolution of the Pittsburgh Conference, to put down reform—I freely admit that, in their recollections of the Bishop's address, they were unfavorable to Timothy; more so when answering questions than in their first statements. Yet, why should their testimony outweigh the testimony of all my witnesses, who, against every consideration of self-interest, had indorsed, by written certificates, the veracity of Timothy as to the statement of facts? It may be said that all my witnesses were "radicals." Not all of them. Monroe, and Holmes, and Hudson, and Calender, were all old-side men. But if they had all been "radicals," would this have destroyed the worth of their testimony? If so, then the Pittsburgh delegates in question, all being old-side, were not worthy of credit. Besides all this, these Pittsburgh delegates did not truly represent the action of their own Conference in my case. That Conference, when I read a paper containing some concessions to Bishop Hedding, but distinctly refusing to admit his charge of "injustice," "misrepresentation," and "vile slander," officially passed my character, and these delegates took part in that transaction. Bishop Hedding did not bring that conference action before the General Conference for correction, so he thereby acknowledged its validity; yet, when he aimed a deadly blow at me personally, at the General Conference, these delegates, disregarding the action of the body to which they belonged, came forth to the help of the Bishop against me. Certainly, when this whole matter is fully understood, this double operation of these delegates will not

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very much increase the weight of their testimony. He who has a case before an impartial jury should bring better witnesses into court than these delegates, if he expects to carry his cause.

III. The decision of the committee is made to rest on the concessions of the author of Timothy. The report of the committee says: "The author of that article, having been permitted to address the committee, acknowledged that, in not properly distinguishing, in two instances, he had done injustice, giving the general character of the Bishop's address; that some of the inferences he had drawn were unjust, and that, as his premises were incorrect, all the inferences drawn from them might be erroneous."

Now, on this quotation from the committee's report on my concessions to Bishop Hedding, the following remarks will be important. First: it will be seen that there was a willingness on my part, amid all the hostile feeling against reform then and there prevalent, to meet the case in a fair and honorable manner, and do ample justice to the character of Bishop Hedding. Secondly: to say "the author of that article having been permitted to address the committee," does not convey the true idea. He was there at the invitation of Bishop Hedding and two of the members of the Conference, and was not seeking "permission to address the committee," but was requested by the Bishop and the committee to do so. All that was said by me on that occasion was regarded in the light of a "friendly explanation" of the difficulty between Mr. Hedding and myself, in view of a contemplated pacification between the two contending parties; hence, in matters of concession, I went as far as I possibly could. Thirdly: the report of the committee says I "acknowledged that, in not properly distinguishing, in two instances, I had done injustice in giving the general character of the Bishop's address." So I really did believe at that time, being misled in this matter by a sincere confidence which I had reposed in the accuracy of the Bishop's statement of the wrongs I had done him. Fourthly: but why is the committee's report so incomplete? Why did they not state as fully in their report, as I did in their presence, what the two instances were in which

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I had done the Bishop "injustice?" My guilt or innocence was to be made out. If they had stated fully and fairly what I conceded in their presence, they could not have reported that the Bishop's charge against me was sustained. But if they left the "two instances" unstated, then they could bring me in guilty of every thing charged, and no one could gainsay their decision. Fifthly: I can allow the committee and their friends all I conceded as to the use of the two words, "reform" and "discussion," in too large and comprehensive a sense; and that it might hence be inferred that the Bishop was against the election of Presiding Elders and private discussion of Church polity by the preachers; and it will not logically follow, from all this, that my entire address is a mass of corruption, a great conglomeration of "injustice," "misrepresentation," and "vile slander." Sixthly: but after the foregoing concessions were made, and I had carefully reëxamined the whole matter, I found that I had been in error in making them. Timothy's Address does not represent Bishop Hedding as opposing *all manner of reform* and *all manner of discussion*, but only the kind of "reform" and "discussion" advocated in the Mutual Rights. The Bishop's Presiding Elder reform had no place in that periodical, nor had his private discussions between the preachers themselves apart from the people. All cool-headed, impartial men would understand me to represent the Bishop as opposing the kind of "reform" contended for in the Mutual Rights, and not all manner of "reform;" as opposing "discussion" as carried on in that periodical, and not private "discussion." The words used by me in my address, and the periodical in which my article was published, limited the meaning of the words *reform* and *discussion*, so as to leave the Bishop untroubled about the *little reform he befriended* and the *private discussion he allowed*. Why did not Bishop Hedding see this matter in the light now presented, and forbear making his unjust charge against Timothy? Why did not I first examine my address to him carefully before I made any concessions? We often find out a little too late what should have been done.

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I shall now bring this defense to a close, by introducing testimony from Dr. Clark's Life and Times of Bishop Hedding, pages 327–328. He says: "The three [Shinn, Bascom, and Brown] had been favorably situated for the propagation of their radical views." "It was claimed that the radicals had the ascendency." "The radicals, too, had adroitly drawn in Bishop Hedding," as favoring all their "radical measures." This whole matter had been "laid open to the Bishop by one of the Presiding Elders." "The wisest and best men in the Conference were perplexed and alarmed." "The Bishop was sorely afflicted at this state of affairs, and was indignant at the unwarrantable statements that had been made concerning himself." This Presiding Elder, aided by Dr. Bond's book, had succeeded in getting up some excitement, and had roused the Bishop, who now, we are told, (page 354), "was compelled to breast the storm of radical innovation at the Pittsburgh Conference, in 1826." We are then informed by Dr. Clark, that his "firmness, decision, and ability were equal to the task before him. Then, in a most masterly speech to the Conference, he exposed the unfounded assumptions of the radicals, the evils that would inevitably result to the Church, should they succeed, and especially the wickedness and baseness of the report that had been fabricated and circulated, that he in any measure countenanced the course of those men, whose action would rend and destroy the Church. It was a masterly vindication of the Church and of himself. It carried consternation into the hearts of the radical leaders. They ventured no reply, but in silence saw the downfall of their hopes."

Now, from all the foregoing, taken from Dr. Clark's Life and Times of Bishop Hedding, will it not follow, most inevitably, that Timothy's Address is a true representation of the Bishop's opposition to reform, as contended for in the Mutual Rights? Timothy has only reported what all candid men would have expected from a Bishop wonderfully excited by a mischief-making Presiding Elder. Dr. Clark, in what I have quoted from his book, has furnished highly probable evidence

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of the truth of all the material facts contained in "Timothy's Address to the Junior Bishop." Such an address as Mr. Hedding's, in opposition to ecclesiastical liberty, deserved such a reply, in behalf of ecclesiastical freedom, as that given by Timothy. These were exciting times, and from the party in power reformers could hardly expect impartial justice.

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CHAPTER X.

A Church Trial in Steubenville in 1827—A Lady Preacher—Conference in Mercer County—New Lisbon Circuit—Determination to Leave the Church—Reasons for so Doing—Invitation to go to Pittsburgh—Acceptance—Letter to my Presiding Elder.

At the Conference in Steubenville, in 1827, I was reappointed to the charge of the Steubenville Station by Bishop George, at the particular request of an informal delegation of leading members, who waited upon him in behalf of the Church to secure my return. In this instance the brethren did not deem it best to leave my standing and usefulness among them to be represented to the Bishop by my Presiding Elder, Rev. W. Lambdin, a man of prejudices against reform entirely too strong, in their opinion, to be able to do me justice. This Presiding Elder had invited me, in company with Bishop George, to attend the camp-meeting already alluded to, which occurred just before the sitting of Conference. When there, he did not think it advisable to invite me to preach, nor did I preach until he was gone. On Saturday night, in a crowd near the preachers' stand, I heard loud talking, and went in among the people to learn what was going on. Several friends from Steubenville were with me, and there we heard the Elder laying grievous things to the charge of the reformers, and against me personally, and, alas for his statements! there were none of them true. He there stated that I had, by getting up the Union Society, done the Church a great injury, and that it was in a bleeding, divided, and ruined condition. Neither of these statements was true. Rev. J. Monroe advised the formation of the Union Society. I did not belong to it, nor did I ever attend it; and at that time the harmony of the Church was unbroken.

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In view of this evil treatment of me personally, the brethren left the Elder to one side, and went, by their own deputation, to the Bishop, and urged my return a second year to their station. This camp-meeting statement, made by the Elder, ultimately led to a Church trial, in which the Elder was seriously involved. John Armstrong, while at work in a meadow, was informed that the Elder had, at the aforesaid camp-meeting, stated publicly that I had formed the Union Society, and thereby divided and ruined the Church. On hearing this, Armstrong replied that, if the Elder did make that statement, it was a lie, and he could prove it. In a short time the Elder got to hear what brother Armstrong had said, and immediately laid in a complaint to me, as preacher in charge, against him. I advised a milder course—"sinful words and tempers" required "admonition," etc. But the Elder's pluck was up, and he would let me know that such a foul charge against his character should not go unpunished. "Well," said I, "you are the Presiding Elder, and if this trial is allowed to go on, you will be in an awkward position: you are the complainant, and will have to be the prosecutor; and, in case of an appeal, you will be in the chair of the Quarterly Conference, so the appeal will be to his accuser and prosecutor. This will not look well." He then said he did not care how it looked; no member of the Church should call him a liar and escape a Church trial. "But mind," said I, "Armstrong spoke conditionally; he said if you made a certain statement at the camp-meeting it was a lie, and he could prove it. Now, you know whether you made that statement or not, so I leave it with you to determine whether this trial is to go on or not." The Elder then, with a great deal of warmth, demanded a Church trial.

A committee was duly selected to try the case, and the time was appointed. The trial was in the church, and there were many spectators on that occasion. After prayer and other introductory formalities, I read the charge. It was immorality. Specification: calling Rev. Wm. Lambdin a liar, in a certain meadow, in the presence of certain witnesses. "John Armstrong," said I, "do you plead guilty or not guilty?" "I plead

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guilty," said Armstrong. "It was said in my presence, in the meadow, that our Presiding Elder had stated, in a crowd at the camp-meeting, that our stationed preacher had got up the Union Society in Steubenville, and, as a consequence, our Church was in a bleeding, divided, and ruined condition. This statement amazed me, and I said if the Elder did say that, it was a lie, and I could prove it. I want now a direct answer from my accuser, in the presence of this committee and these spectators: did you, sir, make the statement in question?" The Elder alleged that, as the accused had acknowledged himself guilty of the charge, he had nothing further to do; and appealed to me in the chair to know if he must answer Armstrong's question. I decided that the question should be answered, as said answer might materially affect the decision of the committee in the case, and a just decision could not be reached unless the whole truth were given in evidence. The Elder then found himself hemmed in on all sides, and that he himself was the man on trial rather than Armstrong. If he denied making the statement at the camp-meeting, Armstrong had six witnesses (of whom I was one) to prove that he did make it. If he acknowledged that he did make it, then the accused had some twenty witnesses to prove the statement false. So, after keeping the Elder standing a long time before the committee, and failing to get an answer to the question, I persuaded Armstrong to forbear pressing the matter any further, and submitted the case to the committee, and the spectators retired. The Elder lost his cause. Armstrong was relieved of the charge of immorality by the committee, but, on my own responsibility, I administered to him an admonition for the rashness of his language. This Presiding Elder was not the first man who in his wrath dug a pit for his neighbor and had the mortification to fall into it himself. M. E. Lucas, M. M. Laughlin, and John Leech, of Steubenville, who are still living, were all witnesses of the aforesaid Church trial, and can attest the correctness of my narrative. This Church trial was in the early part of my second year in Steubenville, and is here introduced as a part of my history; and the whole case illustrates the futile efforts of short-sighted,

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narrow-minded men—who by some means had got into power—against the friends of ecclesiastical freedom.

Another occurrence which belongs to my first year in Steubenville, and forms a part of my history, it may now be proper to narrate. A lady preacher from one of the Northern States, of fine literary attainments, ardent piety, and highly accomplished manners, visited Steubenville in the summer of 1827. Miss Miller was her name. She came highly recommended to me by a number of distinguished Methodist preachers. Among the testimonials she brought was one from Rev. Charles Elliott, and another from Rev. John Waterman, of the Pittsburgh station. These brethren, having heard her preach often, spoke in the highest terms of her preaching abilities; and they expressed a hope that her way would be opened by me to be useful among our people. This excellent lady was courteously entertained at the house of Dr. David Stanton. An appointment for her to preach, on the ensuing Sabbath, to the people of my charge, was announced in all the schools and papers. When the Sabbath came the congregation was far too large for the house, and the effect of her pious, tasty eloquence on that audience was overwhelming. The fame of this lady preacher soon reached the neighboring towns, and she had invitations to preach in every direction. The invitation to visit Wheeling, on the next Sabbath, was very special and urgent, for that was the time of their quarterly meeting. So appointments were sent to Smithfield, Harrisville, Mount Pleasant, and Wheeling; and, at the request of Dr. Stanton and other friends, I took Miss Miller in a carriage to fill these appointments; and she had for a traveling companion, during the tour, Miss Nancy Norman, sister-in-law to Dr. Stanton. At the first three appointments the congregations were exceedingly large, and the preaching of that lady was very impressive, and, no doubt, profitable to the people. On Friday, in the afternoon, we arrived at the house of brother Daniel Zane, on the island, intending to make that place our home while at Wheeling. On Saturday morning, immediately after breakfast, Rev. Henry Furlong, the stationed preacher, John List, a prominent member, and the Presiding Elder came

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over to the island to make the acquaintance of Miss Miller, and to know of her when, or at what hours, it would suit her to preach. Miss Miller very frankly informed them that she had understood, since her arrival on the island, that Bishop Soulé had written them a letter that he would be in Wheeling on Saturday evening, and if he came, it would not do for her to attempt to preach.

On hearing this, these brethren said the Bishop was moving to the West, with his family, and, as a weary traveler, might not be in a condition to preach; at any rate, he was not invited to by them, but she was, and the citizens of Wheeling generally would expect her to preach the next morning. To this Miss Miller replied that Bishop Soulé had always opposed her, wherever he had crossed her path, and had spoken of her in a disrespectful manner, as a strolling country girl, who had no authority to preach, and she, therefore, greatly desired to be excused from preaching, as she wished to have no collision with the Bishop. The Elder, Furlong, and List then became more importunate than ever, saying they represented the wishes of the Church and of the entire community of Wheeling—all wanted her to preach, and would be greatly disappointed if she did not do it. But Miss Miller still continued firm in her resolution, as the hazard of collision with so distinguished a functionary as Bishop Soulé was very painful to her mind. At that stage of the matter, I interposed in behalf of the lady, and entreated the brethren to forbear pressing the matter any further, as I was unwilling, as her protector, to do any thing myself, or allow any thing to be done by others, that, in her opinion, would cause so much distress of mind. The three brethren then drew off and consulted together. List went home; the Elder and Furlong remained on the island for dinner. When dinner was over, the effort was renewed by the Elder and Mr. Furlong to induce Miss Miller to preach. They urged that the wishes of the entire Church and all the citizens should not be set aside and disregarded for fear of offending Bishop Soulé, or any other man. What right had the Bishop in this case? They could see none; so she must

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preach. Finally, about four o'clock in the afternoon, with tears in her eyes, Miss Miller gave her consent that it might be as they desired; that, if spared and blessed with health and strength equal to the occasion, she would fill the morning appointment. After an early supper, the Elder went to his room, in the city, to prepare for preaching in the evening. Mr. Furlong went to the hotel to await the arrival of Bishop Soulé, and, in a short time, the Zane family, with Miss Miller, Miss Norman, and myself, all repaired to the Church to hear the Presiding Elder preach.

While the first hymn was being sung, in came Furlong, in great haste, in very perceptible agitation of mind, and took me from the altar with him into the pulpit. "Bishop Soulé and family," said he, "have come, and the Bishop is sorely displeased with the arrangement for to-morrow. Immediately on his arrival, he made inquiry as to what our arrangements were for the Sabbath. I informed him that brother Brown, at the instance of our people, had brought Miss Miller, a lady preacher, with him to attend our quarterly meeting, and the arrangement is for Miss Miller to preach in the morning, and you [Bishop Soulé] at three o'clock, and brother Brown at night. The Bishop replied: 'I highly disapprove of your arrangement. I will not hear that girl. She has no authority to preach. Brother Brown had better have stayed at home, minding his own work, than to be accompanying that strolling girl about the country.' On hearing this, I immediately left the Bishop, and have come to see if the arrangement can not be changed."

"Now, Furlong," said I, "do not attempt to change the arrangement. You can not change it and keep good faith with that young lady. You have invited her here to preach. You knew this morning that the Bishop was coming, yet, with this knowledge, you and your colleagues, from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, have urged her to preach. She frankly acknowledged her dread of the Bishop; I interposed in her behalf, and still you urged the matter. Your argument was, that all the members of the Church and all the citizens

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wanted to hear her. That argument is still good. You can not now make a change without deeply wounding her heart and disappointing public expectation. Come, now, be firm—do not violate good faith with that young lady."

By this time the text was read and the sermon commenced, so our conversation ceased; but as I sat there, silent, in the pulpit, and in my heart admitted the general goodness of the stationed preacher and the Elder, I had my fears that they both lacked firmness to meet the present emergency. The terrors of the Bishop were upon them, and under their influence, to act correctly would be no easy matter to men of their feeble nerve. While I was closing service by singing and prayer, I heard the two brethren change the whole programme for the coming Sabbath, which was immediately announced by the Elder, as follows: "Bishop Soulé will preach here to-morrow at eleven o'clock, and not Miss Miller. I will preach at three o'clock, and brother Brown at night."

On hearing this announcement, I said, in my heart, my part of the work will not be done; so, taking my hat and cane, I stepped down into the altar, to go immediately out, feeling profoundly indignant at what had taken place. Rev. S. K. Brockunier, being a little excited, as well as the rest of us, said, "Hi! hi! hi! what is the matter now? Is not that lady to preach at all?" Then spoke I unadvisedly with my lips, and said, "A great bull has come to town and given a roar, and scared all the preachers! I'll take that lady right back to Steubenville in the morning; she shall not be abused among ye." So I joined my company and returned to the island. That night I reconsidered the matter, and determined to remain over Sunday, and give the Wheeling community an opportunity to hear Miss Miller in some other house. Neither the members of the Church nor the citizens had done her any wrong, nor would Furlong or the Elder, if they had not been terror-stricken by the Bishop. On Sunday morning early, several of the disappointed and mortified brethren of the city came over to the island to arrange for Miss Miller to preach in some other house at the eleven-o'clock hour, and thus let Bishop Soulé and her

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come into exact competition for public favor. None doubted but the lady preacher would carry off the multitude and leave the Bishop with a very slender congregation, and that his harsh treatment of that lady did merit for him such a public punishment; but, for various reasons, another and I think a better course was adopted. The brethren agreed to accept the offer of the Protestant Episcopal Church for three o'clock P. M., and John List was to have the appointment announced at the close of service in the Methodist Episcopal Church; so, having made this arrangement, all went to hear the Bishop and be present at communion, except myself. I felt too deeply wounded by the Bishop's haughty and injurious language concerning "that strolling girl," as he harshly called her, and my leaving my work to "accompany her about the country," to see, or hear, or commune with the Bishop that day; and I sent word to that effect to the Presiding Elder, who, no doubt, informed that Church dignitary all about the matter.

When the afternoon appointment came on, the Protestant Episcopal Church was much too small for the audience. There were about as many people outside of the house as could crowd inside. Miss Miller, according to her custom, stood in the altar. Neither in her opening prayer nor in her sermon did she make any allusion to any opposition from the Bishop or any body else. Her discourse was truly evangelical, abounding with fine thoughts, beautiful delineations, and tasty eloquence, all of a heavenly character. The doors and windows being open, and her voice clear and strong, she was well heard, I was told, by those on the outside of the house. God gave her help in time of need. Her strength of body and soul was equal to the occasion, and the impression upon that great assembly was very fine. At the request of the Methodist brethren, she preached at ten o'clock A. M., on Monday, in their house. The congregation was large, and her discourse, in my judgment, was every way equal to the one delivered on Sunday. On Tuesday, Miss Miller preached in Wellsburg, to a large assembly, in her usual heavenly strain, with very fine effect, and in the evening we returned to Steubenville, where she rested a few days at my

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house; and, after preaching for my people the following Sunday, with great credit to herself and benefit to the Church, she went on her way to the East, and ultimately became the wife of Rev. William A. Smith, D. D., of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

When the Conference came on in Steubenville—where I had to meet the Hedding case, already narrated—the Presiding Elder who had figured in the foregoing transaction in Wheeling took me out of Conference, before my character passed that body, and gave me notice that he intended to bring a charge against me, for misusing Bishop Soulé in Wheeling. "Well," said I, "do so, in welcome, and I will at the same time hold you responsible to the Conference for violating good faith with Miss Miller. Had you kept good faith with that lady, there would have been no occasion for my speaking in that rough manner of the Bishop, as 'a great bull that had come to town and given a roar, and scared all the preachers.' You were scared into a most glaring violation of good faith, and I shall hold you accountable. Come, now, go ahead; I am ready to meet the case." The Elder then said: "I reckon we had better drop it; there is no use in bringing such matters into Conference." So there the matter ended. The Elder had not the nerve to keep good faith even with a lady, when a Bishop frowned on his act in so doing. Furlong was overruled in this matter by the Elder, and was, therefore, not deserving of blame; hence, I have mentioned his name as a good minister of Jesus Christ. But the Elder's name is not mentioned, because he violated faith with a most amiable Christian lady, and outraged the feelings of the entire Wheeling community, and all this for fear of the frowns of a Bishop, who lacked courtesy to accommodate himself to the state of the times. Yet, upon the whole, the Elder was a good man, and was useful to the Church. His lack of nerve ought to be forgiven.

My two years in Steubenville were among the most pleasant years of my life in the ministry. That station included a considerable number of noble-hearted, influential members. I had some very valuable outside friends, and God gave me a good

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degree of success in building up the Church. The increase of members is not now recollected, but, by the Divine favor, I had many seals to my ministry. Of these, some have gone to their heavenly home; others have "made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience;" and a few yet remain true to the cause of Christ, and I trust will be faithful until death, and receive the crown of life. But toward the close of my second year, as party lines became more distinctly drawn on the reform question, I did, on that account, suffer the loss of several old and highly valued friends. This was mainly through the efforts of the Presiding Elder, who seemed incapable of being the friend of any man who was active in the cause of lay delegation.

At the Conference of 1828, in Mercer County, Pennsylvania, held at Leech's Meeting-house, in connection with a camp-meeting, I was appointed to the charge of New Lisbon Circuit, with Rev. Isaac Winans for my assistant. This was my last Conference, and my last year in the Methodist Episcopal Church. At that Conference Bishop Roberts presided, and in a private interview he gave me some needful encouragement, supposing I had suffered much in mind on account of the report of the Committee on Episcopacy being published in the New York Advocate. Well, the Bishop was right; I had suffered on account of that uncandid, illogical, and most unrighteous publication. But most of all did I suffer from the defeat of the appeals of Dorsey and Pool, right over Shinn's overwhelming argument, by the caucus management reported to me, as already stated, by Bascom. When I found that Methodist preachers, in whom I had all through life placed so much confidence, could allow themselves to defeat justice, and cause the innocent to suffer by the trickery of caucus pledges on paper, I lost confidence in my brethren, and was powerfully tempted by the devil, for about one whole year, to doubt the truth of the Christian religion. According to a pamphlet published by Revs. A. Griffith, G. Morgan, B. Waugh, and John Emory, a caucus pledge on paper, at the General Conference of 1820, defeated the Presiding Elder law. Now, if we judge of the truth of Christianity by the conduct of ministers of the Gospel, who, when they fail to accom-

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plish their purposes in a General Conference by fair argument, resort to the underhanded management of a secret caucus pledge on paper to carry their measures against reformers, we shall certainly be led into doubts. Alas! for me, I had done this, and my doubts had filled my soul with great distress; nor could the fatherly kindness of Bishop Roberts relieve me. Always, while preaching, I had full faith in Christianity; so I had, too, in time of prayer, and in all other religious exercises. But when alone, my doubts returned, and my soul was troubled. But a thorough reëxamination of the Evidences of the Truth of Christianity, written by Paley and Chalmers, removed all my doubts and restored my happiness. O, what a blessed thing it is to be firmly grounded in the faith of the Gospel!

Conference being over, I returned home and prepared for a removal to New Lisbon. At no time of my itinerant life did I feel so much reluctance to leave a people whom I had served in the ministry, as I did at that time to be separated from my kind-hearted brethren and friends in Steubenville. On the morning we started for our new appointment, very much to my surprise, some twenty-five or thirty members of the Church, with a few outside friends, male and female, in carriages and on horseback, accompanied us to Newburg, nine miles on our way. There we all dined together and prayed together, after which we had a very tender parting. They returned to Steubenville, and I, with my family, went on our journey to New Lisbon.

My reception on New Lisbon Circuit was by no means cordial. The members of the Church knew nothing of me, except that I was a reformer; and the enemies of reform had prepared their minds to give me rather a cool reception. My colleague was a married man; this was his first year in the itinerancy, and he was received and appointed with only the claim of a single man as to salary. This he did not know until he came to the circuit, as he had not been at Conference. He was, therefore, much discouraged, and announced, at the first quarterly meeting, his determination to return to his home. In my heart I disapproved of taking any promising young man, with

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a wife, into the Conference on any such hard terms, and asked the Quarterly Conference to make brother Winans and myself equal as to pay. This act pleased my colleague and the brethren, and at once gave me public favor. It was said, "If our preacher in charge is a reformer, his reform principles have not destroyed his generosity." So I retained my colleague, found him a fast friend and a valuable fellow-laborer; nor did I, from that day forward, lack friends or the necessaries of life while I remained on that circuit. I will here add that, throughout a pretty long life, God never let me lose any thing by acts of generosity to those in distress.

Throughout the whole time I remained on New Lisbon Circuit the Church had prosperity, but in the midst of it all I was unhappy. 1. My doubts as to the truth of Christianity, already mentioned, still returned upon me whenever I was alone. 2. The action of the Church authorities in Baltimore, and other places, especially in the General Conference in Pittsburgh, against reformers, was, in my judgment, so unjust, so much like the slippery, serpentine management of worldly politicians, as materially to weaken my confidence in my brethren in the ministry. This gave me great pain of mind. 3. All the members I received into the Church were placed under an ecclesiastical government which ignored the rights of the laity. Thus I was strengthening an establishment which I believed to be contrary to the self-evident laws of nature, the teachings of the New Testament, the lessons of Church history, and the best interests of mankind. This gave me much concern. 4. The structure of the Conventional Articles, adopted for the government of the Associated Methodist Churches by a convention of reformers, in Baltimore, in 1828, did not suit me. They seemed to give the local preachers an undue power in the government. Here, again, I was in trouble. 5. During the first half of the year my Presiding Elder gave me trouble by trying to turn my people against me, because of my reform principles. He would leave the quarterly meetings before they were half over, on the ground of my being a reformer, and therefore, as he said, did not like Presiding Elders, and he did not like to be where I was. On

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two occasions, in his sermons, he attacked reformers and handled them very roughly; all of which was meant for me, as there was no other avowed reformer present. But as the year wore away, this weak brother changed his course, and came in on me upon the other side. Finding that he could not bend me to his will by harsh treatment, and supposing that I might probably leave the Church if it were continued, he, all at once, became very mild, and treated me with unusual kindness, proposing to use his influence in my behalf at the next Conference, and open my way to one of the best stations. I understood it all, and let it all pass, believing that my days in the Methodist Episcopal Church were fast drawing to a close.

Letters received from leading reformers, from all quarters, in answer to letters of inquiry written by me, gave me full assurance that the undue power given to the local preachers by the Conventional Articles of 1828 was only a temporary arrangement; that the Convention of 1830, in the formation of a regular Church Constitution, would, by instruction from the primary assemblies, give us a well-balanced form of Church government, securing equal rights to all parties concerned. So I hesitated no more as to my future course.

To build up religion and religious liberty, both together, was the great work to which I then prepared to devote my life. Yet, while on New Lisbon Circuit, I did nothing to advance the cause of reform. This forbearance on my part was not owing to any pledge given by me to be silent, but mainly to my distressing doubts as to the truth of Christianity itself. Why perplex myself about Church government, if Christianity itself be nothing but a cunningly-devised fable? But now, having once more examined the arguments of Paley and Chalmers in proof of the truth of the Christian religion, and feeling myself fully confirmed in the faith of the Gospel, I felt ready, as above stated, to do all within the compass of my power to advance the cause of Christ upon liberal principles.

He who changes his Church relations should have very good reasons for so doing. My reasons are found in the following

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statement, which I drew up about one year before I left the Methodist Episcopal Church. I give the substance of the statement, a little modified:

I. In 1784, in the city of Baltimore, at the organization of the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury, and a few itinerant preachers, did then and there boldly march up to a principle of ecclesiastical polity and take it into their safe-keeping, after which the Roman clergy struggled, by trick, stratagem, and pious fraud, for 1160 years before they laid their hands upon it, and took it into their safe-keeping; and when they got it, the Church was ruined. The principle is this, namely: that to the itinerant clergy alone does pertain, of divine right, all legislative and, virtually, all judicial and executive power over the whole Church, leaving nothing to the local preachers and the lay members but absolute submission to their will, or expatriation from the Church. Their will, officially expressed by a delegation of itinerant ministers from the several Annual Conferences of preachers in the General Conference, is now the law of the Church, against which there is no balance of power, no check or defense, in any way. No Pope ever sat his time on St. Peter's chair at Rome during that 1160 years without the elective voice of the people, as may be seen by an appeal to Mosheim's and Gregory's Church Histories; but when had the local preachers and lay members a voice in the election of Bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church? Never!

II. In changing the title of Superintendent, in 1787, for that of Bishop, without the consent of the American Conference, (see Lee's History of the Methodists, p. 128,) and contrary to the express instructions of Mr. Wesley, (see Moore's Life of Wesley, p. 285,) and thus becoming a Methodist Episcopal Church, independent of Mr. Wesley, Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury, and the itinerant preachers, with the aid of the high-sounding title "*Bishop*," did abundantly strengthen themselves in the possession of the power which they assumed at the time of the organization of the government. Titles draw courtiers, power, and prerogatives after them.

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III. According to Lee's History of the Methodists, (p. 183,) the power to make Presiding Elders, which was first assumed by the Bishops, and "used for several years" without law, was finally established to said Bishops by the General Conference. This gave them a power over the whole Church, which, indeed, really looks alarming. This Presiding Elder system gives a kind of ubiquity to a Bishop, for by it he is in all places throughout the entire territory of Methodism, with eyes to see, ears to hear, and hands to handle all ecclesiastical matters. It renders the whole government, in its practical operations, exceedingly powerful.

IV. In 1796, according to Lee's History of Methodism, (p. 234,) a deed of settlement was got up, to be carried into execution throughout the whole connection, so far as the civil authorities and laws would allow. This deed makes Church property a kind of common stock; or, at least, the use of it is made common to all the Methodists in every state and every Conference. It is placed under the absolute legislative control of the General Conference of ministers, for the people can only use it according to their legislation. It is placed under the absolute appointing power of the Bishops, who have power to put the occupants into the pulpits and parsonages, without consulting any will but their own. Thus the itinerant clergy, by taking this anti-Christian hold of the temporalities of the people, have immense power over them. By controlling the property they control the people themselves, "for power over a man's substance really does, in most instances, amount to a power over his will."

V. In 1808, the restrictive instrument, improperly called a constitution, was formed, by which the Bishops became officers for life. The General Conference became a delegated body, and the whole government was so saddled upon the Methodist community, by the itinerant ministry alone, that no vital changes can be effected or hoped for, without the consent of the Annual Conferences and a vote of a majority of two-thirds of the subsequent General Conference. This the Bishops, if so disposed, can easily hinder, as they hold all the appointing power, and, consequently, all the Church livings, in their hands.

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VI. In 1820, if I mistake not, the Bishops became pensioned upon the Book Concern at New York for all their table expenses. Henceforth, they are not to know want like other itinerant preachers. Their support is as certain as that wealthy establishment can make it. Numbers have given them power. Wealth of membership has given them power: for what would a king be, with all his arbitrary principles of government, without men and money in his dominions?

Thus we see that the principles assumed by the itinerant clergy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the time of the organization of their ecclesiastical government, are without a parallel in our country for their tyrannical character. In these principles the itinerant clergy have become amazingly strengthened by their various additions, and by nothing have they been more strengthened than by their firm grasp on Church property, through the medium of the "deed of settlement," and the constitution, as they call it, of 1808. These gird the government fast upon the people, and leave them no hope but in ecclesiastical expatriation.

VII. This ecclesiastical power is professedly held by the itinerant ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a divine right, granted to them by the great Head of the Church. Only hear the General Conference of 1828: "The great Head of the Church himself has imposed on us the duty of preaching the Gospel, of administering its ordinances, and of maintaining its moral discipline among those over whom the Holy Ghost, in these respects, has made us overseers. Of these, also, viz., of Gospel doctrines, ordinances, and moral discipline, we do believe that the divinely instituted ministry are the divinely authorized expounders; and that the duty of maintaining them in their purity, and of not permitting our ministrations, in these respects, to be authoritatively controlled by others, [a lay delegation, for instance,] does rest upon us with the force of a moral obligation, in the discharge of which our consciences are involved."

A very learned and sagacious Catholic priest saw in this manifesto of the General Conference a family likeness, and published it in the Catholic Telegraph, in Cincinnati, declaring that

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the Church of Rome never made a higher claim to spiritual and ecclesiastical power than this. Why, then, shall I not oppose the popery of Methodism, as well as the popery of the Church of Rome? I hold both alike have departed from the teachings of the Holy Scriptures in ecclesiastical matters, and both alike to be unwilling to be reformed. St. Peter, in his first epistle, chap. v, 3d verse, clearly forbids the Elders of the Church to exercise a lordship over God's heritage; and Paul, in his second epistle to the Corinthians, chap. i, 24th verse, places a veto on ministerial dominion over the faith of the saints; and the Saviour, in Matthew, chap. xx, 25th and 26th verses, in rebuking the aspiring ambition of James and John, said: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you." In Mark, chap. x, 42d verse, this Gentile dominion is called a "lordship." So it is in Luke, chap. xxii, 25th verse. Here, then, we have, in this Gentile government, the words "lordship," "dominion," and "authority," all implying an absolute power over the people, against which there was no check, balance, or defense, in any legal way. Now, our Lord forbids this kind of Gentile lordship, dominion, and authority on the part of his ministers over his Church, and says, "It shall not be so among you." I forbid that thing. There shall be no such lordship, dominion, or authority, on the part of my ministers over my members, as there is on the part of the princes of the Gentiles over the Gentiles—"*it shall not be so among you.*" With doctrines, piety, and morals all so pure, scriptural, and holy, why did the Methodist preachers, after the example of the Romish clergy, institute a Church government so contrary to Christ's teaching, and so Gentile in its character? Could the voice of the people have been heard in 1784, such a government never would have been formed. But now that it exists, who can hope to change it for the better? The following ecclesiastical law, found in the discipline, stands guard against all reform. "If any member of our Church shall be clearly convicted of endeavoring to sow dissension in any of our societies by inveighing against either our doctrines or discipline,

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such person so offending shall be first reproved by the senior minister or preacher of his circuit, and if he persist in such pernicious practices, he shall be expelled from the Church."

On this rule, very properly denominated "the gag-law," a few remarks may be allowed. First: It puts the discipline made by men on a level with the doctrines of Christ, and regards inveighing against each as equally criminal, and awards to each a similar punishment—first, reproof, then expulsion. Secondly: The government of the Methodist Episcopal Church is of itinerant origin, and is wholly in itinerant hands, and is so strictly and powerfully guarded by this odious "gag-law," that reformation becomes impossible. Thirdly: He who attempts a reforming process must, necessarily, point out something wrong in the government, or in the administration, or in both; and, if he does this, and perseveres in so doing, "the divinely authorized expounders" of the law will deem him an incurable inveigher against the government and those who administer it, and "expel him from the Church." This is about the ground upon which all the expulsions in Baltimore and elsewhere have been effected.

Now, in view of the arbitrary principles of the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as above stated; and in view of the fact that the itinerant ministers in many localities, and finally in the General Conference of 1828, had brought their whole power to bear upon reformers, to crush them and their cause under the aforesaid "gag-law;" and in view of the fact that my principles as well as my friends had been expelled from the Church, and that my writings had been made a ground of charge against the expelled; and in view of the fact, too, that all hope of an honorable restoration of the expelled brethren was now cut off by the degrading terms offered to them by the General Conference, I did deem myself, in principle and in honor, bound to go with them into ecclesiastical banishment.

Near the close of May, 1829, brother Thomas Freeman, a messenger from Pittsburgh, came to me in Wellsville, Ohio, with a letter from the reformers in that city, inviting me to come and organize them into a Church, under the Conventional Articles.

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To this letter I replied, that I would comply with their wishes so soon as I could return home to my family, in New Lisbon, and make my arrangements. But, being a little delayed by the brethren, and by affliction in my family, I wrote them the following letter:

"NEW LISBON, *May* 27, 1829.

"DEAR BRETHREN:

"Your second communication has been received, and I hasten to inform you that on next Sabbath I close my labors forever in the Methodist Episcopal Church. I had supposed myself already done, and had fixed on this morning to be off for Pittsburgh; but, by an importunity that I could not resist, on the part of my brethren and other friendly citizens, I have been overcome. I love this people: they have evinced a friendship for me and mine, during my residence among them, that has made me greatly their debtor; and, besides, they are nearly all reformers, so far as they understand the subject, and they desire me to state my reasons, on Sunday, for leaving the old establishment. This, through Divine help, I design doing at the close of my second sermon, in as clear and candid a manner as possible.

"There is another consideration of some moment. Mrs. Brown's health is still very feeble; but, thank God, it improves a little, and against next week I can, in all probability, leave home with more propriety than now. I shall be off on Monday next, God willing, and shall probably be with you on Tuesday next. I have just received a letter from brother Shinn, inviting me to Cincinnati, to form a circuit round that city. He assures me, on good authority, that a good circuit could be formed in a very little time. I have, also, received official information from Ohio Circuit, stating that they go at the end of this Conference year, and will take no preachers from the old side. They have asked me to come over and help them.

"I have just received another private communication from ***** Circuit, calling for help. The "divinely authorized" have forbidden a very respectable local preacher, whom no threats could terrify into silence, the occupancy of some of

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their pulpits, and the brethren think this is the proper time to be off. The circuit is large—say one thousand strong—and it is thought a majority of them are reformers. The letter stated that the Conventional Articles, though somewhat objectionable, would be adopted for the present. If we can only get a constitution formed on purely republican principles, under the blessing of our glorious Lord, we shall abundantly succeed with a liberty-loving people. I think the day may yet come when we, who are only becoming a people, shall sit under our own vine and fig-tree, eating the pleasant fruit of ecclesiastical liberty, none daring to make us afraid. Our opposing brethren, from the Bishops down, have done all they could to crush the Mutual Rights, but surely they have failed of success. Much less will they be able to withstand us, when our preachers go in person, preaching the same Gospel, carrying with them the same moral rules of holy living, giving the people an itinerant ministry, love-feasts, class-meetings, and distributing our principles of government in pamphlets as they go. Ours is the glorious cause of ecclesiastical emancipation, and has no enemies in America, save on the old side; and I greatly miss my guess if the very means which they have employed, and are now employing, against us and our cause, do not ultimately help us in many ways.

"Give my love to all the holy brethren of like precious faith with ourselves, and tell them that I desire an interest in their prayers. I am a frail child of the dust. I tremble much at the vastness of our undertaking. Our help is in the strong God of Zion. He inhabits eternity, but his eye is on the truth, and on him who loves it, however poor he may be. Him I love, and most ardently long for that perfect liberty from sin which he alone can give; and I most cordially believe that we need not remain in ecclesiastical bondage in order to enjoy this 'glorious liberty of the sons of God.'

"Very affectionately, yours, etc.,

"GEO. BROWN.

"W. STEVENSON,
"S. REMINGTON,
"C. CRAIG,
} *Committee.*"

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According to my promise, as intimated in the foregoing letter, at the close of my second sermon on the following Sunday, my reasons for leaving the Methodist Episcopal Church were given in a calm and candid manner to a crowded audience. As those reasons have been already introduced, in consecutive order, I need not here repeat them. It may be proper to observe, however, that before that audience I enlarged on various points to a considerable extent, so as to render every thing as satisfactory as possible. When I returned home, nearly all the members of the Church and many of the citizens came to me, filling up the house and the yard, wishing to know more about reform. They stayed until a late hour at night, pressing me hard to remain with them, and organize them into a Church under the Conventional Articles. This I could not do, as I was pledged to the brethren in Pittsburgh. Finding I *must* go the next morning, they then got from me a few copies of the Conventional Articles, held a meeting during the week, and adopted the Articles themselves, without any preacher to help them. These brethren remained firm in the reform cause all summer, waiting and calling for ministerial help. At our first Conference, held in Cincinnati, October, 1829, Rev. C. Springer was appointed to New Lisbon; but, from some cause, never yet explained, he failed to go to that people until in the winter. By that time they were discouraged, and the most of them, just before his arrival, returned to the Methodist Episcopal Church. This delay did an injury to the Methodist Protestant Church in that place, which we have never been able to overcome.

On Monday morning I was off for Pittsburgh. On Tuesday evening I reached my destination, and was very kindly received and comfortably entertained at the house of Rev. Charles Avery, in Alleghany. On Wednesday I wrote the following letter to my Presiding Elder:

"PITTSBURGH, PENN., *June* 8, 1829.

"MY DEAR BROTHER EDDY:

"The time has now arrived for me to follow my principles, as a reformer, or abandon them. I have taken time and written

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extensively to the reformers, and particularly to the members of the convention in Baltimore, and am now satisfied as to the objectionable articles. They and all the rest were well meant, and for the present may be useful; and, for my own part, I do not entertain a single doubt that the Convention of 1830 will construct an ecclesiastical government which will be, in all respects, perfectly congenial with republican principles and feelings.

My feeble services have been called for in four different directions. The brethren of three out of four desired me to be in readiness against a certain time, but the fourth was a call that would admit of no delay. Being unable to ascertain where a communication would find you, on your district, and being much pressed with other business about the time I left New Lisbon, I have delayed until now to inform you, as my Presiding Elder, that on last Sabbath my labors in the Methodist Episcopal Church were brought to a final close. I have many valuable friends in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the ministry and among the members. I now, as heretofore, testify my affection for the doctrines, class-meetings, love-feasts, moral discipline, sacraments, and itinerancy of the Church. But the government I do most conscientiously disapprove; and since all hope of change is now cut off, and since the brethren who were expelled—in part on my account—can not honorably return, and since a new Church had to be formed, I have deemed myself bound, by all the principles of Christian honor, to go with the reformers. You will not understand me to have one unloving sentiment or feeling about my soul in reference to you. No, my brother, nor have I in reference to a single individual, this day, on earth. I love my God. I love his people of every name. I desire the happiness of all the human race. I go with the reformers because I love their principles; and my prayer to the great and glorious Lord of the whole creation is, that they may universally prevail!

"With great respect, I am, etc.,

"GEO. BROWN.

"Rev. IRA EDDY, P. E., Ohio District."

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To leave the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which my parents had lived and died, and in which I had myself labored and suffered nearly fifteen years in the itinerant ministry, and in which, among the preachers and members, I had so many warm-hearted friends, was indeed, to me, a trial of no ordinary magnitude. But my principles lay in the reform ranks, and for those principles and, in part, for my writings in defense of them, my friends in Baltimore and elsewhere had been expelled from the Church. I did, therefore, really feel myself under the strongest moral obligation to leave a persecuting Church, and help the reformers in their new organization. Self-respect, Christian honor, and a due regard for truth, all required me to adopt this course.

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CHAPTER XI.

CHURCH PROPERTY—PLAN TO CRUSH REFORM IN PITTSBURGH—EFFORT TO OBTAIN POSSESSION OF SMITHFIELD STREET CHURCH—DECISION OF SUPREME COURT OF PENNSYLVANIA IN FAVOR OF REFORMERS—EFFORT TO BRING FEMALE INFLUENCE TO BEAR AGAINST REFORM—FIRST REFORM CONFERENCE—AMUSING OBJECTION TO MORAL CHARACTER—CONVENTION IN BALTIMORE—TRUE PIETY OF MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—CONTEMPTUOUS TREATMENT FROM OLD FRIENDS.

I WENT to assist the reformers in Pittsburgh, in full view of the facts that an attempt was being made by Rev. Wm. Lambdin to crush them, and that they intended to hold fast their interest in the Church property, and resist his efforts to the last degree. A charter had been obtained from the Legislature of Pennsylvania. The corporate body was called the Methodist Church of Pittsburgh. The word "Episcopal" was most significantly left out of the charter, as indicating the reform sentiment prevalent when the instrument was obtained. Nine trustees, annually elected by the corporate body, held the property, and had full charge of all the Church's temporalities. Seven out of the nine trustees were reformers. These seven, at the instance of the whole body of reformers, called for me through the medium of a committee.

Having arrived among the brethren in Pittsburgh, and taken up a temporary residence with brother Stephen Remington, I met the reformers for the first time, June 3, 1829, in Kerr's School-house. These brethren gave me, officially, a most cordial welcome, and informed me of the state of affairs; to all of which I responded in an address of considerable length, and commended myself to their prayers and to the care and help of God, for I felt that a work too great for my strength was now before me. Previous to my arrival, N. Holmes and J. Verner,

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the two anti-reform trustees, had served notices on the reform portion of the board, threatening them with legal consequences if they dared to put me into the pulpit of the new meeting-house. On the 5th of June, a similar notice was served on me by the preacher in charge, and on the same day another by the stewards. The sexton, too, R. White, a noble-hearted Irish brother, was likewise forbidden by the stewards, on his peril, to allow me to enter the Smithfield Meeting-house.* All of this looked threatening; but it was no more threatening than the reformers, under legal advice, desired. They wanted to test, in open court, the validity of the "Deed of Settlement" found in the book of discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. So, when Sunday, the 7th of June, came, I appeared at the door of the church at nine o'clock A. M. There I was met by Thos. Robinson, President of the Board of Trustees, and Stephen Remington, Secretary of said Board, and, with one of them on each side of me, I was conducted up the aisle, and with much formality ushered, by legal authority, into the pulpit. The congregation was large and attentive. My text for the occasion was taken from Isaiah, xl, 31: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." That day I opened my mission among the reformers with a sermon on experimental religion. Many of our opponents, who were present, were disappointed. They came expecting to hear the old Church abused, and to get something out of which to make capital against us; but God led my heart another way, to the gratification and comfort of all our maltreated people.

At three o'clock that same day we had service in a grove on the Alleghany side; but, being interrupted by a storm, my discourse was concluded in the Presbyterian church, which was near at hand. The congregation was exceedingly large—a mixed multitude, made up of all denominations and *nothing-arians* of all sorts. So ended this first day's labor in the reform

*This church was on the corner of Smithfield and Seventh Streets, and was called "Smithfield Meeting-house," and also "Brimstone Corner."

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ranks. It was a good day to my soul, and I felt quite encouraged to hope that the Lord would be with me in my efforts to spread religion and ecclesiastical liberty both together. From that day until some time in November, the reformers occupied the Smithfield Meeting-house at nine o'clock A. M. and at three o'clock P. M. every Sabbath, and our old-side brethren held service each Sabbath, in the same house, at eleven o'clock and in the evening. The house was likewise occupied by each party for preaching and prayer-meetings, on separate evenings during the week. So matters stood at the beginning between the parties.

It is not at all probable that the reformers would have called me to Pittsburgh, in view of a new organization, at the time they did, if they had received any thing like fair and honorable treatment from Rev. W. Lambdin, the preacher in charge. That gentleman had been appointed to the charge of the Pittsburgh station by Bishop Roberts, (who fully understood the state of affairs in that city,) with a solemn pledge, on his part, to the Bishop, that he would "know no man after the flesh;" *i. e.*, make no difference in his administration between reformers and their old-side brethren on account of their principles. When he came to the pulpit in Pittsburgh, he, in accordance with his pledge to the Bishop, declared himself in favor of equal justice to all parties. This declaration put the reformers off their guard, to some extent; so they felt themselves in no hurry to organize a new Church. After some time, the preacher in charge, in a meeting of old-side leaders and a few other confidential friends, submitted a plan for the overthrow of reform in the city of Pittsburgh. The plan was something like the following: 1. To induce all the members he could to take transfers from reform to old-side class-leaders. 2. This process would have the effect greatly to weaken the classes of reform leaders and strengthen those of the old-side. 3. This state of things would justify the preacher in charge in removing the reform leaders from office, because of the non-prosperity of their classes. 4. It would likewise justify him in dividing the classes of old-side leaders, now grown too large, and appointing other leaders

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in their places—men in all respects after his own heart, and suited to his purposes. 5. Thus it was proposed to degrade the reform leaders from office, and by this new accession of his own creatures into the leadership, fill up the Quarterly Conference with such men as would sustain him in all his efforts to expel the friends of ecclesiastical liberty from the Church.

From this Jesuitical plan of Mr. Lambdin, so fully disclosed, and so violative of his pledge to the Bishop and to the whole congregation, two of his leaders—John McGill and Standish Peppard—turned away in disgust, and went and communicated the whole matter to brother Thos. Robinson, a leading reformer. Upon the receipt of this information, a meeting of the friends of reform was called, and measures were immediately taken for a new organization. Mr. Lambdin, on the 14th of June, made an effort, in the pulpit, to vindicate his course in relation to the transfers in question. He admitted that the transfers had been made from the classes of reform leaders, and said it was because the members could not, with safety to their souls, remain with those leaders any longer. But this statement was not according to truth, for he transferred many against their will, and could not, with all his efforts, induce them to leave the reform leaders and go to the old-side classes. The violation of his pledge to Bishop Roberts, and to the whole Church in Pittsburgh, to "know no man after the flesh," and make no difference on account of ecclesiastical sentiment, could not be explained away in the estimation of the community.

On the 18th of June, a committee of twenty-four members, appointed by the reformers, met at the house of Stephen Remington, to prepare the way for a new ecclesiastical organization. On the 22d of June, at an adjourned meeting of the male members, the plan of organization prepared by the committee of twenty-four, and recommended by the attorneys, Walter Forward and Henry Baldwin, was taken under careful consideration, and the vote to adopt it was unanimous. Then, on Wednesday night, June 24, 1829, a thorough effort having been made to have the whole body of reformers present, both male and female, after calm and due consideration, the "Meth-

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odist Church of Pittsburgh," by a solemn vote, entered into an organization under the Conventional Articles, omitting the title Associated Methodist Church for the present, on account of their claim to a due share of all the Church property. At that same meeting I was elected to the pastoral charge of this newly-organized Christian community. This was the first time, in all my ministerial life, that I ever received a pastoral charge directly from the hands of the people, and I am sure I felt much better than I would if it had come from the hands of a Bishop. My soul felt toward this flock, thus committed to my care, in a manner that words can not express. I felt that I belonged to the Lord and to his Church, and that to glorifiy God, and serve the best interests of his people, was now, more fully than ever, to be the great aim of my life.

On Thursday, June 25, James Verner, anti-reform trustee, preferred charges to Rev. W. Lambdin against all the reform trustees, save Rev. C. Avery, to-wit: against Thomas Robinson, Stephen Remington, Charles Craig, John Phillips, Andrew Applegate, and Edward Moore, for violating the charter, and for contempt of authority. Specifications accompanied the charges, and all were summoned to appear the next day, in the new meeting-house on Smithfield Street, at two o'clock P. M.

Friday, June 26. Our brethren declined Mr. Lambdin's jurisdiction, as not extending over them, either spiritually or temporally. Spiritually, they were now under another's pastoral charge; and temporally, as trustees, they were amenable to the corporate body, under the charter. Of that corporate body Lambdin was not a member; and to the charter his spiritual authority was unknown. To attempt to correct pretended violations of the charter in an ecclesiastical court was nothing but usurpation. As their committee meeting was not for public worship, but merely an effort to get possession of the meeting-house, and to crush reform, Sexton White did not let them in; so they went to another place, proceeded with their trial, and expelled all the reform trustees, save Mr. Avery, who was immediately notified to meet N. Holmes and J. Verner, and help

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to fill the places made vacant in the board by the expulsions; but he did not obey the summons. This effort of the authorities made no hair white or black. The reform trustees still held the property under the charter, and both parties worshiped in the house.

The Church property question gave the parties a long, expensive, and vexatious struggle. If my recollection is not at fault, during the summer of 1829, the reformers, through their lawyers, presented, at different times, four distinct propositions to their old-side brethren for the settlement of the claims of each party to the property. One proposition related to the hours at which divine service on the Sabbath should be held; for the reformers clearly saw that, on the approach of winter, nine o'clock in the morning would be too early an hour to secure a congregation. These propositions all failed of success, and were treated with disdain. After the style of their own Bishops, on another occasion, they "knew no such rights, and comprehended no such privileges," as were claimed by the reformers. Our old-side friends had more female members than we, but our male members were more numerous than theirs; and it was known to us, and might have been known to them, that the reformers had by far the most money invested in the Church property now in dispute. Our claim, founded on money and on members, was half the property, or its worth in money, and an equitable proportion of the time for its use, until a final adjustment could take place. Their claim was all the property and all the time, and that we should go forth without one cent, and do for ourselves as best we could. In view of this state of things, our brethren determined to hold on to the property, under the charter, and give the other party the chance of casting us out by a writ of ejectment, if they could. If they must have all, let the court so determine, and if it did so decree, we knew full well, after all, that moral justice was on our side.

James Knox was the old-side sexton; Robert White was ours, under the charter, and performed all the duties belonging to his office at the Smithfield Meeting-house; while Knox's operations were confined exclusively to the old meeting-house on

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Front Street, which was not in the occupancy of the reformers. Toward the close of the summer, at an old-side quarterly meeting, Robert White prepared the bread and wine for the sacrament, as was his custom on such occasions. When Rev. David Sharp, the Presiding Elder, came in, he went to the table, and said, "Who made these preparations for the sacrament?" Some one answered, "Robert White." "Then," said the Elder, "take them away; we want none of your radical bread and wine. Let Knox prepare bread and wine for the communion." This angry act, in the house of God, in the presence of a large congregation, on the Sabbath-day, was not very creditable to a Christian minister. It showed the spirit of the man and the temper of the times, and was in perfect keeping with his conduct upon another occasion. At a camp-meeting, near Pittsburgh, while inviting all Christians of other denominations to the communion, he lowered himself down from the dignity of a Christian minister, and called our people "rads" and "schismatic scamps," and said he "did not mean to invite them." When Presiding Elders gave us such usage, what might we not expect from men of lower rank and lesser growth?

On Monday, in the afternoon, our old-side brethren held their Quarterly Conference in the Smithfield Meeting-house. As they continued late, R. White, our sexton, who had the care of the house, left the door and went to his supper. When he returned, the old locks had been taken from the doors and new ones put on, and the keys and the care of the house were committed to the hands of Sexton Knox. Our sexton opened his eyes very wide when the Presiding Elder told him that "he had remained at supper a little too long, and that he must now go and tell his masters that they could not use that house any more." This matter showed craft, and was a good joke throughout the city. That night the house was strongly guarded by its captors, and the reformers left them undisturbed. The trustees met in the evening, for consultation with our attorneys as to what next was to be done. They were the legal holders of the property for the corporate body, under the charter, and were advised to appoint a trustee meeting, in the new meeting-house,

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at ten o'clock the next morning, and see whether an illegal party would obstruct them. When morning came, a whistling boy from the street reported to Stephen Remington that the men on guard were all gone to their daily avocations, and that the sexton and another old man were sitting in the meeting-house door, talking—perhaps about the fall of man, or the depravity of the radicals!

That morning, Thomas Freeman came into the alley, in the rear of the Church, with a cart, to take away some sand which lay within the meeting-house lot. While removing the boards to get the sand, the sexton heard the noise, and went round the house to see what Freeman was doing. On being informed that he was after some sand, the sexton supposed all was right; so he returned to the front of the house, and seated himself again with his friend, in the door, to renew their conversation. The two old men were not good watchmen. They were too jubilant over their success in recovering possession of the house, and the consequent defeat of the radicals, to attend to the duties assigned them. Stephen Remington came, by an unobserved route, to Freeman, in the alley, bringing our sexton, R. White, with him, and they entered the lot at the place where the sand was being taken out. With a suitable iron instrument, the shutters of a window were opened by Remington, the sash quietly raised, and in went Remington, Freeman, and White; nor did the two men at the door see them until they were half way down the aisle. Remington's eye caught sight of the keys dangling in the door. To get them into his custody was now a prime object with him. The old-side sexton came at him with his cane, aiming heavy blows at his head. He fended off bravely with his uplifted arms, still working round until he got his back toward the door—then toward it he went, faster and faster, the sexton following up with blow after blow, until, in the door, he snatched the bunch of keys. "Here, White," said he, "take these keys and take care of them. What a careless thing it was to leave them dangling in the door!" This, for the present, ended the matter. The sexton and his friend were put out, in a very quiet way; we again had

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full possession of the house, and the trustees held their meeting in it, according to appointment. About this time, in Pittsburgh, the excitement was very high, but it was mingled with a great deal of mirth. The joke was fairly rolled back upon our old-side brethren.

In the month of November, the nine-o'clock hour was deemed too early to secure a good congregation. The reformers having failed in all their efforts to get an adjustment of property matters with their old-side brethren, and finding that if they ever got a better hour than the one they had, for morning worship on the Sabbath-day, they would have to take it in the hope, therefore, of retaining the congregation, and of inducing the authorities in the opposition to bring their often-threatened "writ of ejectment," so as to settle the whole matter in court, the trustees, instructed by the corporate body, and advised by their attorneys, passed an order changing the time of public worship from nine to half-past ten o'clock A. M., on Sabbath-day, which order was to take effect on the following Sabbath morning. I now saw plainly that a very great trial was before me; but to meet it was a necessity. We could see no other way to save our congregation, or to bring the property question into court for a legal decision of our claims. So, with much prayer to God that strength might be given me according to my day, I resolved, with calmness and firmness of soul, to be at my post at the time appointed.

This change of time had become generally known. When I entered the church, at precisely ten o'clock, there sat Stephen Remington, wrapped in his blue cloak, with his back against the pulpit door, keeping guard. He looked very formidable, for he was an unusually large man. And there sat Rev. Z. Costen, the old-side preacher in charge, on the outside of the altar, with a paper in his hand, and in his face there was a look indicating firmness of purpose. A few young people were already in position in the gallery to witness the transactions of that day. When I went forward, Costen arose and stood firmly against the gateway of the altar, to prevent my entrance. He then gave me the paper which I had seen in his hand. This paper I received,

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and, without reading it, put it in my pocket, crossed the railing of the altar, and, Remington opening the door for me, I went into the pulpit. This done, Remington resumed his seat as guard at the door, and Costen returned to his, beside the altar. Immediately the choir appeared in the gallery, the congregation assembled for worship, and the services of the sanctuary were commenced. Remington then left the door of the pulpit, and took his usual seat in the assembly. It was then about fifteen minutes before the appointed time of beginning, as set forth in the order by the Board of Trustees. Just at the close of the first hymn, which was sung by the choir and the whole congregation in fine style, in came the old-side brethren in full force, with their most sturdy men in front, pressing on quite up to the altar. Seeing this, our men of might and courage, from all parts of the house, came crowding up and stood beside them. These strong men of both sides, now standing together, seemed to be measuring each other, with the eye, from head to foot, as if war was about to commence. But, the hymn being ended, I called the whole assembly to prayer, and in that prayer the Lord gave me strength to help in that time of need. Costen, who had got in and come up to the top of the pulpit steps, responded "Amen" to many of my petitions. So far as the crowded condition of the assembly would allow, all were on their knees. Indeed, it seemed to be a praying time, and the usual "amen" was heard in various parts of the house. When prayer was over, Costen came forward and handed me another paper, which, without reading, I put, as in the other instance, into my pocket, still keeping my place close up in the pulpit, with my left hand on the Bible. He then made a formal demand of me to surrender the pulpit to him. I replied that "the trustees, acting under the charter granted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, had put me into that pulpit, and I did not intend to surrender it to him or any other man." This was spoken in a calm, firm tone, and was distinctly heard all over the house. Costen then came forward to the front of the pulpit, and announced to the assembly that all his claims in the house, at that hour, had been rejected by the present occupant of the pulpit. He then called

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upon all his friends to repair to the old meeting-house, where Rev. Homer J. Clark would preach to them. So they all turned for the door and quietly withdrew, and, as they went, the choir—aye, and all the remaining portion of the congregation with them—sung, in their best style, the following appropriate hymn, by Rev. C. Wesley:

"Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near," etc.

The music was fine, the hymn glorious; and against they were done, I felt in good order for preaching. My text was taken from James, chap. i, 25th verse: "But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed." That morning God gave me help from heaven. Men can feel better, who, with unflinching firmness, contend for their undoubted rights, than others can who obstinately refuse to yield the claims of justice to their neighbors. It is not pleasant to have such contests; but who ever got their rights out of the hands of clerical power without a struggle?

Not long after this, a writ of ejectment was brought against the trustees, myself, and Sexton White. While the property question was in the hands of the law, the parties had comparative rest; and each party, I think, strove in real earnest to do religious good in the Pittsburgh community. In September, 1831, according to the judicial report in the case, the trial came on. Judge Rogers recommended an amicable adjustment of the matter between the parties, and our lawyers, Forward and Fetterman, said that was all we wanted, and had made many efforts to get the matter settled in that way. The case was then laid over for nine days, to take its regular turn, and to give the parties time for an amicable accommodation. But no adjustment with the other party could be had; so the trial came on. Three days were spent in taking the testimony. The point our old-side friends aimed to prove, and on which they seemed entirely to rely, was, that the reformers had formed themselves into a separate body. This was conceded by our people, in the

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promptest manner possible. If it could be proved that we were seceders from the old body, they supposed it would follow, as a matter of course, that we had no right to any portion of the property. But the reformers maintained that money had given them a right, and that the deed by which the property was held was utterly worthless. However, a verdict *pro forma*, at the instance of Mr. Forward, and by the instruction of the Judge, was rendered by the jury (without leaving the box, or a moment's consultation,) for the plaintiffs. This was done in view of carrying up the case, without any argument in the court below, to be argued as an appealed case before the Supreme Court of the state of Pennsylvania. All parties desired the highest legal authority in the State to decide the matter at issue between the litigants. When the aforesaid verdict was rendered for the plaintiffs, it caused great joy in the tents of Episcopal Methodism; but the reformers, the appellants, held their peace and felt no fears, being confident of final success.

At the October term of the Supreme Court of the state of Pennsylvania, for 1832, before Chief-Justice Gibson and Justices Rogers, Huston, and Ross, this appealed case was argued by Forward and Fetterman for the appellants, and by Wilkins for the other party. These gentlemen were all very able lawyers, and put forth all their strength on that occasion. The "Deed of Settlement" was found wanting; the reformers carried their cause most triumphantly. Church property is always local in its origin, and for a local people in some designated place, among Episcopal Methodists; yet, when it comes to be deeded, according to their form of deed, it becomes a general property for the use of all the Methodists, in all the states, and in all the Conferences. It is placed under the legislative control of the General Conference of ministers living in all the states of the Union. It is placed under the appointing control of the Bishops, who may not live in the state in which it is situated. So many general ideas and so much foreign control as were found in that Deed of Settlement would not allow it to pass; it was condemned by the Supreme Court of the state. There were other principles contained in the deed, involved in

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this controversy and disastrous to the plaintiffs, which I have not mentioned.

When the suit in court terminated in our favor, we told our old-side friends that we had never claimed more than half of that property; that if they would get up a committee of three, we would appoint a committee of the same number, then let the six meet and divide the property. This was done, and the parties were satisfied. Nothing but a little ill-blood—of which the old-side always charged us with having too much, and of which we always knew they had a little more than enough—hindered this kind of equitable settlement at the beginning. The reformers had often aimed to get such a settlement, and only got it now because all other hope had been cut off from our opponents, by the highest legal authority in the state. That "Deed of Settlement," got up by the itinerant clergy, had been a mighty engine of power in their hands—a tremendous hoop, binding the whole connection together, under their authority. By controlling the property, they controlled the people themselves; as, in most instances, power over a man's substance amounts to a power over his will. To break down this "Deed of Settlement," by a decision of the Supreme Court of the state of Pennsylvania, did, indeed, give great joy to the reformers, not only in Pittsburgh, but in all the land. And we rejoiced as much in giving the other party their full share of the property, as we did in the legal victory we gained over them.

From the first Sabbath in June, 1829, until the autumn of 1830, I had no itinerant help in Pittsburgh. Rev. A. Shinn was in Cincinnati, Rev. C. Springer in the vicinity of Zanesville, Rev. W. B. Evans in the region of Harrisville, and Rev. Josiah Foster on the Ohio Circuit. None of these brethren could render me any assistance in Pittsburgh. Having stood connected so long with such a large body of ministers, and now to find myself pretty much alone, in the origin of our cause, was rather oppressive to my feelings. Often did a sense of loneliness come over my heart, with a most crushing weight; often did I seek society and friendship with those itinerant reformers whom I had left behind me in the old Church; but only a few

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of them dared to look my way, and to preach for me was out of the question for them all. In Pittsburgh I had some local preachers who rendered me occasional assistance in the pulpit: Charles Avery, James Munden, W. Scholy, and James Smallman. Avery was always ready, and did good service whenever called on; the others, though good men and true, did not often preach. But I had a noble body of official members to help me, and nearly all the members were active and efficient in revivals. I generally preached three times every Sabbath—twice in the Smithfield house, and at night in Alleghany, Birmingham, or Pipetown—constantly meeting a class in my house after morning service. My pastoral labors were very great; made so by the peculiarities of the circumstances in which the people of my charge were placed. It was supposed by our old-side friends that the female portion of the reformers did not fully understand the questions at issue between the parties, and that, if they did, they might be induced to return to the old Church; that, by getting back the wives and daughters of the reformers, they might, ultimately, through female influence, reach the men, and bring them back. This was a crafty piece of policy: it was once tried upon the father of the human race, by a very crafty agent, and did succeed, and it might succeed again—who could tell? At any rate, nothing would be lost by a trial, and much might be gained. So it came to pass in those days that an effort was made by the old-side class-leaders, and their more prominent female members, to enlighten the sisterhood of the reformers on the subject of Church government. No doubt this effort received its direction from head-quarters. It was a long-continued effort, and those who made it may have been sincere. They may have thought, amid the excitement of the times—being deceived in this matter—that clerical bondage was preferable to ecclesiastical liberty; but, as a general thing, they failed of their object: our ladies, as well as their fathers, husbands, and brothers, had weighed the matter well, had counted the cost, had taken their position among the reformers from principle, and it was not easy to move them from the ground they occupied.

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Wherever these visitors went among our people, there I went. All their arguments against Christian freedom I strove to answer. Some of those arguments were very silly, if not wicked. To ascribe the great good done by Methodism to the structure of their Church government, instead of attributing it to the power of the Gospel, did seem to me to be a perversion of the truth. And to propagate the doctrine that a lay delegation and an itinerant ministry could not live and prosper together, was equal to telling me that an itinerant ministry was destructive of human freedom, and should, for that reason, be immediately abolished. I did not send agents, but went myself, into all places where the old-side visitors went among our people, and, generally speaking, I found them firm in "the faith once delivered to the saints," and in the doctrines of mutual rights and Christian freedom. It was the fixed determination of my heart not to be outdone by the other side in pastoral visitations, and to lose none of my members by a neglect of duty, if I could help it. This state of things added greatly to the ordinary labors of a pastor, and made my whole time in Pittsburgh a season of uncommon toil. But God gave me success; my people stood firm, and I enjoyed unspeakable happiness among them.

In the month of October, 1829, the reformers held their first Ohio Conference, in the city of Cincinnati. It was held under the Conventional Articles. The greater part of the ministers in attendance had been local preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and most of them had been very roughly handled for their reform principles and actions in the old Church. They all came to Conference balanced by lay delegates, duly elected by the people. This was the first Conference I had ever seen, in all my life, where the ministers and members acted officially together, and the action was as harmonious as could have been expected from beginners. The Conference made a very fine impression upon the community. Some few of the preachers were appointed to circuits and stations then in existence; others were appointed to certain localities to make circuits, and we had no missionary funds to sustain them. This state of things looked

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gloomy—it seemed to require the faith of Abraham; but the brethren took God and their country for support, and went forth to their work in very fine spirits, and many of them had glorious success. In those days the cross of Christ and mutual rights went together, and they ought to be together still. I was appointed to Pittsburgh, without any assistant. This I regretted, as in that region there was an ample opening for more laborers—a large field, more ground than I could cultivate.

In the winter of 1829–30, at the call of the friends of reform within the bounds of the Monongahela District, I went with Rev. C. Springer into that region, to organize societies under the Conventional Articles. The seed had been sown while I served that people as Presiding Elder, and we found them ready for action—ripe unto the harvest. A goodly number of societies were formed, and immediately on my return to Pittsburgh, William H. Marshall, an interesting, pious, and talented young brother, was sent to Springer's assistance, and the cause, under their judicious and efficient labors, greatly prospered. In the month of July following, at the call of the brethren in Youngstown, Ohio, I organized in that place a valuable society of thirty-eight members. These brethren had been reformers from the beginning of the controversy, and were prominent members of the Church. They had done the main part in erecting a very fine house of worship, and had suffered much from the party in power for their principles; but, for peace' sake, they quietly relinquished their just claim to a share in the Church property, and took their stand among the reformers. The next time I visited them, W. Fitch, their leader, went on Sunday morning to a neighboring village, to obtain the consent of the trustees for me to preach in the Methodist Church the following Wednesday, at eleven o'clock A. M. He found them all in class-meeting. When it was over, he asked the trustees for the use of the house, at the time above named, for me to preach in. With one consent they all agreed that the house should be at my service at the time specified. Up rose brother M——, who had got a hint of Fitch's intention, and had ridden fifteen miles that morning, to try, if possible, to prevent the grant of

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the house, and said "he hoped they would reconsider the matter and not let me into the house, for I had left their Church." The trustees answered, that, "if I had left their Church, I had not forsaken the Lord, and they would like once more to hear me preach." M—— then expressed great sorrow, and said "if they did let me into that house, he knew it would be a great grief to the hearts of the preachers of the circuit." The trustees replied that "my preaching there would not pollute the house; that they expected to hear from me nothing contrary to sound doctrine, and that they all wanted me to preach at the appointed time." "Well, but," said M——, "Mr. Brown don't sustain a good moral character." Then my friend Fitch said, "If brother M—— can prove any thing against Mr. Brown's moral character, I will withdraw my request for the use of the house." "Yes," said the trustees, "if brother M—— can prove any thing against Mr. Brown's moral character, we will close the doors against him." All parties then united in demanding of brother M—— proof of something against my moral character. "Well," said brother M——, "I suppose I must now state the facts: Mr. Brown, while on New Lisbon Circuit, did say, in my hearing, that the Methodist *Episticle* Church had a *horistocral* government." There followed no little laughter at brother M——'s expense. "But," said the trustees, "is that all?" "Yes," answered brother M——; "is not that enough?" "Well, if that is all," said the trustees, "Mr. Brown can have the house." So, at the appointed time, I did preach in that house to a crowded congregation, at the close of which meeting Fitch and the trustees related to me the foregoing amusing interview between the parties in the class-room. How matters change! This brother M——, by Church authority, was made to feel; feeling set him to thinking and reading; thinking and reading led to a change of Church relations. A few years after his unsuccessful effort to exclude me from that village meeting-house, I found brother M—— and his family, with a tent, at a camp-meeting near Bucyrus, a very zealous member of the Methodist *Protestant* Church; at which

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time he confessed the ignorance and bigotry by which he had been influenced in the case above related.

In this early period of the reform movement, I had many pressing calls, from various parts of the country contiguous to Pittsburgh, to visit the brethren, in view of organizing Churches. A Church was organized in Steubenville, and another in Washington, about that time. Shortly after this, the brethren in Beaver and Wellsville took their position in the reform ranks. Connellsville Church came into being at a little later date. How to supply the Churches with preachers was a matter of great concern to me. Either a dread of persecution, a fear that they would not be supported, or something else, prevented the itinerant preachers of the Pittsburgh Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who, up to that time, had been known as reformers, from identifying themselves with our work. If Bascom and Waterman, and several others, who had been prominent as reformers, had been faithful to their avowed principles, and had rendered us help in the new organization, the impression on the community would have been greater, and, in my estimation at least, their standing would have been higher. When men, from any cause, abandon their avowed principles, in favor of which, for years, they have written, and preached, and prayed, and throw all their influence against those principles, and against those who risk their all to sustain them, mankind will please to pardon me if I can not find it in my heart to make psalms, or hymns, or spiritual songs, in honor of their backslidings, or take upon myself to sing their praises.

In October, 1830, the Ohio Conference held its second session, in Cincinnati. It was a good Conference. God had greatly opened our way, and the young Church had been favored, in the midst of all sorts of trials, with a thrifty growth throughout the West. I was reappointed to Pittsburgh, with Rev. Z. Ragan for my assistant. In a short time his brother, Rev. Joab W. Ragan, of the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, came to pay him a visit. He ultimately identified himself with our young Church. So, the two brothers, both of whom were vigorous and intelligent but persecuted young men,

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of much promise, became my fellow-laborers in Pittsburgh and vicinity. They were both companionable, social-hearted brethren, and were capital preachers. With their help, the work was considerably extended that year. Meanwhile, other ministerial brethren came to us, some of whom had been local preachers in the old Church, and others grew up from our own ranks. So great was the necessity for laborers in the opening vineyard, and so imperfect was our knowledge of the workmen whom we felt obliged to employ to meet the pressing wants of our people, that we often found, to our sorrow, we had men in the itinerancy who ought never to have been among us. They did more harm than good, and soon passed away from us to hunt a morsel of bread in some other denomination. Our best laborers have generally been of home growth; but we had to use such as we could get, until better could be obtained from ourselves. The sons of the Church are the men for the work.

From June, 1829, until October, 1831, the Church of which I had charge in Pittsburgh was in a prosperous condition. No opposition of any description with which we met, proved sufficient to arrest the regular progress of the work of the Lord. Two camp-meetings held by the reformers—one in the summer of 1830, the other in 1831—were a great blessing to our people, and added considerably to our numerical strength. As the old-side brethren occupied the Smithfield house every Sunday night, we were much at a loss for a place in which to hold service on Sabbath evenings. Sometimes we went to the court-house, at other times to a German church near at hand; but, finally, it was agreed that the state of the work could be best promoted by a prayer-meeting at my house, which was large, and near the church on Smithfield Street. The folding-doors of the rooms on the first floor were thrown open to accommodate the worshipers; but that was not enough for the people who came: the large room, eighteen feet by twenty-four, in the third story, was occupied at the same time with the rooms below; then the large hall, then the stairway, from the meeting below to the meeting above—all were crowded; and often, on pleasant evenings, nearly as many people would be left out in

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the street, in front of the door, as could get into the house. The laborers were then divided; part remained below, and part went to the third story. It was a glorious revival time. Many sons and daughters were born to glory there, and the Church was greatly built up. Perhaps we lost nothing by not occupying the new meeting-house on Sunday evenings. Preaching twice every Sabbath-day, and these glorious prayer-meetings every Sabbath-night, brought the Church along in a growing, prosperous condition during about the last half of my term of service in Pittsburgh. To the original stock of reformers, who entered into the organization June 24, 1829, were added, according to my record, two hundred and ninety-one members. These were seals to my ministry, given me by the Lord Jesus in very troublous times.

In my house, every Sunday, there were two class-meetings, and the above-named prayer-meetings at night. On Monday night, the leaders' meeting was there; on Tuesday, my own class met there; on Thursday night, the choir met there; on Friday, brother Avery's class met there; and on Saturday night, the Young Men's Association for mutual improvement was there—making eight in all, every week. Several of these meetings were held in the third story. It may well be supposed that so many meetings gave a great deal of labor and trouble to the female portion of my family; but Mrs. Brown and her sister, Miss Jackson, were one in spirit with me, and we all went for the cause, cost what it might. He who prefers his ease to success in a righteous undertaking, will never accomplish much for the Church or the State.

It ought to be mentioned in this little sketch, that, in November, 1830, Rev. C. Avery and I attended the convention in Baltimore, as delegates from Pittsburgh, to aid in the formation of the Constitution and Discipline of the Methodist Protestant Church. That was a grave assembly—a venerable body. There were many gray heads in that convention—men of reliable character, talents, experience, and wisdom; and in the work which they accomplished, a monument was erected to their memory, which will stand as long as ecclesiastical liberty has a name and

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a place in the world. But, after all—to mark the imperfection of human wisdom—a great wrong was done to the colored race. On the tears of the Baltimoreans—whose local preachers had lost their standing by the votes of colored men—came floating into the Constitution the word "white." "White" will do well enough in the right place; but just there it never did any thing but mischief, as it cut off all the colored people from voting power in our community. Nor could we gain Southern co-operation in conventional action, until their slaveholding laws were as strongly guarded by our Church constitution against the action of all our ecclesiastical bodies as the "morality of the Holy Scriptures." It may be admitted, too, that the constitutional rule adopted by the convention, regulating the stationing authority of the Annual Conferences, was entirely too stringent for the well-being and diversified wants of the Methodist Protestant Church. The constitution, as it now stands amended by the convention of 1862, is entirely free from the foregoing ill-working and embarrassing features, and, it is believed, will be found acceptable to the Churches in the free states, and all other places where Christian liberty has found a home. As to the parties in controversy in Pittsburgh, I did believe that the great body of the members in the old establishment were religiously in earnest to save their own souls and the souls of others; and that they really thought they did God service in yielding "passive obedience and non-resistance" to the will of the itinerant clergy, and in holding on to all the Church property. Their ministers, too, Rev. Z. Costen and Rev. H. J. Clark, who succeeded Mr. Lambdin, I believed to be faithful Christian laborers, who did all they could for their cause. Not having studied the question of lay delegation, and having been taught, by the General Conference of 1828, that the itinerant ministry held all ecclesiastical power in the Methodist Episcopal Church by divine right, I could not blame them for their opposition to me and to the cause I advocated, as, in a judgment of charity, I supposed they knew no better. Invincible prejudice, in those days, hindered thousands from seeking information · indeed, it was deemed, in high places, an expella-

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ble offense to read the Mutual Rights or to belong to a Union Society.

When Costen and Clark had closed their term of service in Pittsburgh, Rev. R. Hopkins came on. He was an old fellow-laborer of good standing, yet he cited to trial and expelled a considerable number of our male members. This was done more than one year after we had become a separate religious community! What did Hopkins mean by this transaction? Did he intend to vex and wrong the reformers? Perhaps not. May be he thought that to expel the brethren would operate against their claim to any portion of the Church property. If this was his design, the expulsions amounted to nothing; he failed in his purpose. The reformers held fast their claim to a due share of the Church property under the charter, and sustained their cause in the Supreme Court of the state of Pennsylvania.

As to the reformers, they were a pious body of Christians, full of zeal for the cause of Christ and ecclesiastical liberty, well informed on the subject of Church government, and, in their judgment, the Church had as much right to a free representative government as the State. In them dwelt the revival spirit all the time. Never did I know a people more punctual in attending all the means of grace. I wish from my heart that the children were, in all respects, equal to their fathers. A more devoted Christian community I never labored among in all my life. These pious persons did not deem it necessary to the salvation of their souls, that they should live under a Church government where the voice of a layman could never be heard; or that they should surrender rights which their money had given them in the Church property, and quietly walk away with empty pockets; so they determined to try, in the highest court of the state, the validity of the "Deed of Settlement," which they regarded as a great hoop to hold the membership together, under the rule of the itinerant clergy. To break this "deed" would, in their opinion, lower the arbitrary tone of Episcopal Methodism, and open the way of thou-

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sands to Christian freedom; and in this thing they were not mistaken.

When I went to Pittsburgh to preach for the reformers, it was my determination to meet all my friends who yet remained in the old Church in the spirit of Christian kindness and liberality. Thomas Cooper, who had once presided at a meeting of reformers in Pittsburgh, but now had taken rank on the old side, was a highly valued friend. His house had long been my home, when in that city. He was from England, and possessed the usual characteristics of his countrymen; but grace had, in my opinion, done much for him, and he stood very high in the Church. I had been informed that brother Cooper did not think any the better of me for joining the reformers, and that I had nothing to hope from his friendship in future. I could hardly believe this, yet I did not know how far sectarian rancor might have the control of him, as he was brother-in-law to Mr. Lambdin, the preacher in charge, whose Jesuitical double-dealing with the reformers had driven them into a separate organization. One day I met brother Cooper on Wood Street, and, turning his back, he went by me edgeways, refusing to speak or give me his hand. "Once," said I to myself. In a short time, in the same part of the city, a crowd of people were about to throw us together, but he leaped over the curb-stone to avoid me. "Twice," said I. Not long after this, as I went up Wood Street, and he came down Fourth, we met on the corner. When his eye glanced upon me, he went like a dart across the street, without the slightest friendly recognition. "Three times," said I. "When I have given an old friend three opportunities for Christian or even civil greetings, and he has treated me with rude contempt every time, then I shall take no further notice of him until he returns to his senses; yet I can not afford to cherish wrath or harbor ill-will against any man, especially an old friend."

The old-side preachers boarded with brother Cooper, and the two Ragans with me; so brother C. and myself often met in market to purchase the necessary supplies for our respective

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tables. I determined that my preachers should live on as good things as his. When he bought butter from a country-woman, I would go and stand by his side, talk to the woman, and buy butter out of the same basket, without offering to speak to him. When he went to another place to buy eggs, I would be at his elbow, buying eggs out of the same basket, talking to the woman, but saying nothing to him. When he went to the butcher's stall to buy meat, I would immediately be at his side, to take the next cut, talking to the butcher as pleasantly as I could, but uttering no word to Cooper. This course I continued for several months, until brother C. was, I suppose, of the opinion that I meant to tease him into some kind of an utterance. Often he would give me a quizzical look, as if about to speak or laugh, I could hardly tell which. But it was my determination that he, having treated me with contempt three times, as before stated, should now be the first to speak. One day, on entering Hazleton's store, there sat brother Cooper, far back by the stove. As soon as he saw me he left his seat, came right forward, held out his hand, which I took with much cordiality, and the kindness of his greeting was equal to that of former years. We then had much pleasant conversation, and our former friendship was renewed. Several other old friends in Pittsburgh, who, like Cooper, had treated me contemptuously for my reform principles and actions, and against whom I had put my three-times rule in force, ultimately broke silence, when they found that their frowns were of no avail, and we renewed our former friendship. The fact is, in those days I had a little too much spirit to admit of my crawling in the dust to gain the friendship of any man who ignored the ecclesiastical liberties of a Christian people.

To show still further the spirit of the times, and how good men, through party zeal, can be influenced by sectarian rancor, I will introduce another case. At three different times, while living in Pittsburgh, I visited Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Each time I made an effort to speak to my old friend Rev. Thornton Fleming; but he treated my approaches with contempt; so I brought my three-times rule to bear upon him. Near Zanes-

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ville, as I was going to Conference, in 1831, Mr. Avery and T. Greenough being with me in the carriage, we met brother Fleming and lady, on the pike. He drew up as if he meant to speak, but I drove on. Mr. Avery asked me why I did so. "Three times in his own town," said I, "did brother Fleming contemptuously refuse to speak to me, and now he can't be permitted to do it on the pike in Ohio. If we ever speak again, the approach must be on his part, and it must be in his own town." The brethren said I was "plucky," but about right—there was no other way to bring such men to their senses. The next time I visited Uniontown, brother Fleming came to me at my lodgings, and we had a very pleasant interview. Our Christian friendship was renewed, and I trust it will be eternal in the heavens.

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CHAPTER XII.

CHURCH FAILURES IN WHEELING—MY FIRST YEAR IN THE PRESIDENCY—RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT—THE REFORM METHODISTS—DISCUSSION ON CHURCH GOVERNMENT—A FORGETFUL PREACHER—LECTURES ON CHURCH GOVERNMENT—ELECTED PRESIDENT THE THIRD TIME—FIRST GENERAL CONFERENCE—PRESIDENTIAL TOUR THROUGH THE WEST.

IN the month of October, 1831, the Ohio Conference was held in Zanesville, and I was elected President. This was, in my judgment, a hard appointment, as all the territory west of the Alleghany Mountains was then included in the bounds of one Conference, and if I met the requirements of the law and the expectations of the people, I would have to be much from home. We were now operating under a regular Church constitution, which was well received by the people and the public generally. The reports from the work were cheering. Our cause had greatly advanced during the preceding year. All we seemed to need, to insure success, by the blessing of God, was the right kind of men in the ministry. But, alas for us! in many instances, the men whom necessity compelled us to employ were not suited to the work of the Christian ministry. Some lacked talent; others, piety; others, prudence; others, all these things together; and our young Church suffered greatly in such hands.

On my way to Conference, brother Greenough, the delegate, and myself spent a night in Wheeling, at Teeters's tavern. My old friends in that city were not well pleased that I did not stop with them, as formerly. On my return, I went again to the same public house, not, as yet, knowing that it would be agreeable to my old friends to have me stay with them, as I was now identified with the reformers. In the morning, before I started for Pittsburgh, John List, Daniel Zane, and Joseph

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Woods, all prominent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, called on me, and remonstrated against my stopping at a public house when I came to Wheeling, and expressed a wish that I should always, when I visited their city, take lodgings among my old friends, as in former years. I said to them that, having changed my Church relations, I felt a diffidence in seeking entertainment among the members of the old Church, lest the preachers should handle the matter to my disadvantage. They then claimed for themselves, and about three-fourths of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Wheeling, that they were as much in favor of reform as I was, and that I need have no hesitancy about seeking quarters among my former friends, whenever I visited Wheeling. Their object in calling upon me that morning was then more fully made known. They wished me, at that time, to leave an appointment, and preach for them at my earliest convenience. As Rev. E. S. Woodward was stationed among our people in Steubenville, they wished me to secure his assistance, and hold the meeting at least one week, in the Methodist meeting-house, which they pledged themselves to obtain for that purpose. I named the Sabbath when I would, if spared, be with them. Then they suggested the following plan: 1. I was to go by Steubenville and secure Woodward's services, and tell no man, besides him, of the contemplated meeting. 2. Let Woodward come down on the morning boat, on Wednesday, and go, for entertainment, to the house of Rev. A. Hawkins, who would give them notice of his arrival. 3. They would immediately see the trustees, get the use of the house, send out the appointment, and let the meeting be continued night after night, until I could get there on Saturday. 4. On Sunday, have sacrament and love-feast, and continue until Wednesday. 5. Nothing was to be said by Woodward or myself about reform, or an organization, as they wanted to manage all that matter themselves, in their own way, as it was done in Pittsburgh and Steubenville.

The foregoing arrangement being made, I went on to Steubenville and saw Woodward, who agreed to attend the meeting

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and help to carry out the plan suggested by the brethren in Wheeling. Accordingly, when the time came, he went down on the morning boat; but he utterly ignored all the rest of the plan. Instead of going to the house of brother Hawkins for entertainment, he went to the Virginia Hotel. Instead of seeking, through the trustees, to get the Methodist meeting-house, he got a boy to ring the old court-house bell, and determined to hold meeting in that house—a miserable, filthy place, where there was but little chance for a respectable congregation. About thirty persons assembled, and among them a few members of the old Church, of questionable standing, and some who had been subjected to disciplinary treatment for improper conduct. To these people Woodward preached on Wednesday night, and had rather a discouraging time. What better could he expect, since he had violated the plan and determined to take his own course? The next night he preached again in the same place, to about the same congregation. At the close of service in that old court-house, he beat up for volunteers to form a Methodist Protestant Church, and got seven or eight names on a piece of paper—all of inferior standing in the community. So, on Friday, being convinced that he had made a failure, he published my appointment for Sunday, in that same old court-house, and returned home, very much mortified at his defeat.

On Friday evening, I reached Steubenville, on my way to Wheeling, and, on learning from Woodward what he had done, I felt disappointed and discouraged by the indiscretion and bad faith of the man. In an injudicious effort to effect, in his own way, an organization before my arrival, and without regard to the wishes of the brethren who were expected to go into the organization, I supposed that offense had been given, and that nothing now could be done. However, as an appointment had been published for me, in the Wheeling papers, I resolved to go on, and, if possible, rally my friends. My appointment in the court-house was filled on Sunday morning. None of the reliable reformers were there; all were offended, as their plans and wishes had been disregarded. They said if that was the

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way the new-side preachers treated the people, the old-side preachers could do no worse, and they would remain where they were. On Sunday evening we occupied the old Masonic Hall. The congregation was larger, but our offended brethren stood aloof from us. The meeting was continued until Wednesday night, with growing hopes of success. At the close of the meeting, I denied that Woodward had effected any Church organization in Wheeling at all, as the constitution had neither been read nor adopted, nor had any Church officers been elected. I then promised them another meeting in one month, at which time, if spared, an organization would be effected.

At the appointed time, I was at my post in Wheeling, in that same hall. The meeting continued about one week, in a true revival style. During the time we had a sacrament and a love-feast. At the close, an explanatory lecture on Church government was given, the constitution of the Methodist Protestant Church was read, and a regular Church organization was effected. Forty-seven members entered into that organization—twenty of them were from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and twenty-seven were young converts—the immediate fruits of that meeting. Thus, through the indiscretion of Woodward, who was a good preacher but a bad manager, we lost the great body of the reformers in the old Church—perhaps the meeting-house, too—and had to begin with forty-seven members, and worship in the Masonic Hall. I have been utterly unable to account for it, that some men have sense enough to be capital preachers, while entirely destitute of all the requisite qualifications for good management in Church affairs. Such was the case with Woodward.

I might as well, right here, continue the history of Wheeling's failures. In that city, notwithstanding the above-mentioned sad occurrence, we had a very pleasant, growing Methodist Protestant Church. In the autumn of 1832, I situated my family among that kind-hearted people. It was more in the center of my work, and I did hope to render them some assistance during the year, when at home with my family. On the first day of January, 1833, at the request of the Church, I

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went to Noah Zane, Esq., the wealthy proprietor of a great many town lots, to secure, as a donation, a suitable piece of ground upon which to build a meeting-house. I found him in a new bookstore, which was just being opened out. He was in a very pleasant, conversational mood, and taking me, by the arm, around the counter, he told me to select a book, for he wanted to make me a New-Year's present. I selected a book; he applauded my choice, and told me to look again. He kept me looking, while he continued to applaud my selections, until the worth of the whole lot amounted to nearly one hundred dollars, for which he then and there gave the salesman a check on the bank, and told him, when other books came on, to let me have any thing I wanted, and charge it to him. Said I, "Mr. Zane, you are very good, and I am very thankful for this valuable New-Year's gift; but this is not the thing I am after this morning. I am sent by the Methodist Protestant Church of your city, to ask you to do for them as you have done for all the other Churches in Wheeling; *i. e.*, to give them a lot on which to build a meeting-house." "No, Brown," said he, "I can't do that; my word is out; I shall not give any more lots to the Churches. What are Daniel Zane, John List, and the other reformers about—who some time ago were all in favor of your cause—that they can't help you?" I had to evade reporting to him the Woodward bungle, by which we had lost all those men. After a little reflection, he said: "I must do something for your Church. I approve of your principles, and hope you will succeed. Go back and tell your people to appoint a committee to examine my lots and make a selection. When this is done, I will go and place a fair valuation on the lot; then let them get up a subscription paper and bring it to me, and I will head it with the price of the lot." This was generous, and was like the liberality of the man; it placed us on a par with other Churches, and my report of the case was a matter of great joy to our young Church in Wheeling.

But delays in the performance of immediate duty are always dangerous. When the spring opened, I went forth to the labors of the Ohio District, expecting to meet my family in

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Cincinnati on the first of June. But I received a letter from Dr. D. B. Dorsey, of Wheeling, containing the sad intelligence that my mother-in-law then lay dead in my house; that my wife and her sister, Miss Jackson, were both prostrated by sickness; and on that day twenty-one deaths had occurred from cholera. So, leaving my horse in the care of a friend, I went to the river, and was immediately off, on the steamer Boston, for home. The gentlemanly captain, to whom I stated my case, promised to put me in Wheeling with the least possible delay. We averaged about nine miles per hour, against a very heavy river all the way. When we landed, about midnight, at the Wheeling wharf, in a very heavy rain, Captain Brickels charged me nothing for the trip, and said, "God bless you, my friend. I hope you will find your family better." After thanking him for his kindness and good wishes, I made my way home. We lived in Mills's Row of nine houses; ours was next to the corner. When I knocked at my own door I got no answer; all was silent and dark. I knocked again and again; still all was silent, and I feared that all were in their graves. At last Mrs. Mills, in the corner house, raised an upper window, and said, "Is that Mr. Brown come home?" My emotion at the time was too great for utterance. I could make no reply, being fearful that I should hear, in her next words, that all were dead. But this kind lady immediately relieved me—guessing who I was—by informing me that my family had been removed to brother Woods's, at the other end of the row, and were recovering. To me this good news brought great relief. It was life from the dead, to see my family once more. On the day before I reached home, Noah Zane, who had died of the cholera, was buried; and, to my great mortification and disappointment, our membership had not secured the lot on which to build a meeting-house. Was this attributable to negligence on the part of Rev. Z. Ragan, the preacher, or the members, or both? At any rate, our friends in Wheeling did not appear to know the day of their visitation. A people in their condition should have jumped at such a chance, and, on the terms suggested by Zane himself, secured that lot.

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Several years after this, our brethren in Wheeling lost another opportunity to obtain a lot for a meeting-house, in a manner somewhat similar to that above related. E. W. Stephens, J. L. Sands, and J. Armstrong, with their families, had removed from Pittsburgh to Wheeling. This gave strength and encouragement to the Church in that place. A lease of three years on the new Masonic Hall, in which they worshiped, was soon to expire. What next was to be done for a place of worship, was a matter of very grave consideration. At the close of a meeting in that city, while I was President of the Pittsburgh District, brother E. W. Stephens invited me to accompany him to look at three lots, and see which of them I would choose as most suitable to build a meeting-house on. The three lots were, in my judgment, equally good, and equally central. "Now," said Stephens, "if you will go to our preacher and get him to call a meeting of the Church, and appoint a committee to select one of these lots, I will buy it, pay for it, and give it to the brethren. Besides, I will do my full share in erecting the building. He further urged that this matter should receive immediate attention, as lots, building materials, and mechanical labor were then cheap, and we should have a house against the time when the lease of the Masonic Hall would run out. When I went to the preacher, Rev. N. Watson, and laid the whole matter before him, and urged, by every argument I could command, an immediate action in this case on his part, he utterly refused to have any thing to do with the matter. "Selecting of lots and building of churches belonged to the membership, and not to him; let the members attend to their own business, and he would attend to his." I was astonished at such a reply from brother Watson, who was an excellent preacher and stood high in the community, but labored under a mistake as to the duties of a pastor. He was so much opposed to the firm hold taken by the itinerants of the Methodist Episcopal Church upon the temporalities of the people, that he would not even call a Church meeting among our people, in view of securing a lot on which to build a meeting-house. When the people of his charge saw this, they should have acted themselves, without

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their minister, but they never did. So, to this day, Methodist Protestantism has no home in Wheeling. At one time, in the history of this Church, Rev. F. A. Davis, who was a man of some talent, abandoned his charge, to avoid his duty in the exercise of discipline in a difficult case, and they remained in a disorganized state for several years. This same Davis succeeded Watson, and by bad management broke down the Church again, and left them to shift for themselves; since which time we have had no Methodist Protestant organization in Wheeling. Davis went South, and, it is said, is now a chaplain in the rebel army. I have deemed it right to state the foregoing facts, that the future historian may be able to tell why we never succeeded in Wheeling.

After this brief history of Wheeling's disasters, it will be proper to return to the rest of the district. My first trip from home was to Western Virginia; to the region where I had labored as Presiding Elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church; where I had sown the seeds of reform by a free circulation of the Mutual Rights among the people, without their knowing who sent them that periodical; where brother C. Springer and I, the preceding winter, had found them ripe for organization. It was, indeed, a great gratification to see my old friends in that section of country, and to find so many sturdy advocates of ecclesiastical liberty among them. The work, in the hands of Springer and Marshall, had greatly extended the preceding year; the parent circuit had been divided, other laborers had been employed, and the spirit of revivals was to be found in all parts visited by our preachers. The cross of Christ and Christian freedom stood firmly associated together in the heads and hearts and lives of our ministers, and God gave them abundant success in their labors. On the Monongahela Circuit, we had John Wilson and Israel Thrap; on Hacker's Creek Circuit, Daniel Gibbons; on Western Virginia Mission, John Mitchell. Thrap and Gibbons were both young men, not yet trained to war; but Wilson and Mitchell were men of age, talent, and experience, every way prepared to plant and defend our cause, and they did good service. Methodist Protestantism, from that

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time to the present, has had a firm hold on the community in Western Virginia.

I next directed my course to Western Pennsylvania, and at Uniontown, in the Presbyterian Church, we held a very profitable meeting, and a number of sinners were brought to the Saviour. Nine months before that time, Union Circuit had no existence. The number of members was now three hundred and fifty. The preachers, M. Scott and W. H. Marshall, were greatly favored of the Lord among that people. Passing through Connellsville, Mount Pleasant, and Blairsville, preaching as I went, I came to Clearfield Circuit, and met my appointment at the residence of brother David Mitchell, among the high pines of the Susquehanna. That year Clearfield Circuit had no preacher, but was blessed with a living membership. In a large upper room, in brother Mitchell's house, we had a crowded audience on Saturday, in the daytime and at night, and a still larger one on Sunday. But word came from the river that high water was sweeping off their lumber. These men deemed it a duty, even on the Sabbath-day, to save their lumber—the labor of a whole summer, and their only means of living. So, this temporal interest caused many to vacate their places at the meeting; then we had about room enough. It was a glorious meeting. There were a goodly number of conversions and additions to the Church. There was a wild, rude grandeur in their singing, suited to the splendors of nature around them. Even the little boys prayed, when called on, among the mourners; and with a great deal of gravity, when the small folks came to the table, asked God's blessing on their meals. Among those lofty Susquehanna pines—some of them nearly two hundred feet high—I found a Christian people, members of our Church, who, by their religious energy, greatly captivated my heart. In that section of the country, I was told of one venerable brother who, in order that nothing might escape him, usually prayed for "*all the world* and *elsewhere*." Some were desirous to know where this "elsewhere" could be; finally, we fixed upon Clearfield Circuit, and to this day, by many of our brethren, it is called by that name.

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On returning to Pittsburgh, I obtained board for my family, during the winter, with brother William Stevenson, where they were well cared for. The winter months were spent in visiting the work in Western Pennsylvania and the north-eastern part of Ohio. In all places where I went, I found an open door for Christian freedom, and there were, as in the days of Paul, "many adversaries." To stand up stoutly for civil liberty, and then put forth all their strength in support of ecclesiastical bondage, did involve a great contradiction on the part of our old-side brethren. The more I found of this kind of opposition, the more lectures did I deliver on the subject of Church government, to expose the absurdity of such opposition, and to convince the people that liberty was as good in the Church as it was in the State.

About the first of March, having found, by experience, that brother Stevenson's house was not large enough for two families, I took my family to a boarding-house, kept by Samson Averal, a member of our Church, and thought they would be comfortable; but it turned out otherwise. In a short time, to get the worth of their money, and secure the comforts they needed, a house was rented, and they went to themselves. From and after that date, my wife never had the least idea of boarding, in preference to being mistress of her own house. Then came my five-months' tour in the West.

As much of my work on the district lay along the Ohio River, I went by boat as far down as Louisville, Kentucky. Wherever I had work, I would stop at the nearest point, get a horse or other conveyance, and go out; when my work was done, return to the river, and go on by boat to the next field of labor. Thus all that portion of the district bordering on the river in Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana was attended to. In all places, at the call of the people, I gave explanatory lectures on the subject of Church government. This I did because it was a maxim with me that the Methodist Protestant Church only existed to be despised, unless very good reasons could be shown for her existence. Every-where I found the public mind favorable to our principles, except in the old Church.

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Even among them we had many friends; but the Church-property question and a lack of competent ministers greatly retarded our progress. If the ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church favorable to reform had all come with us in the beginning, and if the people could have brought their Church property with them, our young brotherhood would have taken a higher position than it did. But, after all, as an experiment had to be made, to see whether an itinerant ministry and a lay delegation could operate favorably together, it was, no doubt, of Providence, that we opened out at first on a small scale. Our principles, now tested, may be of service to others. The old Church may profit by our example, *if she will.*

While in Indiana, I spent a few days in New Albany, with my brother, Edward Brown, whom I had not seen for eleven years. All his children were married, and resided in the same city. He and his wife and children were all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but were all liberal in their feelings toward the Methodist Protestant Church, to which a very considerable proportion of my relations belong. It is gratifying to me that so many of my kindred have taken the side of ecclesiastical freedom, and that most of my race sustain Church relations somewhere. Very few of the extensive family connection to which I belong were Roman Catholics or Calvinists: free government and free grace suited them best.

On my return up the river, about the middle of May, I bought a horse, saddle, and bridle in Cincinnati, as my work now lay in the interior of the state of Ohio, and I had outstanding appointments until the last week in July. God had given me a fine constitution, yet the labors cut out for me by the preachers was rather beyond my strength. Each superintendent would meet me with an appointment on the frontier of his circuit, and preach me on from place to place, until I came to some central point, where the principal meeting was held. When that was over, and the usual lecture on Church government delivered, I went out of the circuit as I came in, preaching all the way. This was the course adopted on most of the circuits, and it proved a great trial on my physical energies.

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Having finished my Western tour, I reached home, in Pittsburgh, in safety, much worn down with my toils, and found my family in comfortable health. After an absence of so many months, all the time among strangers, I felt it pleasant to be once more at home with my family and friends. After a little time for rest and refreshment, I went with brothers Shinn and Avery to a camp-meeting, near Connellsville, Pennsylvania. It was a meeting of great religious interest; many sinners were converted to God, and about one hundred were added to the Church. O that I could, before I die, enjoy such another camp-meeting! Both preachers and people were baptized with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and the glory of God filled all the woods. Not only on the camp-ground, but all through that splendid forest, the voice of prayer went up to the Father of Mercies, and sinners were found seeking salvation. Immediately after the above meeting, I attended, in company with a few friends, an exceedingly valuable camp-meeting on the Youngstown Circuit, and another on the Mount Pleasant Circuit, of no less value to the Church. So ended my first year in the presidency, and preparations were then made for the approaching Conference.

On the 18th day of September, 1832, the Ohio Conference met in Pittsburgh. We had fifty-one itinerant preachers, and seven thousand, seven hundred and fourteen members. The increase during the preceding year was two thousand, one hundred and sixty-three. I was again elected President. This, to me, was a great trial, for I now knew, by one year's experience, the privations and toils of presidential life. Yet, as it was the will of the Conference, I submitted to the lot assigned me. To me it was a matter of joy that the people, through their delegates, as well as the preachers, had a voice in my election, and I felt it a pleasure, notwithstanding the trials, to serve in freedom's holy cause. The Conference made a very favorable impression on the citizens of Pittsburgh, and our own preachers, on receiving their appointments, went forth full of hope to the labors of another year.

My family were left to move to Wheeling, without my assist-

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ance, while I went, under instructions from the Conference, with brother Sylvester Dunham as traveling companion, to the neighborhood of Cleveland, to attend a Conference of the Reform Methodists. These brethren had, in writing, expressed a wish to be received into the fellowship of the Methodist Protestant Church, and I was commissioned to attend their Conference—which met a few days after the adjournment of ours—and if, in my judgment, their views of Scripture doctrine, morality, and ecclesiastical economy were in accordance with our own, to receive them into our branch of the Christian Church. The case of these Reform Methodist brethren was carefully examined into for about three days, during which time I conversed freely with all their leading men, preached among them, and, by request, delivered them a lecture on Church government, explaining our principles as fully as possible, in view of giving them a perfect understanding of what might be gained or lost if they came into our fellowship. Finally, a resolution was passed by their Conference, declaring themselves ready to adopt our constitution and discipline. By this time, public attention was waked up to what was about to transpire, the crowd was great, and, for the accommodation of the people, the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church offered us the use of their house, very much to the grief of the preacher in charge, who happened to be absent when the deed was done. Early in the evening, the house was crowded. The members of the Conference were all up near the altar, in a body, so as to act together. My first work was to preach them a sermon on the constituent principles and advantages of a Christian fellowship. This being done, the constitution and some of the more important portions of the discipline were read and adopted by the Conference, with great unanimity. It was then agreed that the appointments made by that body should stand for one year; that the action then taken should be laid before their societies for ratification, and that all their itinerant preachers, with their delegates, should attend our next Annual Conference; and so ended the chapter in relation to these brethren. In this transaction we gained several useful

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itinerant preachers and about three hundred members. There were about twenty-two members of Conference, ministers and lay delegates. Nearly all of them have since passed away to another world.

During the foregoing exercises, Rev. Mr. Janes, the preacher in charge, who had been sitting back in the congregation, came into the pulpit. He asked if we were through with our business. I replied that we were. He told us he had something to say. He then called in question the truth of the statements contained in the preface of our discipline, pronounced the fundamental principles of our Church government false; said we slandered both the living and the dead, and gave us a most bitter overhauling. Brother Dunham, being a very sagacious lawyer, took up all his points, and replied at considerable length, in a very respectful and courteous manner. This did not satisfy the gentleman. He returned to the charge with increased bitterness, called Dunham a "monkey," and sometimes referred to him (he being a little bald) as the "man that had no hair on his head." It was then growing late, but I asked to be heard by the assembly a little while. All shouted for me to "go on." So I told the people I should sustain all I had to say by books published at the gentleman's own book-room, No. 14 Crosby Street, New York, which books I had with me, and was, therefore, ready for all such cases as we had now on hand. Then, with all my might, for about forty minutes, I carried the war into the camp of the enemy, bringing up before that audience all the objectionable features in the ecclesiastical economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as contained in their discipline, proving them to be wrong in the light of the New Testament, in the light of Mosheim's Church History, and in the light of the American Bill of Rights, under which the battles of the Revolution were fought and won. When I sat down, Mr. Janes arose to speak again; but the people started from their seats and left the house, complaining, as they went, that he had mistreated the strangers, who had given him no cause of offense. Whether men are Christians or not, they

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generally know how Christians ought to behave. A man of rudeness of manner and language will always injure his cause in public estimation, be it good, bad, or indifferent.

Leaving brother Dunham with our newly-adopted brethren, to attend their principal ratification meetings, and to meet me again at New Lisbon, to assist in holding a two-days' meeting, I visited several points on the Western Reserve, to open the way for our cause in that part of Ohio. It was my plan, in all places, first to preach to the people a Gospel sermon, without reference to the ecclesiastical controversy; and then, if they desired it, a lecture was given on the subject of Church government. These lectures were, generally speaking, well received. I deemed it best not to organize societies where it was impracticable to supply them with preaching; yet, in several places, I found it difficult to avoid allying the people to the Methodist Protestant Church, whose ecclesiastical economy so fully met their approbation. When I met brother Dunham, at New Lisbon, he reported the Reform Methodist societies all satisfied with their new relation, and we then proceeded with our two-days' meeting. It was well attended, and resulted in good to our small Church in that place. After that meeting, brother Dunham and I separated. He returned to his family in Beaver, and I went to mine in Wheeling, where I found them in good health, and comfortably situated in the midst of kind, Christian friends, with brother Ragan for their pastor, who appeared to be doing good service among his people.

After making the necessary preparation for the wants of my family during the approaching winter, I again visited all parts in Western Virginia and Western Pennsylvania, and found the cause of Christ—or rather the Methodist Protestant department of it—as a general thing, in a prosperous condition. Wherever we had faithful, self-sacrificing, pious laborers in the vineyard, there we had prosperity. Wherever we had, through any mistake, employed a ministerial drone, there we failed, and the work went down. Faithful, intelligent ministers, full of the constraining love of Christ and of souls, I have always found enlarging their work, getting into new fields, and unfurling the banner of

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the Cross wherever there was an opening. But an indolent, ease-loving preacher will soon, if the Quarterly Conference will allow him, narrow down his work to nothing. I returned to my family about the last of December, and was employed during the winter in visiting those parts of the work nearest to Wheeling, and in rendering what assistance I could to brother Ragan, in advancing the cause in that city.

Early in the spring, I sat out on a tour through the interior of Ohio, with brother James McHenry, of Pittsburgh, for my traveling companion. My plan of work was so arranged as to keep me absent from home until after Conference in September, but my family were to meet me in Cincinnati the first Sunday in June. I found McHenry to be pious, intelligent, and a great reader of books. Withal, he was very forgetful of his books and articles of clothing. Once he forgot his saddle-bags, at a public house where he dined, nor did he miss them until we had traveled fifteen miles. We were then near the place of my meeting, and it took James all next day—Saturday—to go after his saddle-bags and return. Edward Holmes tells a good joke about James's bewildering abstractions. When on his way from Pittsburgh to join me in Steubenville, to make the tour through Ohio, he stopped at Briceland's Cross-roads, to rest a few moments. Hitching his horse to the sign-post, he went into the public house, laid aside his cloak and hat, and lighted a cigar. While he sat smoking, the thought of the twelve miles he had yet to go came into his mind. He looked at his watch and found it was late. "Bless me!" said he, "I shall be in the night." Forgetting his hat, but throwing on his cloak, out he went, in haste, to be off for Steubenville. He forgot to unhitch his horse, but mounted from the wrong side, with his face to the tail, and giving the horse a cut with the whip, the frightened animal bounded up against the sign-post, amid the laughter of all the spectators. Now, if Holmes has reported correctly, who upon earth that witnessed such a comical scene could have avoided laughter? Yet, after all this, McHenry could remember what he read. His mind was well stored with historical knowledge, carefully laid up in chronological order,

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and, considering his youth, he was a capital preacher. After traveling with me for several weeks, I gave him an appointment to assist brother W. H. Collins, on Paris Circuit, in Kentucky. He served a short time in the itinerant ranks, but having poor health, he returned to his friends. He now resides in Pittsburgh, where, for a number of years, he has been a valuable teacher in one of the public schools. I trust he will pardon me for relating the foregoing anecdote, as I hardly know how to leave it untold.

This was a great cholera year in various parts of our country. As already stated, when I reached Cincinnati, on the first of June, instead of meeting my family, according to arrangement, I received a letter calling me home to Wheeling, and stating that twenty-one deaths by cholera had occurred the day the letter was written, that Mrs. Brown's mother was one of the victims, and that my wife and her sister were both very dangerously ill. I immediately returned home, spent about two weeks among the sick, and then brought my family to Cincinnati, and left them in the care of my highly-esteemed friends, Moses Lyon and his good lady — both excellent members of our Church—until I completed the labors of the year in Indiana and Kentucky. In Illinois, some circuits at that time were being formed, but, owing to the great extent of the work in other regions, it was impossible for me to reach that distant field.

During this year my lectures on Church government were very frequent. I did not volunteer them, or force them on the people. As our Church was in her infancy, the people everywhere seemed desirous of knowing our ecclesiastical principles, what the difference was between our Church government and that of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and all the reasons of our independent existence as a Christian community among the Churches already established in our country. To my mind it was as clear as the daylight of heaven could make it, that, as sects were so numerous, the Methodist Protestant Church only existed to be despised, unless very good reason could be shown for her existence. Yet I deemed it safest to put the people

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between me and harm, by refusing to lecture unless they called for it. Most generally, where information was wanted on the questions at issue between the old Church and ours, some one would bring the matter before the public congregation at the close of service on Sunday morning, and, by a rising vote, call for a lecture. When this was done, the responsibility rested on the people, and they could not apologize to our angry opponents in the old Church, by saying the lecture was thrust on them without their consent. I have always found that lectures decently and respectfully delivered, by request of the people, on Church government, have been defended by the people.

At Zanesville, Rev. Joab W. Ragan got the Quarterly Conference, on Saturday, to call for a lecture. But I declined giving it, unless the Sunday congregation would call for it. The case came before the congregation, and a full house, by a rising vote, requested it to be delivered on the following Wednesday night. On Monday, I found that the contemplated lecture was causing considerable excitement among the members of the old Church. To intimidate me, I was informed, by one who professed to know, that three distinguished ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, D. Young, L. Hamline, and J. Trimble, intended a reply. I then and there expressed a wish to have them reply at the time of my lecture, or whenever it might suit them. On Wednesday night, my lecture was delivered to a crowded assembly, and I was told that Hamline and Trimble were present. It occupied two hours and ten minutes, covering the whole ground of controversy between the parties. I then mentioned the boast of the sheriff—an Episcopal Methodist—which I had heard of fifty miles off, that he would sell the meeting-house we were then in, for a debt that was on it of six hundred dollars; and returned thanks to the citizens for helping our brethren to pay that debt the week before, so that the relentless sheriff could not now get his rapacious hands on it. The anecdote of the wheels was told, to the great amusement of the assembly. In conclusion, I informed the audience that I had been very much gratified to learn that D. Young, L. Hamline, and J. Trimble stood pledged for a reply. I intended

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to have their points of opposition taken, and sent to me: if spared, I would return to Zanesville and review them.

The day following, I found that the contemplated reply was to be made in the Methodist Episcopal Church the next Monday evening, and that there was no small stir in town about my lecture. It had many friends and some very bitter enemies. As it was not possible for me to be present to hear the reply, I appointed two young gentlemen to attend and take notes *separately*, that from the two I might, with certainty, be able to review the reply of my opponents with *fairness* and *candor*. Monday evening came, and with it a crowded assembly at the appointed place. My two young friends were there to take notes. David Young was in the altar. The congregation, after waiting long, began to be impatient. Hamline and Trimble, who had been relied on for the reply, did not appear; and I was informed that there was much mirth and many speculations in the assembly as to the reasons of their absence. If these gentlemen did not appear, and no reply was made, the inevitable result would be, that Methodist Protestant stock would take a rise in the Zanesville market. Finally, David Young arose, went into the pulpit, and said, in his own peculiar way, with a nasal twang to all his utterances, "I believe our brethren have concluded to treat George Brown's lecture on Church government with silent contempt;" so, lifting up his hands, he said, "Let us look to God and be dismissed." When the benediction had been pronounced, the people went forth with laughter to their homes. After all, was not this "silent contempt" the better policy? To have attempted a reply and failed in argument, or to have supplied the place of argument with abuse, would have injured them and helped us, in that community, and these men had sense enough to know it; therefore, they honored me with their "silent contempt." To overthrow a lecture in favor of Christian liberty, founded on the Holy Scriptures, the American Bill of Rights, Mosheim's Church History, Lord King's Account of the Primitive Church, and other standard works, published at their own Book Concern in New York, these men had not the heart to undertake; so they treated me

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with "silent contempt," and the community laughed contemptuously at their cowardice.

The foregoing is the account of this ludicrous affair from my two young friends, whom I had appointed to take notes for me, to use when I returned to Zanesville that same week. Indeed, it was the general account. So, having nothing to review, I went on my way, with renewed confidence in the correctness of our principles.

I will here give another sample of ecclesiastical lecturing. Brother Forsha, in Preble County, Ohio, published an appointment, on his own responsibility, for me to deliver a lecture on Church government, in an orchard, and came fifteen miles after me to perform that service. So I turned aside eight or nine miles out of my regular course, to fill the appointment in the orchard. When I arrived, I found in waiting a very large assemblage of people. Among them were thirteen preachers, one of whom was Dr. Joseph Waterman, then in charge of the circuit in that vicinity. By request, I preached them a sermon. My text was Romans, chap. xiv, verse 12: "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Human responsibility to God was the theme. On it I spent one hour and ten minutes, without sparing my strength. Dr. Waterman, in closing the exercises, spoke very favorably of his old friend's discourse, pressing home its principles and duties upon the audience with a most emphatic exhortation. I then stated to the people that I had come to lecture on Church government, but had been drawn into preaching a sermon, contrary to my expectations, and must now dismiss them, get a little refreshment, and go on my way. Against this there was a general backing of ears—an indication of dissatisfaction. I told them that through the heat I had traveled fifteen miles, had preached with all my strength for more than an hour, and was hungry, and not in a good physical condition to do justice to my cause. But these people would take no denial—a lecture they must have. A Methodist Episcopal local preacher moved that "Mr. Brown proceed at once to deliver a lecture to that assembly;" a Baptist minister seconded the motion, and brother W. W.

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Paul, of our Church, put the question, calling for a rising vote. Every soul in that assembly arose but Dr. Waterman. He wanted the lecture, but pitied me in my fatigued condition, so he remained on his seat, and laughed heartily at the enthusiastic zeal of those around him.

Being thus pressed into service, under circumstances so unfavorable to success, I asked for a few moments' rest, that I might cool off, get out my books, and make my arrangements. This being done, all my strength and freshness seemed to have returned to me, and I had full command of all my powers. Then, for about two hours and a quarter, with all my might, I gave them that lecture on Church government. All the authorities I used, save the Bible, were from the Methodist Episcopal Book-room in New York. I aimed to cover the whole ground of the controversy, to give hard arguments in mild language, knowing that harshness might offend, but would not convince. Toward the close, I glanced at the millenial glory of the Church in the light of prophesy, when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea; when there shall be nothing left to hurt or harm in all God's holy mountain; when the progressive reign of the Son of God shall have put his enemies under his feet—shall have put down all adverse "rule, authority, and power," in Church and State, throughout the world. I then asked the question, Can such an ecclesiastical government as that of the Methodist Episcopal Church live in that glorious day? In the full blaze and glory of that millenial day, can a Church government exist in which the itinerant clergy have all the legislative, judicial, and executive power, and the people none? From all parts of the assembly the answer came, "No, no, no!" Will not all civil, ecclesiastic, and domestic slavery be done away? The answer was, "Yes, yes, yes!" Does it not seem likely that in the millenial era, our doctrine of mutual rights, under the light of heaven, will be very popular, and fill the world? Again the answer was, "Yes, yes, yes!" So my lecture closed in something like a camp-meeting excitement.

Dr. Waterman then arose and expressed his approbation of

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the lecture. He said my quotations from the authorities I had used were all undeniably fair, and that my lecture had been mild and respectful. If at any time, in the hurry of speaking, a harsh word had been used, I had always recalled it, and substituted a milder one in its place. "But," said he, "I think I can fairly draw other conclusions from my old friend's historic facts and premises." The Doctor then gave out for himself an appointment to lecture on Church government, at their meeting-house, in three weeks from that time. He named the four propositions he intended to sustain. (I have forgotten them.) Then beginning at the first, he said: "This first proposition I mean to sustain from the writings of the early Christian fathers." A lusty, shrill-voiced Baptist minister, piping hot with enthusiastic zeal, called out to him, "You had better sustain it from the Holy Scriptures." The Doctor was startled at the loud, half-screaming demand, and threw up his hand as if to fend off a blow. After a moment's pause, he said again, "This first proposition I mean to sustain from the early Christian fathers." Then came the shrill scream of the Baptist preacher, more piercing than before, "You had better sustain it from the Holy Scriptures." The Doctor, being unable to state how he would sustain his propositions without that kind of screaming interruption, gave the matter up in despair.

I then proposed to the Doctor to give us his lecture then; he had heard me, and I wanted to hear him; but he declined, saying the day was far spent, and the people were weary. I told him I should, if spared, be in Louisville, Kentucky, the Sunday after his lecture, and then appointed two young lawyers to be present, take notes, and send them to me, and if there were any material contradictions of my statements and arguments, I would return and defend my lecture. When the day came, there was, as my two friends informed me, an immense gathering of the people, but the Doctor did not appear. He had thought better of the matter. He spent the latter part of his life an active itinerant in the Ohio Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church. He was a man of splendid intellect, deep piety, and great moral worth.

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I give these cases as samples of my struggles in the origin of our cause in the West. Others wrote more than I did, but I met the opposition on the stump, throughout the West. I had to perform this labor to save our cause. These lectures made the public acquainted with the ecclesiastical principles of the two Churches, and gave us sympathy and defense in all places where they were delivered. All our preachers, even down to the present day, and in all time to come, should be thoroughly acquainted with the principles of our ecclesiastical economy. Wherever the people need information, or our cause needs defense, lectures should be given. Would the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1864, ever have hinted to their members that they may have lay delegation if they want it, if the Methodist Protestant Church, by her present existence and past discussions, had not, like John the Baptist, gone before in this matter, to prepare the way of the Lord? Many mountains have been pulled down, valleys filled up, the crooked made straight, and rough places even, by the founders of the Methodist Protestant Church. Let no man stand on their shoulders and undervalue their labors.

The fifth Annual Conference of the Ohio District was held in Cincinnati, in September, 1833. We then had fifty-eight itinerant ministers, one hundred and fifty unstationed ministers and preachers, and ten thousand three hundred and forty-eight members in the district. At that Conference the Pittsburgh District was set off; Rev. A. Shinn was its President, and I was continued in the presidency on the Ohio District. This third year in the presidency involved a great struggle in my mind. The two preceding years had been hard on my physical energies, and hard on my family. I had been thrown upon my own scanty means for full half of my support. They desired my services in Wheeling, and gave a pledge of an ample supply of all my wants. To accept of the presidency necessitated a removal from Wheeling, where I had my family comfortably situated, to Xenia, Ohio, and an additional exhaustion of my own means, which I could not conveniently afford. But, upon reflection, for the sake of good example, and remembering that I

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and all I had upon earth belonged to the Lord, I made up my mind to take the appointment. I had no sooner done this than an effort was made by William Disney, in Cincinnati, and all the money raised to bear the expenses of my removal. Many a time have our Cincinnati brethren helped the poor preachers, and encouraged them onward in their itinerant toils. The Conference was, as usual, well sustained in that city, and made a fine impression on the public mind. The preachers all went forth to their appointed work full of hope, and we all felt our new Church relations to be very comfortable. To spread religion and all kinds of freedom proper to man is a glorious work. *Christianity in chains is a melancholy sight.*

When Conference was over, my wife and I traveled in company with brothers A. Shinn, W. Garrard, and their wives, as far as Wheeling. There we stopped to prepare for a removal, and our agreeable companions went on to Pittsburgh. When we parted, brother Garrard, who had paid our expenses all the way, refused to have the money refunded, and generously gave me twenty dollars in addition, saying, "You will, no doubt, have need of it out in the West." Such instances of kindness deserve to be recorded. Many a time God hath sent me help in time of need, by the hands of his servants, and even wicked men have sometimes been my benefactors. Such is the goodness of God.

In due time we effected our removal to Xenia, where all were strangers; yet, we soon found friends, among whom no one proved to be a better friend than Rev. James Towler, who carefully and constantly attended to the wants of my family, supplying them, when I was out on the district, with all the necessaries of life. He who travels as extensively as I did, needs a James Towler near his family, to watch over their interests with fatherly kindness. This brother had induced me to locate my family in Xenia, under certain promises, and he made all his promises good. He was a noble-hearted, Christian gentleman. Happy in his life, triumphant in his death, he now rests in heaven.

This was to me a year of more than ordinary toil. The au-

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tumn, the winter, and until the middle of April, were spent in visiting the circuits and stations in Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. Then came the General Conference in Georgetown, D. C. In going to that Conference I took my family with me to Wheeling, and left them to visit among our friends, until my return. Then, taking the venerable N. Snethen, who came by steamboat from Louisville, into my carriage, I proceeded across the mountains, to the seat of the Conference. What man upon earth ever had a more agreeable traveling companion! He had great hoards and stores of information on all subjects that could come within the range of the conversation of travelers. His temper was cast into the mold of heavenly mildness. His logical and philosophical powers were of the highest order; and for richness of instructive and amusing anecdote, he could not be surpassed. The General Conference elected Mr. Snethen its President. A better choice for that office could not have been made. However, one afternoon the members were greatly amused to find their President fast asleep in the chair. Perhaps this was owing to one of those good dinners for which Georgetown was so famous. The business of that General Conference was transacted in great harmony, and we all returned to our homes, full of hope of final success in our ecclesiastical enterprise. For a traveling companion, on my return to the West, I had my good friend Rev. Saul Henkle, of Springfield, Ohio, until I came to Washington, Pennsylvania, where I met my family, with whom I made a brief visit to Pittsburgh and Steubenville, and so returned to Xenia.

After spending June and July in the Ohio part of the work, I took Daniel H. Horne, jr., a youth of eighteen years of age, into my carriage as a traveling companion, and set out on a tour of about eight weeks and nearly eleven hundred miles of travel through Indiana and Illinois. We attended two camp-meetings in Indiana and three in Illinois—all very successful. Beside these, I met all my other appointments in the West, preaching the Gospel of Christ, and lecturing on Church government wherever I went. Rev. W. H. Collins and wife fell in with us in Indiana, and were with us in all our travels, and

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at all our meetings, until Daniel and I turned for home. At one of the camp-meetings in Indiana, held on a Presbyterian camp-ground, an elder of that Church gave me a very curious account of a way to comfort mourners. He said that the year before, at their meeting on the same ground, they had powerful preaching. Many were awakened under the Word, and cried to God for mercy. Others fell to the ground, and lay there in deep distress, asking, in the language of the jailor, "What must I do to be saved?" With them no conversation, singing, or praying was allowed by the preachers, lest their cases should be made worse. But from the well near at hand pitchers of water were brought and poured on them, to relieve them of their distress. *Cold comfort this!* Presbyterians now understand the work of God better.

Besides the enjoyment I had in preaching the Gospel among my brethren of the ministry and membership of the Church, and in witnessing the conversion of sinners and the advancement of our cause in the West, I was greatly delighted with the splendor of the prairies in that region. Sometimes we were quite out of sight of timber; the blue sky came down to the green grass all around us. As there had been no rain for several weeks, the boundless view, the dust, and the heat hurt my eyes, and ever since that tour I have had to use spectacles. I have often thought of moving to Illinois, but finally concluded that mine was an upland constitution, and that I had better remain somewhere near the mountains, to drink the pure water and breathe the free air of a higher region. The splendor and glory of a country are nothing when weighed in the balance with good health.

During my first two years in the presidency, my traveling was nearly all on horseback, of which, at that time, I was very fond, and I rode down three horses each year. The third year I wore out two in the service. After my return from the General Conference I went my great Western tour in a carriage. By this mode of traveling, a horse would last longer. None of my horses died on my hands: when they could serve me no longer, I exchanged them for others—generally at great sacri-

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fice—and went on my way. My horses cost the Church nothing; all this expense fell on myself. In the incipiency of our Church operations, we had no regularly digested financial system: as a consequence of this, I was very poorly paid. Each year, according to financial reports now in my possession, my income from the Church was about one hundred and sixty-two dollars. But to establish and build up the Methodist Protestant Church was my object, and if what I received, together with my own scanty means, would keep me going, I determined to go on in the service of the Church. I performed hard labor, with poor pay, in a good cause, and have left it for all after-grumblers to quit the itinerant field because they could not grow rich by preaching the Gospel. I freely own that the high constitutional principle of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ is: "They who preach the Gospel shall live of the Gospel;" but there have been times, and there may yet be times, when, pay or no pay, the work of the Lord must be done, if a man's own means, added to the salary afforded by the Church, will enable him to do it. In such a day I have lived, and, to the best of my ability, I have discharged my high obligations. Three years of such constant absence from my family, together with the incessant toils of travel, preaching, lecturing, writing letters, and attending love-feasts, quarterly conferences, etc., made a deep impression on my physical constitution, and a more local sphere of action became desirable. To avoid a removal and oblige kind friends, Xenia was the place in which I wished, if the Conference would so appoint, to labor the ensuing year.

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CHAPTER XIII.

REMOVAL TO CINCINNATI—AN OPINION ON ECCLESIASTICAL LAW—SECOND YEAR IN CINCINNATI—GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—ANECDOTE OF REV. N. SNETHEN AND REV. W. BURKE—ELECTION OF BISHOP MORRIS—TRANSFER TO THE PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE.

THE Ohio Annual Conference held its sixth session in Louisville, Kentucky. On my return from the West, Daniel Horne and I rested a few days with my brother Edward in New Albany, Indiana, and then went on to the Conference. I was appointed to the Cincinnati Station, with Rev. Josiah Denham, late of the Baptist Church, for my assistant. He was from England—a man of extensive learning, a capital preacher, and a real Christian gentleman. Yet, after all, I would rather have gone to Xenia, to avoid a removal of my family, to oblige beloved Christian friends, who had pledged themselves for my support, and to gain a little retirement from the great, busy world, that I might pursue my studies. I had been so long away from my books that I greatly desired to return to them.

This was, all things considered, a pleasant Conference, and made a good impression on the community. Yet, some parts of the official action gave me pain; but I cast the mantle of charity over them, and will not write them, as it sometimes happens that excited official bodies may do wrong, yet really think themselves right. My wife met me at the Conference, reported all well at home, and when the session closed we spent about a week in New Albany, at the house of my brother, and then returned home to prepare for a removal to Cincinnati. We sent our household goods to Dayton, to go by canal, but the family went by carriage, with our two little children

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singing all the way. Our first night in Cincinnati was spent with my old friend Moses Lyon; but the next, our goods having come, was spent in our own house. My first work in that station, besides preaching and attending other meetings, was to pay a pastoral visit to all the members of the Church. Meantime, occasional calls were made by the sisters to see my family; but we were in Cincinnati two full months before a single soul ever invited us out to eat dinner, or take tea, or any such thing. At our house we had social hearts, but in that city we seemed likely to have no social intercourse, and began to feel that the change from Xenia to Cincinnati was an unhappy one for us. This thing led to many speculations in our minds, all of them resulting in our discomfort. One evening, at Wm. Hart's shoe-store—a kind of head-quarters, where the brethren met to talk over matters—I was asked, by Moses Lyon, how I liked Cincinnati. I said, "That is a very plain question, and I must give it a plain answer. I am not comfortable here; we are kept at arm's length, cut off from all social intercourse with our people, save in the religious meetings, and have not been invited to break bread with a single family since we have been here, which is now about two full months." There was then a brief pause. Some one said the thing was utterly and shamefully wrong, and he wondered at it, for it did not look much like Cincinnati. Another said he supposed each one thought all the rest of the brethren were inviting us to their houses for social entertainment, and it would soon come his turn; but it appeared all had neglected it, to the great discomfort of the pastor and his family, whose feelings all felt sacredly bound to respect. Moses Lyon then drew himself up to his full height, and giving me rather a quizzical look, said: "You and your family may now prepare yourselves; I'll go bail that you will soon have as much good eating among our people as you are able to do." Here the matter ended; we all went to our homes, and I soon had invitations enough, and more than enough. As it was once said of Henry Clay eating his way through Virginia, so it might be said of me; I was kept going until I had about eaten my way through our Church

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in Cincinnati. A more social-hearted, kind, benevolent, Christian people I have never served, since I have been in the Gospel ministry, than I found in the Methodist Protestant Church in Cincinnati. They proved their faith and Christian love by their works, as my family still very affectionately remember. Their liberality is known to all the Churches.

My conjectures, during the two months of probation before we were fully admitted into society, were about the following: Probation is a law that runs throughout all animal nature, from the least to the greatest. If a duck, a goose, a chicken, a pig, a cow, or horse happened to get among strangers of the same species, he is looked upon with suspicion, as an intruder that has no business there. In nine cases out of ten they make war upon him, and he has to undergo something of a probation before he is admitted into full fellowship, and can quietly go to feeding in the pasture along with the rest. This is the law among animals, and in many new cities it obtains among men, where strangers do not bring introductory letters upon which to claim recognition at once. Cincinnati was a new city, of sudden growth, full of strangers, but few of whom knew their next-door neighbors. As many of these persons were not, upon trial, found to be of the right kind, the older inhabitants grew cautious, put all strangers on probation, and only took them into society when, after due trial, they were found worthy. With this conjecture on my mind, I felt it painful to be regarded as a suspicious stranger, compelled to stand out a probation before I could have social intercourse with a people who knew me to be an accredited minister of Jesus Christ, and had sought my services as a pastor. But there was no such idea among them. Each thought the others were inviting us to the socialities of their families, and all intended to do it in due time. The moral conclusion of the whole matter is this: Preachers should not be hasty in judging their people for apparent neglects; and the people, immediately on their pastor's arrival among them, should make haste to show themselves kind. This will promote the happiness of all parties, and secure the greatest amount of usefulness.

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Those of our members in Cincinnati who came out from the Methodist Episcopal Church—some by expulsion for their principles, others by withdrawal on the same grounds—were Christians of the highest order of intelligence, piety, and unflinching firmness of character. The new additions were, in the main, equally respectable. The wants of such a Church, scattered, as it was, all through the city and out into the country, gave my colleague and myself full employment. The leaders' meeting and the Quarterly Conference were strong, intelligent official bodies, and the whole Church at that time was in a growing, healthy condition. To make my pulpit labors as valuable as possible, the forenoon of each day in the week, so far as practicable, and the whole of Saturday, were sacredly devoted to study, in the full faith that no man can teach such a people as were committed to my care, who is not himself a constant learner. Paul's advice to Timothy seemed especially applicable to me: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." The sermon that cost me neither mental labor nor prayer I generally found to be of little or no advantage to the people. Yet, after all, what God gave me, as if by immediate inspiration while preaching, and which I had never thought of in my study, often appeared to be most productive of good. To study hard and pray much, in pulpit preparations, is certainly right; then, if a man is not confined to a manuscript, as a mere reader, God, by expanding the mind and firing the heart, will often make glorious additions, speaking for Himself, through an organ of clay, directly to the people. Men may call this enthusiasm—I do not; it must be as I have said, if Christ, according to his promise, is with his ministers always, even unto the end of the world. With the mere reader of sermons, who strictly confines himself to the manuscript before him, written out in his study, all after-thoughts and sudden promptings of the heart by the Holy Spirit are cut off. Let preachers have their well-digested plans, if they will. These, too, may be before them in the pulpit, if necessary, as mere landmarks; but let the inventive mind clothe this skeleton with flesh and blood

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and skin, and glowing colors, as the impassioned mind marches through the subject, gathering inspiration, as it goes, from the nature of the theme, the state of the congregation, and the Spirit of God.

All things considered, I had a happy year in Cincinnati. In connection with the Cincinnati Circuit, we had a very profitable camp-meeting, which brought our Church a considerable increase of members. At home, in the city, there was quite a revival. God owned our labors; much good was done in the name of the Lord. I was, however, destined to have some trouble, even among very kind friends. While in the chair of the Quarterly Conference, I was appealed to for an opinion on the proper course of bringing private, unofficial members of the Church to trial. On that occasion I read to the brethren the law of the Church on that subject. It is as follows: "It shall be the duty of each leader in stations to report to the leaders' meeting all cases of transgression and disobedience in the members of his class which he believes may require the exercise of discipline. The leaders' meeting shall then appoint a committee of three, to examine whether the case requires a judicial process; and if they find it does, the chairman of said committee shall have it prosecuted according to the provisions of the discipline." This law, I told the brethren of the Conference, contained the only plan in our economy for the origination of the trial of private, unofficial members of the Methodist Protestant Church in stations. All complaints must come by the leader to the leaders' meeting. The leaders' meeting has in the case no discretionary power—"they shall appoint a committee of three," having grand-jury powers, to find a bill of charges, if there be any, against the accused. If no bill is found, the accused goes free, and there the matter ends. But if a bill is found, the chairman of the committee is held as prosecutor in behalf of the Church, against the accused, and all the angry passions of the accuser are hereby shut out from perplexing the trial. Official members, when accused, are referred for trial to the proper authorities, by the Quarterly Conference.

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This opinion was well received by the body, and we acted on it throughout the year. But when the President of the Conference, a young, inexperienced man, came to the city, he held the doctrine, I was told, that under our economy every man had a right to bring his own charges, without reference to the leader or leaders' meeting, or the grand-jury committee, and prosecute the case himself—thus superseding the Church's prosecutor. In this way a small party was formed against my administration. One zealous brother, signing himself "A Lumber Merchant," wrote against my opinion, in the Church paper published in Baltimore. An editorial, by brother Shinn, appeared, favoring the views of this writer. I wrote a reply to "A Lumber Merchant" and the editor, but deemed it best, after all, not to publish it, lest I should stir up strife. Two of my opponents were elected delegates to the Annual Conference in Madison, Indiana, with instructions to bring me back a second year to the Cincinnati Station. They and I agreed to submit the matter at issue between us to the Conference, for its judgment in the case. After the parties were heard, the Conference, by an overwhelming majority, confirmed my opinion as correct. The two delegates, thus foiled, were not satisfied. Toward the close of the session, when I was out on the stationing committee, they got the Conference to reconsider the matter, and lay it on the table. But that was the last of it. During my second year I heard no more of their objections to my opinion on ecclesiastical law. When brother Shinn, the editor who had favored their views, returned to Cincinnati, and read my unpublished reply to "A Lumber Merchant," and to his own editorial, he gave it as his deliberate judgment that my opinion, given in the Quarterly Conference, on ecclesiastical law, was right; and expressed his astonishment that he and "A Lumber Merchant," with the law of the Church in their hands, should ever have thought otherwise. He did not stop there, for, as I have been credibly informed, he carried my opinion of the law into practical effect, when superintendent of the Cincinnati Station, the following year.

During my second year in that city, we had another glorious

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camp-meeting, in connection with the Cincinnati Circuit. It was held on the land of Mrs. Hargrave, whose mother was at that time one hundred and six years of age! She was tall, straight, slender, and active—walked, every day of the meeting, from the house to the camp, a distance of at least a quarter of a mile. Such cases of activity, at such an advanced period of life, are very remarkable. This old lady was, according to information, a very exemplary Christian, and exceedingly fond of class-meetings. In this connection, another case of longevity, still more remarkable, may be given. Andrew Whittier, near Cambridge, Ohio, was one hundred and twenty-five years old when he died. He lived a bachelor one hundred years, and then married a widow, who was a member of the Methodist Protestant Church. In ten years she died, and then the old gentleman lived a widower fifteen years. All through life he had been temperate and industrious, a man of fine health and good moral character. Not long before his death, he went out into the harvest-field and reaped, bound, and shocked one dozen sheaves of wheat, then said his work on earth was done. He returned to the house, took to his bed, and, after lingering a short time, passed away to the eternal world. The disease of which he died was old age; *the clock of life had simply run down.* This account I had from Mr. Whittier's neighbors, and have since seen it in the public papers.

The above-mentioned camp-meeting was followed by a gracious revival of religion in Cincinnati Station. A goodly number of sinners were converted and added to the Church. As we protracted the meeting night after night, a case occurred which gave me much pain. A young gentleman, apparently in great earnest for the salvation of his soul, came to the altar of prayer every night, for about one week. The agony of his mind was great; the crushing load upon his panting, praying heart seemed to be wearing down his health. The friends of the Saviour took a deep interest in his case; but all the prayers and counsels of the people of God seemed to avail nothing in his behalf. At last, lifting up his head, he beckoned me to him, and said, in my ear, "There is a difficulty between my

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brother, who sits back by the door, and myself. We have not spoken to each other for three years, and unless a reconciliation can be effected, I shall be lost. Will you please bring him to me?" I went to the person designated, and said, "Your brother at the altar has sent me to request you to come to him." In an angry tone, and with a bitter oath, that hard-hearted man repulsed me, and refused to go. Finding that no entreaties would move him, I returned to the altar, and, in the mildest way I could, reported to the penitent sinner that his brother declined coming. Upon hearing this, he arose, left the house, went to the river, and took a boat for Louisville. That night the boat was burned, and the young man perished in the flames. How sad my heart felt when I heard of his death! His unnatural brother treated him harshly, yet he desired a reconciliation. May it not be that he ultimately found mercy with the Lord?

It was in the month of May of this year that the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in Cincinnati. Rev. T. M. Hudson, my brother-in-law, and member of the Conference, together with his family, made their home at my house. At that time the ill-feelings which had grown out of the old controversy began to abate. Our pulpit was occupied by the preachers of the Conference. Many of my old friends in the ministry, who were members of that body, visited me in a very friendly, social manner, and partook with me, at my table, of the bounties of God's providence. Bishops Roberts, Hedding, and Waugh all honored me with a visit, ate at my table, prayed in my family, and prayed for my Church. All this kindness of former friends was like healing balm to a wounded heart. Yet it made no change in principle. Ministerial rule in the Methodist Episcopal Church was to me still as objectionable as ever, and the right of the people to a free representation I still held to be as good in the Church as it was in the State. But, in my heart, I felt bound to love my old friends, while I believed them in error on the subject of Church government.

I will not attempt to write all my recollections of that Gen-

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eral Conference. The following anecdote concerning Rev. N. Snethen and Rev. W. Burke is too good to be lost. These venerable brethren had once been pioneer laborers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, but now neither of them belonged to it. They were both large, fleshy men, of about the same size, age, and general appearance; each had on him a venerable gray head, which was indeed to him a crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness. Though so much alike in personal appearance, there was a great dissimilarity in their voices. The voice of Burke was coarse, harsh, broken, and husky. Snethen's voice was as clear, smooth, and oily in its tones as the sound of a silver trumpet. These aged brethren were in daily attendance on the doings of the General Conference. One morning they had taken their seats together just outside of the bar, to hear Rev. Orange Scott deliver his great abolition argument. Somehow, they forgot themselves, and entered into conversation about old times.

"Altered times," said Snethen to Burke, "since you and I used to go to General Conference;" and in his clear, silvery tones, he added, "These brethren all look like they were well paid, well fed, and well clad; times have very much changed." "Then," Burke replied, in his coarse, harsh, and husky tones, "I recollect, in the early days of Methodism, that I went one day into Nashville, with a blanket-coat on me, to preach in the market-house. It was not a blanket-coat either: it was a blanket with a hole cut through the middle of it, and my head poked through the hole, and it was tied round my middle with a tow string. In that kind of garb I preached to the people." Then Snethen's silvery tones rung out, louder far than he was aware of: "I recollect," said he, "when I traveled up North, on the Kennebec River, that I was clad in a kind of stuff like the common Kentucky jeans. My clothes were all threadbare, and my breeches were broken at the knees. I had not a dollar in the world, and I was in a peck of trouble. Where or how to get new clothes I could not tell. I went home to my lodgings, took off my clothes, went to bed, and dreamed that *I had no breeches at all!*"

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All this time the two old men kept their heads down behind the back of the seat in front of them. But this private conversation was generally heard; it arrested debate. Orange Scott paused, turned, looked, and smiled. The Bishop in the chair looked and smiled. All eyes were turned to Snethen and Burke, and, for a short time, the Conference was very much amused. Yet the two venerable men were not aware, at the time, that they had given amusement to any one. Mr. Snethen, who was stopping with me, laughed heartily when I told the company at the dinner-table what had occurred in the General Conference that day. He said it was not the first time his voice had betrayed him.

I was present in the General Conference when that body elected their Bishops. Wilber Fisk and Beverly Waugh were elected without much difficulty. But they wanted another. John Davis, of the Baltimore Conference, Thomas A. Morris, of the Ohio Conference, and William Capers, of the South Carolina Conference, were in nomination. After a number of ballotings it became apparent that Capers, the Southern slaveholder, was fast gaining ground, and that unless either Davis or Morris were withdrawn, he would be elected. To elect a slaveholder to Episcopal office did not exactly suit the tastes and principles of most of the Northern members, so they laid the matter over until the next day. That night they held a meeting to consider what was to be done. Either Davis or Morris must be dropped, so as to concentrate the Northern vote wholly on one man, or Capers would be elected. But the main question was, which of the two should they drop? Each candidate had his warm friends, and those friends, on each side, greatly desired the election of their candidate. These brethren were very much puzzled; but, sooner than let a slaveholder be elected, they mutually agreed to refer the matter to me. I had served in the Baltimore Conference, of which Davis was a member, and was well acquainted with him. I had lived about two years in Cincinnati, the home of Morris, and had, by information in relation to him, been very favorably impressed with his character. All this was known to some who were present at

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the meeting, and will account for the desire of the parties to have my opinion.

Before breakfast the next morning, Rev. David Steele, of the Baltimore delegation, an old friend of mine, with two other members of the General Conference, came as a deputation from the meeting, and desired a private interview with me. They informed me of the election of Fisk and Waugh the preceding day; that the Southern members were running Capers; that the votes of the delegates from the Northern Conferences were divided between Davis and Morris, and that unless they withdrew one of their candidates* and concentrated their whole force on the other, Capers, the slaveholder, would certainly be elected, and this would be a calamity to the Church. They said to me, "You are not now a minister in our Church; you are not, therefore, interested in this affair as we are; you are in a favorable position to give us a candid opinion in this difficult matter, and the parties have agreed that, as you know both the men, your opinion shall rule the case. Our question to you is, upon which of these two men shall we concentrate our votes for the Episcopal office?" After a little pleasantry with the brethren about their calling on a radical to help them make a Bishop, and the third ordination which they gave their Bishops, etc., I told them, in all sober seriousness, that, as the matter was referred to me, I must advise them to elect Morris in preference to Davis; and I then gave the reasons on which my preference was founded. This done, the brethren left me. After breakfast, I went over to the Conference in time to witness the election. Davis was, in the main, dropped from the vote, and Morris was elected by a very handsome majority over Capers. After this statement of facts, I leave mankind to judge whether I did not, since my connection with the Methodist Protestant Church, go a little beyond the lines, to help make a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Morris and I reside in the same city, and he occasionally preaches for our people. I regard him as an amiable,

* If, as I have since learned, Dr. Ruter was a candidate, I was not so informed by the brethren who waited on me.

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liberal-minded Christian gentleman, and a good minister of Jesus Christ. If my advice to the deputation sent to me did turn the election in favor of Bishop Morris, then I think the Methodist Episcopal Church owes me a debt of gratitude, for he has been to them a very valuable presiding officer. In any event, the whole case goes to show that my judgment was deemed worthy of regard, in a difficult case, by men who once presented the boldest front of opposition against me, on account of my lay delegation principles and actions. Time brings its changes.

My second year closed. The Conference was held in Cincinnati, September, 1836. For many reasons, I considered it my duty to take a transfer to the Pittsburgh Conference. My main reason was founded in a conviction of duty to my mother, now in the eighty-fifth year of her age. I was her youngest son, and she wanted me near her in the decline of life; so I went, but she had passed calmly away to her heavenly home before I got to see her. Her death brought a sense of loneliness over me that I had never experienced before. Now I had neither father nor mother, and felt my orphanage to the full. But they both lived the life and died the death of the righteous. If faithful until death, I shall see them again, where sin and sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more.

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CHAPTER XIV.

TRANSFERRED TO THE PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE—REMOVAL TO ALLEGHANY—REMARKABLE DREAM—LORENZO DOW AND GENERAL JACKSON—AN ARBITRARY SEXTON—SECOND GENERAL CONFERENCE—DEBATE ON SLAVERY—LIBERTY OF THE PRESS—MEETING OF PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE—REMOVAL TO HOLLIDAY'S COVE, VIRGINIA.

AFTER the Ohio Conference had been in session about three days, I left, in company with brother Shinn and his lady, for the Pittsburgh Conference, which was to meet the week following in Pittsburgh. It was no easy matter to sunder the ties which bound me to the Ohio Conference. Nor was it any trifle to go by a small boat, in hot weather and in time of low water, from Cincinnati to the Iron City. Through much tribulation, we reached the Conference on the second day of the session, and had a joyful meeting with old friends whom I had not seen for several years. The river trip had hurt my health, yet I was immediately assigned to duty on the Stationing Committee, and suffered much in the performance of the labors enjoined upon me. In this Conference some unpleasant occurrences gave me a good deal of pain. Sore, cutting, thrusting contests between preachers have always been painful to me. Some preachers are strong—not in faith, like Abraham, giving glory to God—but strong in bitter feeling, to worry one another in Conference. This savors more of hell than heaven, and argues an utter want of the mind that was in Christ. However, matters were ultimately adjusted among the brethren, and they all, at the close of the Conference, took their appointments and went to their work for another year. I was appointed to the Alleghany Station. This was gratifying to me, as I found it to be in accordance with the wishes of the people committed to my pastoral care. I entered immediately

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upon the duties of my charge, but sickness in my family delayed their removal, and I had to return to Cincinnati, and remain there about one month, before it was deemed practicable and safe for them to accompany me to Alleghany. This was effected early in November, and then, with all my might, I went into my ministerial and pastoral labors. I did my best in pulpit preparations, and with all my soul did I strive to preach the Gospel of Christ. I went through the whole Church in a course of pastoral visitations. My congregations were large and attentive, but uncommonly dull and formal; but few of the signs of spiritual life were to be found among them, and so they continued until the early part of the winter. This state of things gave me great concern of mind. It seemed to me that my Gospel mission had about run out. I preached religion from the pulpit; I talked and prayed religion in all the families of the Church, and I tried to practice it in my life; yet in all places religion was undermost and the world uppermost—all was cold and formal. What could be the matter? Was this a rebuke to me for past unfaithfulness? or was it for leaving the Ohio Conference? To me this was a dark day of trial, a time of great mental anguish. The Church had made the best provision for my temporal subsistence that had ever been made since my entrance into the ministry, and yet it seemed to me that I was doing them no spiritual good.

One evening, at leaders' meeting, in a free and full conversation with that official body on the state of the Church, I disclosed to the brethren, as fully as I could, all the sorrows of my heart—that to live and labor among them, to be comfortably supported by them, and to do them no spiritual good, was painful, in the extreme, to my feelings. What shall we do? What can we do to change the existing state of things in the Church for the better? These brethren seemed to enter, to some extent, into sympathy with me, bade me to be encouraged, and said a better day was coming. We then prayed together for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and returned to our homes. That night I had a remarkable dream. In general, I

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put no confidence in dreams, but in this one I did, for it changed the whole current of my feelings, and filled my soul with buoyant hope. I dreamed that I was at a splendid feast. Every thing in the room was in the finest order, and it was most brilliantly illuminated. The guests were patriarchs, prophets, and apostles—all arrayed in white. At the head of the table sat the Saviour himself, in mild and heavenly dignity. The table was long, the company large, and there was but one between me and the corner, at the far end, on the left-hand side. In such an assembly, a sense of littleness and unworthiness came over my soul, and I felt amazed that I was permitted to be there. All eyes were turned toward the Saviour, who graciously cast a benignant look on the whole assembly, and finally fixed his eyes on me. It was a look of tenderness, and seemed to indicate that he knew the state of my heart. Before blessing the food, he arose, came to me, and took me to a private interview. He said, "I have witnessed all your trials, and the sorrows of your heart: be encouraged; preach the pure Gospel faithfully—I will be with you and give you success." As he turned to resume his place at the table, my soul followed hard after him, and was well-nigh drawn out of me in desire to be with him. Being greatly excited, I awoke; the feast had vanished from my sight, but on my mind a favorable impression remained. The very next time I went to the pulpit, on the Sabbath-day, a glorious revival of religion commenced, and continued all through the winter, and the Church was greatly strengthened by the additions to her membership and her own higher attainments in the Divine life.

Toward the close of the year, a crash came in the financial interests of the country. President Jackson had removed the deposits, then, after some time, issued his specie circular. As a defense against these governmental acts, the State banks, generally, suspended specie payment, and the distress throughout the country was very great. Most of the manufacturing establishments about Pittsburgh and Alleghany suspended operation, and the hands employed in them were thrown out of work. This had a serious effect on the Church under my pastoral care.

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I gave about sixty certificates in one month to members of my charge—mostly young converts—who removed into the country to find employment and the means of living. This state of things gave me great concern. Any action of the Government producing financial distress in time of peace, equal to that experienced in time of war, must be wrong, and no political logic under heaven can justify it in the court of sound morality. When President Jackson broke down the old Bank of the United States, Lorenzo Dow, then confined to bed by his last illness, in Georgetown, D. C.—as I was informed by Rev. W. C. Lipscomb, of that city—arose from his couch, girded on his mantle, went to the White House, and stood before General Jackson, like the prophet Elijah before Ahab, and reproved him, in the name of the Lord, for the injury he had done to the country. Dow had often been entertained by the General at the Hermitage in Tennessee, and had always agreed with him in politics; but now he thought him wrong, and having gathered up all the remaining energies of life, he stood before Jackson, leaning on his staff, as a reprover. The General, seeing how feeble he was, and remembering their former friendship, desired him to be seated and have a little refreshment. But the stern old prophet said, "No, he would neither sit down nor eat bread in his house." So, turning to his carriage, he went to his room, and in a few days he died. This last act of Lorenzo's life had in it a real moral grandeur, and was certainly the work of a fearless, honest-minded man.

In addition to the preaching due my people in the Alleghany Station, I did much ministerial labor in various localities beyond the bounds of my charge, in view of establishing our cause. No matter how good a cause may be, living agencies are necessary to its establishment. Christianity itself required living, active agents to plant it in all the world. Nor have I ever dreamed that our ecclesiastical principles, however good, could establish themselves. Our preachers who have full faith in our views of Christian doctrine and principles of ecclesiastical government must, by laborious diligence, carry them out into practical operation among the people. Where this is not

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done, our cause does not extend, nor does Christianity in any form. A conviction of this truth led me to perform much outside labor during my term of service in Alleghany Station.

My pastoral duties, too, were very onerous. A membership, spread over so much space, to be visited once a quarter—all the sick much oftener—and so many funerals to attend, did not leave me a great deal of time for rest or study. Yet, by carefully adhering, as far as practicable, to my old plan of forenoon study and afternoon visiting, I kept up all my work. The people of my charge worked with me well, in the revival already mentioned; indeed, they had become religiously in earnest in the work of the Lord, and a better band of laborers among penitents at the altar was rarely to be found. It did my heart good to witness the whole-hearted energy of my dear old friends Rev. C. Avery, E. W. Stephens—men of wealth—and Henry Williams, G. Kurtz, and many others, in the humbler walks of life, together with the ladies of the Church—all baptized into the spirit of this revival. Around the altar of the Lord the rich and the poor met together in one common cause, and upon our united labors the blessing of the Most High came down abundantly.

It may be worth while to say something of our sexton, as we pass along. To look at human nature in every phase might be instructive. A little brief authority will spoil some men. To put some sinners into office is to place them beyond the reach and force of Gospel truth. To put some professors of religion into office is to fill them with pride, and render them an intolerable nuisance to the Church. Our sexton had once been a very intemperate man; but, on his making a profession of religion and joining the Church, so orderly was his life, and such were the evidences of his piety, that he gained the confidence of his brethren generally, and might have lived and died a good Christian, if he had never been taken from the ranks and put into office. By some hap, W. G. was appointed sexton of the Methodist Protestant Church in Alleghany, and in a short time he began to assume airs of great self-importance. The office made him feel large, and his actions became insufferably

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insolent. No advice would he take; all remonstrances were disregarded. At precisely nine o'clock at night, during the revival, he would call out: "It is time to close the meeting, and for all honest people to be at home." Then, without waiting for the congregation to retire, or the penitents to be taken from the altar, he would extinguish the lights, leaving us all in the dark. Several times we had to light up again, it being inconvenient to move out at a moment's warning. Our remonstrances against such arbitrary and ill-advised conduct were again and again repeated, but all to no purpose. Our sexton grew worse and worse, alleging that the meeting-house and all who came into it were under his control, and that he had the right to close the meeting when he pleased. When nothing else would do, this man's office was taken from him and given to another. This so enraged him, that we had to turn him adrift by an absolute expulsion from the Church. When he became cool, he lowered sails, and, to appearance, became very humble, but in my day it was deemed advisable not to receive him again into the Church. This man's case is the case of thousands. From the bottom to the top of society, a weak-minded man is pretty certain to be spoiled by office, especially in the Church of Christ. Paul says of a Christian bishop, that he must "not be a novice, lest, being lifted up with pride, he fall into the condemnation of the devil." So, it appears that an angel of light, through pride, from the height of his position fell, and was turned into a devil, and that "novices" in ecclesiastical offices are very apt to follow the example of that apostate angel. In relation to this matter, the Churches can not be too careful. The advice given by Paul to Timothy, concerning ordaining men to the Christian ministry, is valuable, even to the appointment of a sexton: "Lay hands suddenly on no man;" put no man into any responsible position in the Church of Christ, until his character is well understood to be every way trustworthy.

In September, 1837, the Pittsburgh Conference was held in Wheeling. At that time the Methodist Protestant Church in that place was in a prosperous condition, and the Conference

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was well entertained, and made a favorable impression on the community. I was reappointed to the Alleghany Station. As the distress in financial matters still remained, and was rather growing worse every day, my success in building up the Church was not very great. So many removed, to hunt business and find the means of living in other places, that our increase was hardly equal to our losses. A time of financial distress brings out the faultiness of character among professors of religion, in a manner not to be conceived of in a time of prosperity. Some were really not able to pay their honest debts during the pressure, and there were others who did not appear to want to pay them. Against this latter class there were many complaints, and in adjusting matters in which their integrity was implicated I had no little trouble. Yet the great body of the membership were of a reliable character, and struggled hard to maintain the honor and advance the prosperity of the Church.

In the month of May, 1838, our second General Conference was held in Pittsburgh, and there was a pretty full representation from all the Conferences, North and South, in attendance. Of that body I was a member, and was chairman of the committee on the slavery question. The other members of the committee were from the following Conferences: Rev. R. B. Thompson from Virginia, W. Disney from Ohio, N. Green from Champlain, and W. S. Stockton from ———, formerly the veteran editor of the old Wesleyan Repository. Stockton, Green, and I, being a majority, brought in a report against slavery, as being inconsistent with the morality of the Holy Scriptures. Brothers Thompson and Disney made a minority report. The slavery question was then ably discussed for about three days. Finally, the whole matter was referred back to our people, in their primary assemblies, for instruction as to how it should be disposed of at the next General Conference. This was done on Saturday afternoon. That night we had a session, in view of acting on the report of the committee on the Church paper. That report being read, Dr. Armstrong, of Tennessee, offered a resolution to the effect that all matter on the subject of slavery be excluded from its columns. Then followed, on Arm-

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strong's resolution, one of the most excoriating discussions, between the members North and South, that I ever remember to have heard in any deliberative body, on the subject of slavery. Judge Hoskins, of Ohio, did battle for the South, and was most provokingly severe on brother Shinn's argument in favor of the liberty of the press. Several of the Southern members followed in the same pro-slavery strain—all exceedingly bitter against modern Abolitionism. Shinn then replied to the whole, in a speech of great logical, sarcastical, and ironical power. He gave a showing-up of the Southern manner of bullying and blustering our Northern statesmen in Congress, on the slave question; "but," said he, "for one, I am determined that Southern blusterers, with all their Northern satellites, shall meet with a manful resistance in the General Conference, in their attempt to break down the liberty of the press, in order to cover up the horrid crime of slavery."

All this time the discussion had proceeded by mistake, on the supposition that the General Conference had full power over the question at issue. I made several attempts to get the floor, to show that the freedom of the press was secured to the Church by the Constitution, but failed to get a hearing. Brother Springer finally moved an indefinite postponement of the whole matter before the Conference, believing, as he said, from the temper of the body, that we could not come to an agreement so as to have any Church paper at all, and he gave it as his opinion that Church papers could be best managed by the Annual Conferences. I then got the floor, but the friends of Springer's motion called the previous question on me, and I took my seat. At that juncture, brothers Kesley and Brown, of Maryland, kindly interposed in my behalf, and got me a hearing, on the ground that I had made several attempts to speak, but some one else always got the foreway. They desired to hear me, and hoped, as I had the book of the law in my hand, I could cast some light on the subject then before the Conference.

I then proceeded to say: "As a citizen of this nation, the Constitution of the United States is the charter of my rights

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and privileges. As a citizen of the Keystone State, the constitution of Pennsylvania is the guarantee of my rights and immunities. As a Christian, the New Testament is the book under which I hold my claims to rights and privileges. But, as a Methodist Protestant, the constitution of our Church is the charter of my rights, and the rights of all here assembled. This constitution, made in 1830, by a convention of the whole Methodist Protestant Church, is of binding force on this General Conference. We are not here to nullify or amend it, but to obey it in all our ecclesiastical legislation. Our Church constitution, which I will now read, plainly says, (Article X, Item III,) 'No rule shall be passed infringing the liberty of *speech* or of the *press*, but for every abuse of liberty the offender shall be dealt with as in other cases of indulging in sinful words and tempers.' This, certainly, settles the question. The press with us is constitutionally free, and this body has no power to make it otherwise."

Dr. Armstrong then asked me what I understood to be the freedom of the press in the Methodist Protestant Church. To this question I immediately replied, that, in order for our press to be free, at least all official documents must be published, and that to reject them would be an infringement of the liberty of the press. As to private communications written by individuals, over these the editor must have discretionary control, and he would, in many instances, deserve as much credit for what he left out as for what he published. As no one objected to this view of the freedom of our press, I said if Springer and Armstrong would withdraw their motions, I had one to make. These brethren complied. I then called for the reading of the first section of the law, then in order, regulating the publication of our Church paper. When it was read, I moved its adoption; the vote was unanimous for adoption. I then called for the second section: when it was read, I moved its adoption, and the vote in its favor was unanimous, and so on until every section in the law was adopted.* I then moved the adoption

* In this place, the published minutes, owing to the great excitement, are very defective in the statement of facts.

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of the law as a whole, and the vote was again unanimous. Here, then, in this free country, under the free constitution of the Methodist Protestant Church in General Conference assembled, we all agreed to have a free Church paper. When all was over, and I had resumed my seat, the whole Conference gave indications of joy at the favorable termination of this stormy debate. Those who had indulged in harsh expressions against their opponents recalled them, and asked forgiveness, which in every instance was cordially granted. Then followed a general shaking of hands and a great deal of mirth. About eleven o'clock at night we adjourned and went to our homes, all in a very pleasant state of mind. My own feelings were cheerful, too; God had helped me to assist the brethren in the dark hour of trial, and I was contented and happy. Especially was I happy, because the freedom of the press had triumphed.

On the next Monday morning, Rev. T. H. Stockton was elected editor of our free Church paper. Our Church constitution made it free, and the whole General Conference had, in the foregoing way, declared it should be free. In view, therefore, of the premises, brother Stockton went on to Baltimore, to enter upon the duties of his office, and on his arrival had the deep mortification to find that, on the slave question, the Book Committee, right in the teeth of the constitution, and over the action of the General Conference, had gagged our Church paper! This was a daring act of usurpation, and the names of that famous Book Committee must be given to my readers. They are the following: James R. Williams, Samuel K. Jennings, John Chappell, John Clark, Dr. F. Waters, L. J. Cox, Philip Chappell, Beale H. Richardson, and the stationed preachers of Baltimore. These are names of renown in our history; but, in bowing to the genius of slavery, they tarnished their former glory. Brother Stockton, with all the Christian and American manhood in him, declined the editorial chair, and refused to have any official connection with a muzzled press. Rev. E. Y. Reese was then appointed editor, by the Book Committee, and filled his position with fine ability. But, alas for him and for us all! in a free country, and in a free Church, he edited a gagged paper! a

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thing much abhorred in the North, and intended to shield slavery. To meet the demand for a free press in the North and West, and to open the way for free discussion of all moral questions, the Western Recorder was originated that same year, with Rev. C. Springer for editor. But that, being an individual enterprise, did not wholly satisfy our people. Our only official paper sat there in Baltimore with a gag in its mouth, and they were disgraced. Great numbers of them went to other Churches.

In September, 1838, the Pittsburgh Conference was held in New Lancaster, Ohio, where we had, at that time, a prosperous Church. The Conference was handsomely entertained by the community, and seemed to make a good impression. But, from some cause, not known to me, our Church in that place had been on the decline. It was a time of suspicion as to the integrity of some of our preachers. Rev. W. W. Arnett, appointed by our last Conference to Steubenville, had, while in our employ, gone through a course of study with Rev. D. Morse, in view of connecting himself with the Protestant Episcopal Church at the close of the year. Now, it was believed that his father-in-law, Rev. E. S. Woodward, who had been stationed in New Lancaster the preceding year, was about to take the same course, and that no minister would build up a denomination which he was preparing to leave, and that it was not morally honest to make our Church a mere boarding-house, where a man might eat, and sleep and live at our expense, while making ready to renounce our form of ordination and take work elsewhere. To meet this case fairly—and others of a like kind, if there should be any—a new question was, by direction of the Conference, added to the list of those propounded to the preachers. It was, in substance, as follows: "If you receive an appointment from this Conference, is it now your intention to devote your whole time and talents to the performance of the work assigned you, faithfully, to the end of the year?"* Mr. Woodward answered this question, when his character was under examination before the Conference, very distinctly, in the

* Rev. Z. Ragan moved the addition of this question.

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affirmative. He was then reappointed to New Lancaster, on the faith reposed in the honesty of his answer. But, in a short time, he passed away to the Protestant Episcopal Church, having first made an effort, as I was informed, to take our little membership in that place along with him.

At this Conference I was appointed to the Ohio Circuit. Instead of occupying the parsonage at Eldersville, by consent of the brethren, I situated my family in Holliday's Cove, among my relations, near the place where I had spent the first eight years of my life; near where the old school-house once stood in which, from my fifth to my eighth year, I had acquired some of the rudiments of learning; and nearer still to the old stone school-house, yet standing, where, on my approach to manhood, I had spent nearly two years in an effort to carry forward my education. Though forty-six years of age, still around the scenes of my childhood there was an indescribable charm. Even down to over three-score years and twelve, I look back with a great deal of pleasure to the place where my race in life commenced. O, the happy days of childhood and youth! no more to return on earth; but I look forward to all the glory of eternal youth in heaven. *My hope is full.*

Rev. W. Ross was stationed in Washington. He and his people desired to be united to my circuit. The union was formed; so Ross and I traveled together that year, and I found that pious, talented young man to be all I could desire in a colleague. This was, in many respects, one of the most pleasant years of my ministerial life. I was, truly, among kind people, had a noble-hearted fellow-laborer, and at most of the appointments God gave us success in our work. My support was inadequate, but this was no new thing for me. The disciplinary allowance was too small, and the financial regulations of the Church were to blame for this, rather than the people.

One very cold Sunday, after preaching, at eleven o'clock A. M., in Washington, Pennsylvania, I had to ride eleven miles to preach at night in West Middletown. The intense cold, made more severe by a strong wind meeting me in the face all the way, against which my cloak was but a poor protection, did me

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a very serious injury. About midway, I took the cramp in my legs and feet. To remedy this, I dismounted from my horse. At first I could scarcely stand or walk, but finally got relief, and walked about a mile. I then took to my horse again, but did not ride far before the cramp seized me with greater violence than ever. After enduring it for a short time, and feeling that life itself was in danger, I once more dismounted. To stand or walk had now become more difficult than before. But, by great efforts, such as a man will make for his life, I got my blood a little into circulation, the cramp relaxed its terrible grip, and I walked about another mile. Then I returned to my horse again, and in a short time the cramp seized my whole frame, and held me firmly as in a vise. I would have stopped, but there was no house near the road. To dismount I regarded as dangerous, as I might neither be able to walk nor return to my horse; so I remained in my saddle, enduring all the pain the cramp could inflict, for the last three miles. When I reached West Middletown, Judge McKeever and his sons came out, and, on learning my condition, carried me into the house. Here, from the Judge and his family, I received every kind attention that my case required. The cramp left me, and, after some refreshment, I went to the meeting-house and filled my appointment. But the next day, on my way home, a fever set in, and I had a sore spell of sickness. By the time I got out to my work again, kind friends had furnished me with a first-rate, warm overcoat, to protect me against the chilling blasts of winter in future.

During this year, under the administration of Rev. John Burns, there was in Steubenville a glorious revival of religion. Many of my old friends, and some of my relations, embraced religion and united with the Church. All my spare time was, by request of brother Burns and his people, spent in that work. Sometimes he supplied my place on the circuit, and left me to work for him. This was an agreeable change to us both. In those days I did regard brother Burns as a choice laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, and he still remains in the itinerant ranks, a faithful Christian minister. He and I

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differ as to the propriety and necessity of the action of the Convention of 1858, in cutting loose from all the slaveholding Conferences and Churches in the South. But the events unfolding, against the conclusion of this great and terrible war, will, no doubt, bring us to see alike. Good men may differ in opinion, and still be kind to one another, until further light is obtained

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CHAPTER XV.

CONFERENCE IN NEW LISBON, OHIO—ELECTED PRESIDENT—REMOVAL TO STEUBENVILLE—CONFERENCE IN PITTSBURGH—APPOINTED TO PITTSBURGH—THE USE OF TOBACCO—CONFERENCE IN ALLEGHANY—REAPPOINTED TO PITTSBURGH WITH REV. J. COWL AS ASSISTANT—ANNUAL CONFERENCE ACTION ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

IN the month of Septemher, 1839, the Pittsburgh Conference was held in New Lisbon, Ohio. Our Church in that place was not strong, but still had friends, and the Conference was entertained in a very satisfactory manner. Once more I was elected President. Having been out of that office for five or six years, it was now deemed my turn to serve again. Yet, if I had been aware of the full amount of labor before me, I should certainly have shrunk from the task. Rev. Hugh Kelly's case gave the Conference some trouble. He had been stationed in New Lisbon the preceding year, and for very grave offenses against the people of his charge, and others, complaints were laid before the Conference against him. A committee, with Rev. A. Shinn for chairman, was appointed to examine into the matter, and report a bill of charges and specifications, if a judicial investigation should be deemed necessary. The committee did find a bill of very serious charges against him, and ordered his case to be referred to the proper authorities for trial. Kelly then arose, made an abusive speech, refused to go to trial, and withdrew from the Church under charges. The night after the adjournment of Conference, some citizens got up an indignation meeting in the court-house, to denounce that body for finding a bill of charges against Kelly, and ordering him to be tried, according to the laws of the Church. Rev. Z. Ragan and myself, with a few other preachers, remained to attend the meet-

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ing in the court-house, and vindicate our action. Several lawyers and one doctor spoke in favor of Kelly, neither of whom seemed to know exactly the nature of the case. Then a young Presbyterian minister gave the Conference a most ample vindication. Ragan and I each made a speech, showing that the charges against Kelly were very grave; that the witnesses in behalf of the Church were numerous and respectable; that the Conference had proceeded in the case according to the forms of law; that Kelly had fled from justice; that that assembly was not the place fairly to determine the guilt or innocence of the man, and that a due respect for themselves, and for the Church from which he had fled, ought to cause them to forbear any action that would cast censure on the Conference. By this time, that crowded audience began to think, I suppose, that they did not fully understand the case in hand; so, looking wisely at each other, they all took their hats and quietly went home, leaving Kelly to his fate. The meeting closed with a great deal of mirth at his expense, and that of his friends, who certainly meant to teach us a lesson not soon to be forgotten. This Kelly was from England, and had been eight years a sailor. He had been the means of great injury to one of our Northern Conferences, and then went to Canada, from whence he came to us in Pittsburgh, where he was kindly received, for at that time we knew nothing of his history. He hated our civil government, and was often heard to say that our nation would never be respectable until it became a monarchy.

After moving my family to Steubenville, and comfortably situating them among kind friends, I went forth to the labors of the presidency. The Pittsburgh District then included Western Virginia, Western Pennsylvania, and North-eastern Ohio, down to the Scioto and Sandusky Rivers. Within these bounds, our cause having prospered, a great deal of work was to be done. To give a Sabbath to each circuit and station filled up the whole year. It was a time of ingathering to the Churches, and on week days and nights, as well as on Sundays, they kept me preaching. Besides all my labors in traveling, attending Quarterly Conferences, love-feasts, sacraments, revivals, conversation

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among friends, and keeping up a heavy correspondence, I averaged six and a half sermons per week, throughout the whole year. By the close of it, however, my health had very much failed; my liver, lungs, and diaphragm were all in a bad condition. From that time to the present, (1864,) my lungs have never regained their original elastic power, and, as a consequence, an occasional stutter comes over my speech, and my articulation in preaching has to be more deliberate than in former years. But wounds received and the scars of war, whether inflicted in the defense of our country, or in the battles of the Lord, will never be considered as marks of disgrace by any candid man. When I returned from the toils of the district, at the end of the year, I found my family in sorrow. My youngest son lay dead in the house, and I was not aware of that fact until I reached my own door. It was a time of great political excitement. Martin Van Buren and General W. H. Harrison were the candidates for the chief magistracy of the nation. Both political parties had a meeting in Steubenville that day. The town was full of people and banners and noise. Amid the whole of this confusion, two hours after my arrival at home, our dear little Benjamin was laid in his grave. To bury lovely children is a sore trial to parents. Yet, with all the certainty that the truth of Holy Writ can give, we know we shall, if faithful, see them again, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." *Heaven is full of little children.* What a Turkish divinity that is which teaches the doctrine of infant reprobation! It is not found in the Bible: it is a metaphysical deduction from a mere assumption, and has neither justice nor mercy to stand upon.

In September, 1840, the Pittsburgh Conference was held in Steubenville, and I was appointed to the Pittsburgh Station. This appointment was in agreement with the wishes of my old friends in that city, and with my own inclinations. But, after all, it ought not to have been made, as I was really unable to perform the labors of that weighty charge. That year my health required rest and care, but it was impossible to take either, and yet attend to all the duties of such a station. So

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my health and the station both had to suffer together. But brother Shinn's return to his home in Alleghany gave me some relief, as, by an arrangement, he filled the pulpit for me every Sunday morning. His age, experience, and heavenly wisdom were all of great value to me and to the people of my charge. Yet, the balance of the labors of the pulpit and the toils of pastoral visitations required more strength than I could command. So kind-hearted were the people of my charge, that they bore with me in my afflictions, and placed a higher value on my services than they deserved, and many a time I felt sorrowful because I could not be more efficient as a laborer among them. The congregations in the Fifth Street Station, considering my defective ministrations, were generally good. This was attributable more to pastoral visitations and brother Shinn's assistance in the pulpit, than to such preaching as mine that year. But, in the midst of all my infirmities, I did the best I could, and my labors were not in vain in the Lord. Sinners were converted, and there was quite an encouraging addition made to the Church; some of whom have gone to heaven, some have moved to other places, and others yet remain to honor the cause of Christ, and to greet me when I return to visit my old friends in Pittsburgh.

On the first day of January, 1841, Rev. Z. Ragan, then President of the Conference, and I entered into an agreement that we would discontinue the use of tobacco, regarding it as hardly reconcilable with personal decency, and as prejudicial to health. Though I had used tobacco for about nine years, and its use in that time had become habitual, yet a fixed resolution carried me forward, and I used it no more for one whole year. This effort, instead of resulting in physical improvement, had precisely the contrary effect. It was about the most unhealthy year of my life. In about two months I accumulated thirty pounds of additional flesh, of not a very sound character. The cavity of my chest became gorged with fat, leaving but little room for the expansion of the lungs in breathing. They seemed constantly prone to run into inflammation, by being too tightly compressed together, and my breathing was a mere

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pant with the upper part of them. A constant determination of blood to my brain, vertigo, a sense of weariness, as if my weight were far too great for me to carry about the streets, all indicated danger of an attack of apoplexy. With these symptoms of disease upon me, I struggled through the year, often having to seek relief for my head and lungs by getting freely bled, when out from home visiting my flock.

My ultimate conclusion was, after one year of fair trial, that, somehow or other, I had made tobacco constitutionally necessary to my life and health and usefulness. I then returned to its use: my flesh gradually became reduced; all the various symptoms of disease left me, and I have been able, with but little obstruction, to pursue my ministerial calling ever since. The conclusions which I draw from this whole matter are the following: First. It is utterly wrong to get into the habit of using tobacco, and all men who have not yet gone so far as to have made it constitutionally necessary to them, should quit the use of it at once and forever. Secondly. In those cases of fleshy men, where long use has made it constitutionally necessary to them, it is better to use it than to throw away health and usefulness and life. Thirdly. Persons who have but little flesh should never use tobacco; it is a constant drain upon the physical system. If it would reduce a fat man like me, it would reduce them, and they have no flesh to spare, and must suffer injury by its use. The very argument, therefore, which justified me in using tobacco would be strongly against the use of it by persons who are lean in flesh. I have no doubt that persons of a slender physical constitution often waste themselves down to consumption by using tobacco. Fourthly. Some rank the use of tobacco among the moral evils—as a positive sin in all cases. I have not so regarded it, but have placed it among things indifferent. Still, when it injures health, it is certainly a moral evil, for every man who abuses his health is a sinner. Fifthly. What Jesus said in reference to another case may, on general principles, be applicable here: "Hearken unto me, every one of you, and understand: there is nothing from without a man that entering into him can defile him: but the things

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which come out of him, those are they that defile the man. From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness. All these things come from within and defile the man."

In September, 1841, the Pittsburgh Conference was held in Alleghany, and I was reappointed to Pittsburgh. I accepted this appointment as a matter of favor to me, personally, in a time of feeble health. Some few of the brethren, I was informed, desired a change, and to have a more efficient laborer. This was natural, and I could not blame them. But all parties were accommodated, as the Conference gave me Rev. John Cowl for a colleague. He was a vigorous, talented, pious, faithful young man. He boarded in my family, was a hard student, a good preacher, and possessed a generous, social heart. We had a pleasant year together.

At this Conference the representatives to the General Conference of 1842 were elected. This was the time to receive instructions from the primary assemblies as to how we were to act in General Conference on the slave question. Very few of the circuits and stations had expressed their wishes, yet the brethren, on the few memorials we had, proceeded to give instructions. While this matter was on hand, the debate ran very high; not that any one favored slavery, but, as not more than one-eighth of our people had spoken, and the Conference could not be authorized by such a small minority to instruct their representatives—of whom I was one—to the General Conference to take action either for or against slavery, it was deemed by myself, and some others, *best to be left free* until a competent majority of the primary assemblies should give direction to our action in opposition to that evil. But instructions were given, and I made up my mind that, as a representative to the General Conference, I would do no act in that body which, in my judgment, would rend the Church. Sound Christian morality, I knew, condemned slavery, and I was ready to condemn it, too, whenever the Annual Conference, authorized by a majority of

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our Church members, instructed me to do so. The General Conference of 1838 had thrown out the slave question to the Churches, that during the following four years they might give direction as to what should be done with it at the next General Conference, and I was not willing to act in the premises until the Churches had spoken, demanding condemnatory action at my hands. How could the General Conference of 1842 act any better upon this question, without instruction from the primary assemblies, than the General Conference of 1838? And for the Annual Conference to assume the right to give instructions, apart from the people, to whom the case had been referred, I held to be ecclesiastically wrong; so did many others.

These views I continued to entertain at the time of the General Conference in 1842, and by acting on them I brought upon myself, from the ultra Abolition party, a great deal of censure. But few of the Conferences had asked the General Conference for action on this subject, and I was not willing to be drawn into it by a minority. Such was the character of our Church constitution, that we could not legislate against slavery, for this would be an attack upon the civil laws of the South, and was prohibited by that instrument. Nor could we legislate in favor of slavery, for that would be contrary to the Holy Scriptures, and was, likewise, forbidden by the constitution. This was equal to a prohibition of all legislation on the question. But the General Conference might express its sentiments in a resolution. This I was not willing to do at the request of a minority of our Churches. In my judgment, it took a majority to command General Conference action in a case which might divide the Church. In my opinion, at that time, a resolution condemning all slaveholders, indiscriminately, as guilty sinners, would have done the slaves no good, would have so exasperated the masters as to divide the Church—a thing I very much wished to avoid—and would have precluded the possibility of the Northern Churches doing any good in the South on the slave question, or in spreading the Gospel among them, in all time to come.

Finding that action of some kind must be had by the body,

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and feeling unwilling to put the integrity of the Church at too great a hazard, I went with the conservatives, both in speech and vote, and the following resolution was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That, in the judgment of this General Conference, the holding of slaves is not, under all circumstances, a sin against God; yet, in our opinion, under some circumstances it is sinful, and in such cases should be discouraged by the Methodist Protestant Church. This General Conference does not feel authorized by the constitution to legislate on the subject of slavery, and by a solemn vote we present to the Church our judgment, that the different Annual Conferences, respectively, should make their own regulations on this subject, so far as authorized by the constitution."

This resolution was in agreement with the light we then had, and, in our opinion, saved the Church from immediate division. My action in the premises was assailed with a great deal of misrepresentation and bitterness by Revs. John Clark, jr., Edward Smith, and John McKaskey, in a paper called the Spirit of Liberty. Smith, the editor, very kindly called upon my congregation, in an editorial, to withhold my support and starve me into measures. Did not this look like persecution in its worst form? To doom me to death by starvation, for difference of opinion, would be about as merciful as to burn me at the stake. My defense against these attacks was made in the Western Recorder, and our people, in general, justified my course. The light we had, the progress of events in our coöperation with the South, and the unfoldings of Providence had not, at that time, prepared us for a separation from slaveholding Churches and Conferences.

I could not vote for the foregoing resolution at the present time. In my deliberate judgment, not only the slave-trade, but slaveholding under any circumstances, is always sinful. If the sin is not in the man who holds the slave and would free him if he could, it must be in the law which hinders freedom. And where the slaveholder's heart is in agreement with the wicked

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law which hinders freedom to the slave, the sin is both in the law and in the man who holds the slave. This thing of parting husbands and wives, parents and children, and making merchandise of the souls and bodies of human beings, is certainly a sin of the highest character against the spirit and laws of the Christian religion. And for complicity in this mammoth wrong to the colored race, and for other sins, our nation is now undergoing a terrible punishment at the hands of a just God, in the form of a most desolating civil war. *God be merciful to us sinners.*

As the year advanced, my health improved, and among the good people of Pittsburgh I found myself comfortable and happy; and not one of them, to the best of my recollection, ever attempted to starve me by withholding support, as advised by the editor of the Spirit of Liberty. A considerable number of my charge were Abolitionists, but they were a liberal-minded people, and allowed me to think and speak and act for myself, without bringing the pressure of starvation to force me into their peculiar views. Where was ever found a more thorough Abolitionist than Rev. Charles Avery? Who was ever more *liberal* and *courteous* to those who differed from him in opinion, than he? And the great body of the members of the Pittsburgh Church were of the Avery stamp, and copied after him in liberality of sentiment and action. Edward Smith, I was told, aided by John Clark, got up a meeting of the leading abolition members of the Methodist Protestant Church in Pittsburgh, and used his utmost endeavors to draw them off from me, because I could not, or would not, pronounce the true Abolition Shibboleth in his style. But they resisted him manfully, and said to me the next day, with a good deal of pleasantry, that they had found it necessary to defend themselves against Smith's efforts to take them into a new organization, by the use of my arguments.

The year drew to a close. Cowl and I had labored together in harmony. At a protracted meeting during the winter, the Church had been much revived; sinners had been converted and cast in their lot with us, and all was peace throughout the

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brotherhood. A more orderly Church I never knew, nor have I ever found a Christian community of a more trustworthy, reliable character. Many a time have I thought that I would like to close my life among my Pittsburgh friends, and sleep in death somewhere near the resting-place of brother Avery, my old benefactor, and brother Shinn, the prince of preachers. But God has, I suppose, ordered it otherwise. My sons lie buried here, and I must find a resting-place with them. No difference where our bodies lie on earth, so we all meet in heaven.

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CHAPTER XVI.

DIVISION OF PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE—ELECTED PRESIDENT—EXERCISE OF CHURCH DISCIPLINE—REMOVAL TO STEUBENVILLE—TOUR IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—CONFERENCE IN PITTSBURGH—RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT—DISCUSSION ON PHRENOLOGY—LUMBERMEN AT GOOSE CREEK—ADVENTURES IN THE MOUNTAINS—CONFERENCE AT FAIRMONT—THIRD YEAR IN THE PRESIDENCY.

IN September, 1842, the Pittsburgh Conference was held in Mt. Vernon, Ohio. On my way to that Conference, my horse became so seriously diseased that I had to leave him in St. Clairsville. When I returned, poor Jack was near his end, and died in a short time. From thence, Mrs. Brown and I went, by stage, to a camp-meeting near Brownsville, on the Muskingum Circuit. It was a glorious meeting. Brothers Shinn, Springer, J. Dalbey, and a good many other ministers were there, on their way to the Conference. The preaching was attended by the unction of the Holy One; sinners felt the power of saving grace and were converted to God, and professors were greatly revived. From the meeting we were taken to Mt. Vernon in a private conveyance. At that Conference the Muskingum District was set off. Rev. Israel Thrap was elected President, and so was I. We were left to settle the question between ourselves as to our fields of labor. I offered Thrap his choice, hoping he would be equally generous and refer the choice back to me, for I wanted Muskingum; but he at once chose that Conference, so I was left, rather contrary to my wishes, to the Pittsburgh District, with all the hills, mountains, and valleys of Western Virginia and Western Pennsylvania before me. Yet among these mountains, hills, and valleys I had many warm friends, and felt very well satisfied with my field of labor. My

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district, being in an elevated region, afforded me good water and pure air, and thus contributed very much to my health.

The Conference was comfortably entertained at Mt. Vernon, and made a favorable impression on the community; but the slavery question, as usual in those days, occasioned us no little perplexity. Two of the preachers gave us trouble. Each, by mismanagement, had become embroiled with his circuit, and on each circuit a strong party was formed against the Superintendent, with an unstationed preacher at its head. On neither circuit did the membership act together in the election of delegates, so each party on each circuit sent up a delegate, and in each case the party adverse to the Superintendent laid in charges to the Conference against him. These double delegations were rejected by the Conference, and both the preachers were referred back to the scene of their strife for trial, under my administration. As both of these afflicted circuits were large and valuable, I made all due haste to bring on the trials. On neither of the circuits were there any neutrals; all the members were strongly for or against the men to be tried. In each case there were about sixty witnesses, and the indications were unfavorable for harmony in the testimony. Party coloring might be expected under the circumstances, and conflict in testimony might ruin the circuits. In each case I approached the day appointed with much concern of mind—perhaps more than either of the accused felt—and, before going into trial, preached a sermon to the assembly, which was large, on Christian charity, showing the absurdity of expecting forgiveness from God if we did not forgive one another. In each case I made the parties in controversy a proposition to try, first of all, to settle their difficulties on Gospel principles, by mutual confessions and mutual forgiveness, provided the preacher be removed to some other field of labor. This proposition was accepted, the confessions were made, not only by the accused, but by many others on each side of the controversy, and the brethren generally mutually forgave one another. The preachers were then removed to other places, and the whole matter was left to calm down.

Some few were dissatisfied, because the accused had not been

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tried as the Conference had ordered. But what better could I do with such overwhelming, wide-spread, untoward cases on my hands? I maintain that in each of these cases I did conduct a Gospel trial, which reached not only the accused, but both parties, with its humbling and reforming influences. The object of all just Church discipline must be to serve the cause of Christ, and I think this end was accomplished. I have stated these cases together because of their general similarity. I had never seen the like of them before, and hope I never may again. The ensuing Conference, very much to my gratification, approved of my administration. Many Churches might be saved from ruin if the mutual confession and forgiveness plan were more generally adopted.

That year I retained my house in Pittsburgh until spring, with brother Cowl still boarding in my family. When he was with them, I felt less concern of mind while out on the district, as I had all confidence in his kindness of heart and willingness to see to their welfare. On the 1st of April, 1843, I removed to Steubenville, to cheapen my rent and living, and to situate my family among old, well-tried friends, where there was a first-class female seminary, to which I could send my daughter. There, too, my eldest son had the advantages of Dr. Scott's academy. Itinerant ministers can not, in the nature of things, leave worldly wealth to their children. Let them make sure of giving them a good Christian education. This is the true wealth of the mind and heart.

After living one year in a rented house, I bought a comfortable little home of Edwin M. Stanton, Esq., the present Secretary of War. When, through the assistance of brother Avery, I made the last payment on my property, the interest, amounting to ninety-three dollars, was all forgiven by Mr. Stanton. "Now," said I, "this is all very kind, and completes the whole transaction save the removal of the mortgage." "About that mortgage," he replied, "there will be no trouble, as I never had it recorded." So, from among his papers, he drew it out, and handed it to me, with a laugh, saying he had "never entertained any fears of my not paying him." My opinion is, if he had

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found me seriously puzzled to make the last payment, three hundred dollars, the whole would have been forgiven by that kind-hearted man. I am justified in this opinion by his various acts of kindness to me since that time, especially since he has been Secretary of War. The help he gave me in the recovery of my dying son from Grant's army, near Vicksburg, when all other help had failed, will never be forgotten. While I live and cherish the memory of my dear son George, who is now in heaven, I shall always be thankful for such a friend as Secretary Stanton. I have known him from his boyhood. I took him into the Methodist Episcopal Church when he was about twelve years of age, drilled him about two years in a Bible-class, and have full faith in the integrity and benevolence of his character.

I felt my home in Steubenville to be agreeable, for I was among an excellent class of citizens. The Methodist Protestant Church in that city stood well in the community, and I regarded the membership generally as pious, earnest, intelligent Christians, among whom it was a pleasure to have my family situated. It was an agreeable place in which to spend what little time I might have to rest from the toils of the district. Some of the best Christian friends I ever had in my life still reside in Steubenville. Among the more prominent of them, it gives me pleasure to name Captain J. A. Dohrman, M. M. Laughlin, and M. E. Lucas. Captain A. Devinny has passed away to the eternal world; so has A. Sutherland, Esq. This last-named brother was drawn crooked by rheumatism, and was a man of feeble health; but he was a real, practical philosopher, and had in his mental constitution a rich vein of ready, pungent wit. Shortly after I organized the Methodist Protestant Church in that city, the following anecdote was told me by Rev. T. M. Hudson, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the same place. The contest in court between the Hicksite and Orthodox Quakers, about Church property, was just over. Judge Tappan had been the leading lawyer for the Hicksites. One morning, the Judge, having just heard of the new swarm out of the old Methodist Episcopal hive, met 'Squire Sutherland on the way to his office, and said, with a nasal twang in his voice, while he peeped into

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Sutherland's face with his squint eyes, "Hey, 'Squire! I hear you have got the devil in your Church, too." "I did not know that, Judge," said the 'Squire; "*when did you join?*" "Humph!" said Tappan, and away he went, amid the pealing laughter of the bystanders. Mr. Sutherland was a true Christian as well as a great wit—a man of sound judgment in ecclesiastical matters.

Having visited all the central part of the district during the fall and winter, the two extremes demanded my attention the remainder of the year. Early in May, with my wife and two of the children, Ann Eliza and George, I started on a long Southern tour in Western Virginia, intending to leave Mrs. Brown and the children with my brother-in-law, Robert Jackson, at Milford, Harrison County, Virginia, until my return from the Greenbrier country. To make the stages of travel easy, I had arranged to have appointments at suitable distances, both going and coming. While resting at Dr. O'Kelly's, in Morgantown, George, while at play with the Doctor's children, in the yard, fell and broke his arm. This was a sad disaster; but the bone was immediately set by the Doctor, and we moved on that afternoon to Fairmont. When my meeting in that place was over, it was deemed best not to take the family any further. Robert Jackson was then called on, by letter, to visit them in that place; and, on Monday morning, leaving my carriage, I took my horse and was off for Greenbrier Circuit, with J. W. Beshor, the assistant on Morgantown Circuit, for my traveling companion. It took us pretty hard traveling until Saturday, eleven o'clock A. M., to reach our destination. After a good meeting with our Methodist Protestant brethren, at a place called the Bush, it took us until meeting-time on the following Sunday morning to return to Fairmont. Thus, it will be seen, that, to meet the wishes and expectations of that distant circuit and of the Superintendent, Rev. D. R. Helwick, I traveled hard for near two weeks through most intense heat. To go so far, right off from all our other work, for but one general meeting, did seem to be a hardship. Yet Presidents of Conferences have to do these things, or the cause will suffer. Men may say what

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they will, but I know that presidential visits have a tendency to harmonize our body, and are very valuable to our people, especially on border circuits. A traveling presidency, at the expense of the whole district, ought to be kept up for the general good of the Church.

On my return I found George's arm improving, and my wife and daughter well. After a few days of rest among old friends, we journeyed on toward Pennsylvania, where we spent about three weeks attending my appointments, and then shaped our course for home. This whole tour was accomplished in six weeks, and, bating a little for the breaking of George's arm—which was well by the time we reached home—it was a very pleasant trip to us all, and prosperity attended the meetings generally.

J. W. Beshor was a quarter-blooded Indian; his mother was a half-breed. This part of his history is true, but in every thing else his statements were mere fabrications. He reported himself to have been born among the Indians, about one thousand miles above St. Louis, on the head-waters of the Mississippi (I do not now remember the name of the tribe); that he was brought in by a missionary, to be educated at Marietta College; that, having spent some time at college, he left and went in search of the Methodist Protestants and joined them, and finally entered the itinerant ministry among them. In many places he delivered lectures on the peculiarities of Indian character, and generally took up collections. He did this once—perhaps more than once—while with me on our tour through South-western Virginia. He denied ever having belonged to any other Church than ours, and seemed desirous to be sent back to his tribe as a missionary from our Church, for "he was greatly concerned," he said, "for the salvation of the much-neglected children of the forest."

Finally, Beshor came to me and took a transfer to one of the Western Conferences. Immediately after this, it came out in proof that he had been born in Belmont County, Ohio, near St. Clairsville, and had never been among the Indians at all; also, that he had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal

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Church in Ohio, and was actually a runaway apprentice from some tin-shop in Wheeling. As this young impostor had deceived me, I reported his case faithfully to the brethren in the West, and he could not get a standing among them. He went then, I was told, to the New-School Presbyterians, but his character followed him. He then went to the Campbellites, and there, too, his character followed him. From thence he went to the Roman Catholics. He seemed to have a "through-ticket." Whether he ever joined the Jews or not, I have never heard. It is an awful thing to be an impostor. Beshor was a talented young man, but he lacked honesty of character.

After accomplishing my tour in the north-eastern part of the district, where I attended an excellent camp-meeting, distributed Evans's Ecclesiastical Catechism among the people, and, at the request of the congregation, gave them a lecture on Church government, I returned home and prepared for Conference. Though the Pittsburgh District had, by the division the year before, been reduced in size, yet I had found in it full employment for all my time and all my strength, and at the end of the year felt very much worn down.

In September, 1843, the Conference was held in Pittsburgh, and I was again elected President. We had a very pleasant, harmonious session, and the impression made by the body on the community was decidedly good. This year I had no ecclesiastical investigations to conduct; all the preachers were at peace among themselves, and success generally attended their labors. All my traveling was by buggy, which I now found to be less fatiguing than by saddle. From the lake on the north to Greenbrier in the south, I found no hills or mountains that I could not manage to pass over in my buggy. The noble animal I drove was always safe and reliable; she was of great spirit, and, when it was found necessary, could take me fifty miles a day, if the roads were good. As the usual amount of labor and privation were required this year, I shall not enter into details, but only give a few of the more interesting occurrences.

In attending to my appointments, I traveled among the hills

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of Western Virginia, until I came to Parkersburg, in my buggy, and then left it and "Lize" in the care of a friend, and took a steamer for a point ninety miles below, on Jackson Circuit. My meeting was at Ripley, in the court-house, twelve miles out from the river. When I landed at the mouth of Mill Creek, an elderly gentleman met me on the bank, to whom I made myself known, and that I wanted a horse to carry me out to Ripley, to attend my meeting the following day—Saturday. Said he, "If you will come and rest yourself with me to-night, I will furnish you with the best horse for the trip in Jackson County; provided, you will agree to leave an appointment and preach for us, at my house, on your return." To this I agreed, with a great deal of pleasure, and was very kindly entertained by that courteous family. In the morning, when the horse was brought out, he had on an old Mexican saddle, with a piece of carpet under it instead of a pad, and the old gentleman apologized for his lean appearance, by saying, "The winter has been long and hard, feed very scarce, and, as a consequence, the horse is rather low in flesh; but he has a stout frame, and will carry you very well." When I saw that animal and his rigging, I thought of what I read in a newspaper about the productiveness of Jackson County. A gentleman passing through a lane said to a colored man sitting on the fence, "Is this a pretty good country?" The answer was, "First rate, massa, first rate; it brings two crops a year." "Ah!" said the gentleman, "how is that?" "Why," replied Sambo, "in de fall ob de year massa sells off all de hay—dat one crop; den in de spring ob de year he sells off all de skins ob de cows—dat two crops." It did seem to me that the skin of that horse was very near going into the second crop. A rain had fallen, the road was slippery, and the horse had no shoes—up hill it was bad, down hill it was worse. The feebleness of that poor horse, and the slipperiness of the road, made my ride dangerous to life and limb all the way. Finally, with no little mud thrown on me by the long, sweeping tail of that "best horse in Jackson County," I reached my destination, and preached in the Ripley court-house, to quite a large congregation.

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That day, in company with two other preachers, I dined with the clerk of the court. At table the conversation turned on phrenology, the company being divided in opinion. A young preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who took the lead in favor of that so-called science, said to me, "You had a very talented lecturer on phrenology to hear you to-day, and he will be here in a few minutes to see you." The clerk of the court, who was also a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, asked my opinion of phrenology. Being thus called out before that company, I said, without any hesitation at all, that I had not the least confidence in it as a science. "But," said I, "for the sake of accommodating the present company, I will admit that if a man has no head he can not think. But that the power of thought on all subjects, or the cast of character, is made to depend upon the bumps on the cranium, is a matter which, in my judgment, lies beyond the reach of proof. Some of the finest heads I ever saw—taking phrenology for my guide—I have found on the shoulders of natural fools; and other heads, absolutely under phrenological condemnation, belonged to profound philosophers, statesmen, and divines; so, when a pretended science contradicts experience, I must reject it."

"I wish," said the young preacher, "you had been present to hear the lectures during the past week; you certainly would have been convinced that phrenology is a real, substantial science—as truly so as mathematics." "Gentlemen," I replied, "in my judgment, phrenology is in open conflict with the moral government of God. It is certain, according to the Bible, that truth, justice, benevolence—in short, religion, is required of us all. It is also certain as Holy Writ can make it, that throughout all nature God has indicated his designs. He need not give us a revelation to teach us the use of the eyes, the ears, the teeth, the hands, the feet: in all these, and in other cases, the gift indicates the intention of the giver. Now, where a man, in his original formation, lacks eyes, ears, or teeth, it is equally clear that God does not intend that he shall see, hear, or chew his food. And it is just as clear, too, that if God, in any man's

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original formation, has given him no organ for veracity, he means him to be a liar; if he has given him no organ for justice, he means him to be a rogue; if he has given him no organ for benevolence, he means him to be a selfish miser; and finally, to include all this in one thing, if God has given him no development for religion, he means him to be a wicked infidel. So here phrenology and God's moral government are in conflict, and I am constrained to reject the former because it can not be reconciled with the latter.

"Suppose we admit all this," said the young preacher, "education will develop all these organs of truth, justice, benevolence, etc." "So, then," I answered, "it comes to this: God's work, in forming man's cranium, was defective, and man, by education, is to improve God's work and make man capable of morality and religion; thus, in all cases where education develops the organs, morality, religion, and eternal happiness are not of God, but of man." Just at this juncture, we saw the lecturer coming on to the porch, and out went my opponent, to have his head examined *scientifically*. When dinner was over, the rest of us went out. The young preacher cast his eye on me, and said to the phrenologist, "This man don't believe in your science." At this the individual addressed gave me a very grave look, and said, "I hope, sir, you will be open to conviction." "Yes, sir," said I, "if you have any thing to convict me with." "What kind of an argument," he asked, "do you want?" I replied, "Fifty-one years have now passed over me; by this time I may be supposed to have a tolerable degree of knowledge of my own character. If you will examine my head and come any way near making a correct estimate of my mental and moral character, I will be an unbeliever no longer." "Agreed, sir," said he; and I sat down to undergo a phrenological examination. As the operator progressed, the chart was marked carefully. While this was being done, I saw rather a rough class of people collecting about us, but suspected no evil design. When all was over, I took the chart, went in and seated myself at the back window of the dining-room, to overhaul the marks, and see what kind of mental and moral char-

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acter scientific phrenology had given me. It was in all respects too good. I came out too great a man. He even gave me extraordinary poetical powers, at which I laughed heartily. Immediately the crowd came in to inquire "what I thought of phrenology as a science?" I told them that, "in my judgment, it was nothing but a *humbug*." Out they all went, and in about ten minutes, on hearing a great noise, I looked out, and there went the phrenologist on horseback, with the mob after him, hurling sticks, stones, and eggs, and making a furious uproar. The poor fellow was flying for his life, with his hat off and his saddle-bags on the pommel of his saddle, crying "Murder! murder!" He was much more frightened than hurt. Though I did not believe in phrenology, yet I always abhorred mobs, and felt afraid that I had, unintentionally, had some influence in getting up that one. I found, on inquiry, that matters had for several days been ripening to that result, and when I pronounced phrenology a "humbug," it was the last drop in the cup of bitterness, that made the waters overflow and sweep the phrenologist out of town.

After a pretty good meeting in Ripley—somewhat embittered by the fate of the phrenologist—I returned to the river, with my borrowed horse in better plight, and the road in better order, and preached to a crowded congregation in the house of my old friend who lent me the horse. The next morning I returned by boat to Parkersburg, to go on my way to the Greenbrier country. After a night's rest at Parkersburg, with James Dagg—a cousin of my wife—who had taken good care of "Lize," I was off early the next morning for Weston, a distance of about eighty-four miles. Traveling on the Staunton pike and making fine speed, I came to Goose Creek, a distance of twenty miles, by eleven o'clock A. M. About one quarter of a mile, on the Parkersburg side of said creek, I saw three men in the road, who had just come out of a tavern, all very drunk. Two of them were trying to put the third one on a very poor horse, with high hip-bones, and on the horse there was an old ragged saddle. I drove up beside them and halted, to witness the effort. They had him by a leg and an arm on each side,

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and were hoisting away to get him into the saddle, still calling out as they lifted, "Are ye up now, John?" "No, not yet," was John's reply. Then another effort was made, with another call, "Are ye up now, John?" and the same answer was made, "No, not yet." After taking breath, another effort was made, and John was thrown into the saddle. He then reached forward over the pommel of the saddle, took the horse round the neck with his arms, and rolled as if about to fall on one side or the other. At last, with his leaden, heavy eyes, he gave me a real drunkard's look, and said, "Who the d—l are you?"

"Gentlemen," said I, "is this Goose Creek I am coming to?" One of them swore it was Goose Creek. Said I, "Is there not a toll-gate at the creek?" With an oath, one of them replied that there was, and coming right up, he demanded toll of me. "It will be time enough to pay," said I, "when I get to the gate, which is a quarter of a mile ahead." But he contested the point stoutly, with oaths, insisting upon immediate payment of toll. "Come, my good fellows," said I, "when I pass the gate I 'll pay my toll, and not before." Then said I, "Is there not a man living about half a mile up this creek by the name of Thornton?" Then one of them, with both hands and his right foot lifted up, and an oath in his mouth, said, "That man married my sister." Just then one of them came near, laid his hand on "Lize's" mane, looked up in my face, and said, "A-a-a-aint you a preacher?" "Yes, sir," said I, "that is my calling; I try to do a little in that way." "Well, sir," said he, "if a body might make so free, wha-wha-wha-what Church do ye belong to?" "The Methodist Protestant Church, sir," said I. Then lifting up both hands and one foot, with great vehemence he said, "Be d—d if I do n't b'long to the same Church myself." So there I was, right among the brethren, for they all claimed to "belong to the same Church."

Immediately they all got at me to stop in the neighborhood and preach, saying that just beyond the creek they had a h—l of a fine meeting-house, and if I would only allow them, they would circulate the appointment, and get me one of the d—dest congregations that any man had ever preached to in all that

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country. I excused myself, as lacking time, and drove on to Thornton's for dinner. I have given this narrative just about as the facts occurred, deeming all the various phases of human nature capable of ministering instruction. I found, on inquiry, that these men were members of the Methodist Protestant Church; that before they joined the Church they had all been very intemperate; that they were hard-working lumbermen, and had, generally, since they became members of the Church, conducted themselves with sobriety; but that sometimes, when they went down the river with lumber, they came back in what was called a "spree." When they got sober, confessions and promises of amendment were made by them to the Church, and it was deemed best still to allow them to retain their membership, in order, if possible, to save them. (Query: was not this, under all the circumstances, the better way?) In them the virtuous principle was in a perpetual struggle against an old, vicious habit. To have excommunicated them would certainly have been their ruin. To bear with them, and keep the bond of Church obligations upon them, was, in all probability, the only way to save them. Yet, after all, great care should be taken, and the lenity of the Church should only be extended when it is in evidence that persevering efforts are being made to overcome evil habits.

At Weston I left my buggy, took to my saddle, and went on to my appointment at Morrison's, on Braxton Circuit. There I met with Rev. John Hardman, who, with Dr. Williams, agreed to accompany me through the mountain ranges, to the Greenbrier camp-meeting. The meeting at Morrison's was quite fruitful in conversions and in the general edification of the Church. When we started for Greenbrier, it was found by Hardman and I that Dr. Williams "*had an ax to grind.*" In that case I could not help him; but Hardman did, by carrying his saddle-bags full of the Doctor's books. When we started, "Now," said brother Morrison to the Doctor, who was his nephew, "do you take these brethren to the house of my daughter to-night, one mile off from the main road, seven miles this side of Nicholas Court-house. There they will be comfortably entertained."

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That day, in a cabin by the wayside, we made our dinner on rough corn-bread and very sour buttermilk. Toward sundown, "Now," said the Doctor, "I'll turn off here, and spend the night with my cousin, and overtake you in the morning, before you leave Nicholas Court-house." This roused our indignation, for we thought, according to the instructions of his uncle, we were all to go to his cousin's. To be impressed with the idea that the Doctor was treating us unfairly, and to have his books to carry too, was rather galling on brother Hardman, with whom I felt no little sympathy. We both regarded Williams as a tricky doctor. A little after dark we reached the village and put up at a tavern, ate a hearty supper, and sat up late, to let the digestive process go forward. So, after a good night's rest, we were up early, had breakfast, and waited for the Doctor until eight o'clock; but he did not come. From the Court-house, through that vast range of mountains, to Greenbrier, we had no road—nothing but a blind path—no Doctor to be our guide, as promised; and Hardman was carrying that man's books! What a bore!

Without a guide, we sat out, determining to find the mountain-path, if possible, independently of Dr. Williams. In four miles, we came to the Gauley River, an exceedingly rapid stream. Under cover of an island, in a very small ferry-boat, we went up a great distance, to take the shoot for the other shore. If we missed the landing, we should be dashed against rocks, for there was but the one place to get out. Our horses were very much scared at the noise of that thundering river, and could scarcely be held in the boat. But the ferryman understood his business well, and made the landing in safety. So, paying him forty cents each, and thanking him kindly for his skillful management, we betook ourselves to the path of the mountains. That day we traveled hard, got very hungry, but found no place for refreshment. At last we met four hunters, with three horses loaded with four deer, which they had killed at a deer-lick. They told us of a house, about ten miles ahead, where we might possibly get entertainment for the night. On

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we went, hungry enough, men and horses all jaded down. Those were ten long, weary miles.

Finally, about four o'clock in the afternoon, we found, in a gap in the mountains, the place named by the hunters, and there we put up for the night. It was an unpromising place in appearance; but to go the remaining fourteen miles across the mountains was impossible. That place was called C——'s Tavern. It was a mere cabin, with one room, and a little shanty at one end of it for a kitchen. After seeing the horses get a little hay, I called for supper, and told the lady of the house we both desired tea. "God bless you," said she, "there is not an ounce of tea in all this county." "Well, now," said I, "if you have n't any, I have, and sugar too." So, opening my saddle-bags, I handed her the tea and sugar, of which, to all appearance, she took out plentifully, and returned the balance to me. Then we waited, with as much patience as hunger would allow, for our suppers; but, seeing no favorable signs, we went out to a peach-tree, but the fruit (it being October) was hard and bitter; so we failed in this resort. Returning to the house, we continued to wait. Finally, the table was drawn out, the cloth laid on, and a saucer, with something in it intended for butter—but it looked like bear's oil—was placed upon it; then came the plates and tea things. At these promising signs our appetites were whetted up to the highest degree. But still we were doomed to wait awhile longer. Ultimately came a plate of corn-dodgers, to appearance finely baked, and, last of all, a shoulder of bear-meat in a large dish. We were then invited to the table. When the blessing was asked, then said the woman—who had taken the place in that house of Mrs. C——, a banished wife—"Gentlemen, I owe you an apology; I have spilt your tea, and have nothing for you in place of it but warm water." "Why, madam," said I, "why did you not come and get more? You knew I had plenty." "O," said she, "I was ashamed." (The history of this woman, as I got it afterward, would indicate that she was incapable of shame.) That bear-meat was so black, and coarse, and hard, and tough, with

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such an offensive smell, that I could not eat it, and but for the hunger I felt, I could not have remained at the table where it was. My old friend Hardman—in former years a great bear-hunter—ate of it freely, but found afterward, to his cost, that his stomach had not the power to digest it; so he became sick from his bear-meat supper. My supper was made exclusively on corn-dodgers and warm water well sweetened.

That night, about nine o'clock, in came about twelve men, all dark, suspicious-looking fellows. Hardman and I were much concerned at their appearance, supposing them to be a band of robbers. Their whole manner indicated their character. They talked together here and there, in little companies, and we could hear them talking of us, as being the very men they had seen back in the mountains. Finally, they quit talking among themselves, and came to us, and desired to be informed what business we were on—whether purchasing land, or cattle, or something else. I at once told them, "We are two Methodist preachers, on our way from Braxton County over to Greenbrier, to attend a camp-meeting." When these words were uttered, up started a small, crooked man, who had come in unobserved, and seated himself in a corner, and said, "Yes, that camp-meeting will commence to-morrow, on the land of Richard Williams. I left his house this morning, and they were all busy making preparations for the meeting." The confirmatory testimony of that stranger, given in the nick of time, I have no doubt saved us from the hands of the gang. They gave the matter up, seemed disappointed, but let us alone.

I then said to the proprietor of the house, "It is my custom, wherever I tarry for a night, to pray with the family, if it is found to be agreeable. Will you, sir, allow me the privilege of praying to God in your family?" "Certainly, sir," was the reply. "Then," said I, "have you a copy of the Holy Scriptures in your house? I usually read a portion of the Word of God before family prayer." He said he "thought there was." After a long search, he found a part of the New Testament, on an upper shelf of an old corner cupboard, and handed it to me. After reading, with a strong, full voice, a most lovely chapter—

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the fourth of the Ephesians—I said, "Now let us all kneel down before the Lord and pray." All obeyed the request, and went to their knees. That was a most solemn season of earnest, feeling, pleading prayer. When it was over, I felt no more fears of either men or devils. While I prayed, God gave me a firm confidence in his almighty protection. Hardman and I went to bed, and the gang slept on the floor in the same room, and nothing disturbed our rest throughout the night.

In the morning early we left those men all fast asleep on the floor, and were off for the camp-meeting, in a very heavy rain. In a short time, as we ascended out of the gap of the mountains to the higher regions, the rain became finer and finer, until at last we were fully in the cloud, enveloped by a dark mist which floated slowly over the mountain, with no descending rain at all. After traveling on the higher land some distance, we began to descend into another gap. Shortly we were in the fine rain, which became coarser and coarser, until we got fully under the cloud, which lay like a bridge across the gap from peak to peak: there the rain was falling in torrents, and the darkness was not so great. When we again went up out of the gap into the cloud, and reached the highest point of fine rain, with our umbrellas over us, there we stopped to examine into the works of God—to see, if we could, the attraction of the aqueous particles so as to form drops of rain. But this operation was so minute as entirely to elude our visual penetration. Where the cloud melted into rain we could not distinctly see. God not only hides many of his works from us, but he hides himself in his works; yet his works reveal his being and his glory. He is in all places, to give effect to all the laws of nature established by himself.

About nine o'clock in the morning we came to Martin's, beyond the Meadow River, got a good breakfast, and were overtaken by Dr. Williams. He came up just in time to be our guide when we were through the wilderness, and felt that we could do very well without him. We did not regard him afterward as one of us, and had very little sociality with him. That evening we reached the camp-meeting. Hardman was yet sick from

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that indigestible bear-meat supper eaten in the gap of the mountains, and went to Richard Williams's for medical assistance. I remained on the camp-ground and preached the opening sermon to a very attentive audience, but was much interrupted by the crying of children. Crying children and barking dogs did not disturb the people of that country, but it was not so with me. A good state of civilization, to say nothing of religion, ought to be an effectual guarantee against all such annoyances at a place of public worship. Yet, it will not do to measure all people by the same standard. At that camp-meeting there certainly were a goodly number of plain, earnest Christians. A holy unction attended the preaching, many sinners were converted, and the Church, notwithstanding the crying of children and barking of dogs, was greatly revived.

In a tent adjoining the one occupied by the preachers, where several of the ladies had met to smoke and talk, I overheard, as I lay in my bed, a conversation which very much amused me, concerning my inability to preach among crying children. "Did you not see," said one of the ladies, "that Mr. Brown had to stop altogether when that little boy bawled so in the altar, and while the dogs back of the stand were barking?" "Yes," said another; "he is no such a preacher as brother Helmick, though he is President." Then another said, "Brother Helmick would never have minded the noise if he had been there." "O," said another, "brother Helmick is the greatest preacher I ever heard in all my life; I have heard him preach where there were a dozen children in the congregation, all bawling as loud as that boy in the altar to-night, and he never minded it, but went right on!" I think that woman must have exaggerated. How could brother Helmick have hoped to do any good while preaching to a congregation where there were one dozen of crying children? Such meetings are disorderly. At any rate, the case is given as it occurred, because all sides of human nature deserve to be seen. My silent reproof did good. We were not much troubled afterward with crying children. When the meeting was over, Hardman and I returned by Huntersville and Beverly to Weston; from which point I

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again traveled in my buggy, which I found the easier way for me to get through the country.

In September, 1834, the Pittsburgh Conference was held in Fairmont, Virginia, and was handsomely entertained by the Churches and citizens. The impression on the community in favor of the Methodist Protestant Church was good, as it was there seen that the lay delegation system worked well, and that we had a valuable body of ministers. Again I was elected President, and had another year of hard labor on the Pittsburgh District. To give in detail the occurrences of this year will not be necessary; a few incidents only will be given. As usual, the central portion of the district was visited during the fall and winter. Early in the spring, I made a tour through the river counties of Western Virginia. While preaching at Harrisville, in a large frame, unfinished meeting-house, on the Sabbath-day, at eleven o'clock A. M., there came on a most fearful storm of wind, rain, hail, thunder, and lightning. The violence of the tempest increased for about twenty minutes. During all that time, the congregation, which was very large, looked pale and terror-stricken, and seemed inclined to fly to some place for safety. But it was about one-half mile to town, and there was danger from the falling timber, there being many trees in that vicinity. All concluded, finally, to remain. I ceased to preach while God walked upon the wings of the wind, glanced the lightning flash of his eye upon us, rocked the world with the thundering artillery of heaven, and, with his mighty hail, startled every living creature. How terrible was that storm! How critical was that moment! All hearts were lifted up to God in solemn prayer for safety. At last came the final mighty rush of the tempest, and moved the meeting-house, with that large congregation in it, about *eight inches on its foundation!* Every joint in that frame house creaked as if all were going to pieces. The congregation started up in expectation of a general ruin. But in a few moments the Master hushed the tempest, and, behold, there was a great calm! My discourse was resumed and finished; then followed the holy communion. It was a time of great mercy to us all. Never, while memory

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lasts, can I forget that storm, or the solemnity inspired by the terrible majesty of God on that occasion.

Such a storm brings to mind the 18th Psalm: "Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also, and came down: and darkness was under his feet. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hail-stones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail-stones and coals of fire. Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them. Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils."

Having visited the Susquehanna part of the district in the summer of that year, on horseback, I returned to Indiana, Pennsylvania, where I had left my buggy. On my way from thence—through Kittanning to the circuits up toward Lake Erie—in a very narrow lane, I met a drove of frightened cattle, running about up to the top of their speed. They were young stock cattle, about three hundred in number, not yet broken to the road. They came from a wood-covered hill, to the right of the mouth of the lane. The noise made by their running, before they came in sight, threw my faithful "Lize" into a terrible fright, and set her to snorting and prancing; but, finding myself in a low place in the lane washed out by the rain, I could not turn back or get into a corner of the fence; so I had to face the danger, fearful as it was.

Immediately the cattle appeared in sight, and came pitching down the hill. As they entered the lane, filling it from side to side, and came rushing fearfully on, the indications were that my whole establishment would be a wreck before the cattle were passed. But I knew "Lize," in times of alarm, had, in many instances, been quieted by my taking the bridle and standing

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at her head until the danger was passed. So I leaped from my seat in the buggy, took hold of the bridle close up to her chin with my left hand; then, with the whip in my right hand, I fought off the cattle to the right and left, shouting and hallooing with all the voice I had. "Lize," during the time the cattle were passing, was perfectly quiet, though they raked the buggy on each side, and the fence likewise on both sides of the lane. When the danger was over, I felt thankful to God for presence of mind all the time, and for having preserved me from all harm—man, horse, buggy, all safe! What a mercy! Then came the men who drove the cattle, and offered their hearty congratulations. They had witnessed my danger from the hill, and said they saw no way for my escape, and expected man, horse, buggy, and all to be crushed. As no injury was sustained, we all thanked God together for the merciful preservation. On looking over this interposition of Providence, I have felt like saying, with David, "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep; O Lord, thou preservest man and beast"—yes, and the buggy likewise—all saved by the Lord.

When this whole affair was past, I found that I had been very much excited, for I was trembling and exhausted, and hardly able to remount the buggy to pursue my journey. Such, however, has been my experience from early life. In danger I have been cool and collected, but when the danger was past there came a sense of exhaustion. Were I a soldier in battle, how I should fight I can not venture to say but; if not slain by the enemy, I might die of exhaustion when the battle was over.

After spending two hours in Kittanning, I came to Butler by five o'clock in the evening, a distance of fifty miles from Indiana. This was fast traveling over a hilly country. The next day I passed on to the Conneaut camp-meeting. That meeting was good throughout: sinners were converted, and the cause of Christ advanced in that community. As usual, I was called on, by a rising vote of the Sunday congregation, for a lecture on Church government, which I accordingly delivered on Monday afternoon, to an unusually large audience. The New Lights of

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that vicinity were there in full force, with their preacher, to hear me deal with the arbitrary principles of the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Their minister, who was a talented man of good standing in the community, had moved the congregation to call for a lecture. Of course I had to remember him and his Church in my lecture, for they, professing to take the Bible alone as their rule, went against all creeds, confessions of faith, and Church discipline made by men. So I placed the New Lights, who opposed all human regulation in Church government, on one extreme; and the Episcopal Methodists, in whose ecclesiastical economy all legislative, judicial, and executive power and authority was claimed as of divine right by the itinerant clergy, on the other. Then the ground occupied by the Methodist Protestant Church was shown to lie between these two extremes, securing effectually the Mutual Rights of the ministers and members of the entire Church.

In that lecture I aimed to convince the New Lights that, taking the New Testament to be the grand constitution of the kingdom of Heaven set up in the world, some by-laws, under the constitution, either written or unwritten, such as human reason could frame, were necessary, in order to carry out Christianity into practical operation among men; and that these by-laws, which were all we meant by Church government, should always be printed in a book and be circulated among the people, so that they could be read and known of all men. Unwritten rules always render Church operations very uncertain, as they might be twisted any way to suit the whim or ambition of popular leaders. The New Light minister, seated right in front of the stand, nodded assent to all I said, and I did hope that good would resu , to him and his people, from that lecture.

I then brought in view the Methodist Episcopal Church government, as occu g the other extreme; as being too strong; as placing i inerant hands all legislative, judicial, and executive powe l creed-making, property-controlling, member-receiving, n r-expelling, office-making, officer-appointing, officer-rem power, etc., in the whole heaven and

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earth of the government, leaving nothing to the local preachers and lay members but absolute submission to their will or expatriation from the Church. Against this I argued as being Roman Catholic in its character, contrary to the teachings of the New Testament, contrary to Lord King's Account of the Primitive Church, contrary to Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and contrary to the American Bill of Rights, as well as injurious to the liberties of mankind. A people educated to reverence such a Church government would find no great difficulty in exchanging our republic for a monarchy.

I then affirmed the Methodist Protestant principle to be this: that the Church of Christ has as much right to a free representative government as the United States, and that to be monarchists in the Church and republicans in the State involves a contradiction which every lover of civil liberty in the land should make haste to put away. I then showed a similarity between the Book of Nature and the Book of Grace; that the "inalienable rights" seen by our Revolutionary fathers in the Book of Nature had an exact parallel in the teachings of Christ and his Apostles in the New Testament. If it be true, as our Methodist Episcopal brethren affirm, that the Holy Scriptures only give us the principles, and not the form, of Church government, then it follows, with all the strength of a logical conclusion, that they were not obliged by the oracles of God to adopt their form of ecclesiastical economy, by which the rights of the laity are so completely ignored. The men who took upon themselves the task of giving Methodism a government in this country were Europeans; so they established the only kind of government familiar to their minds—an ecclesiastical monarchy; and it never suited the American people, as the various efforts to have it amended, followed by disruptions from the body, will abundantly declare.

The self-evident truths contained in the American Bill of Rights are such as the following: "God hath created all men equal, and hath given them certain inalienable rights, such as the right to life, liberty, and a pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men,

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deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." In this way did our Revolutionary sires read and understand the Book of Nature. Now, if the God of Grace is not against the God of Nature, there will be principles found in the New Testament—which is the Book of Grace—in exact agreement with those found in the Bill of Rights. See the following: "We have one Father, even God;" "we are also his offspring"—equally near and dear to him, and upon one common level among ourselves. All are equal in the fall—"all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." All are equal in redemption—"Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, hath tasted death for every man." All are placed under spiritual treatment—"I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh;" "the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." All are equally eligible to salvation, if they repent and believe in Christ; all equally liable to be lost without repentance and faith in Christ; all are held to a just account at last—"So, then, every one of us shall give account of himself to God." After this manner, and with many other arguments from the Holy Scriptures and other sources, did I, in that lecture, sustain the position that "the Church of Christ had as much right to a free representative government as the United States, and that to be monarchists in the Church and republicans in the State does involve a contradiction which every lover of civil liberty in the land should make haste to put away." I was calm and respectful to all parties, and the lecture evidently made a strong impression in favor of our cherished doctrine of "Mutual Rights."

It is to be deeply regretted that the preachers now holding the foreground in our itinerant ranks know so little of the controversy which resulted in the expulsion of many of the champions of ecclesiastical liberty from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and thereby necessitated the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church. Their knowledge of the doctrinal, experimental, and practical truths of Christianity, generally speaking, is admitted, and it is a matter of thanksgiving to God that they are thereby enabled to build up Scriptural Christianity in the land. But for want of a competent knowledge of the

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controversy in question, and of ecclesiastical history in general, the testimony of our Church in favor of mutual rights, and against all manner of despotism in the Church of Christ, has been measurably dropped, to the injury of our cause. If our principles were right at first, they are right now, and should be faithfully, intelligently, and powerfully advocated by our preachers every-where. Christianity in all its parts is aggressive, and the war of truth against error should be eternal. Protestantism has never dropped its testimony against Popery, nor should our Church ever drop her testimony against the Popery of Methodism. When the Methodist Episcopal Church admits lay delegation into practical and efficient operation in all her official bodies, and enfranchises her people with all the immunities of ecclesiastical freedom, then should our testimony cease, and not before; for to us is this great work committed of spreading the Christian religion and religious liberty all over these and other lands, as fast and as far as God, in his providence, may open our way, and all our preachers should be qualified for the great work assigned them.

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CHAPTER XVII.

APPOINTED CONFERENCE MISSIONARY—GENERAL CONFERENCE IN CINCINNATI—A QUARTERLY MEETING AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE—PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE HELD IN ALLEGHANY—ELECTED PRESIDENT—PUBLIC DISCUSSIONS ON CHURCH GOVERNMENT WITH METHODIST EPISCOPAL MINISTERS—CONFERENCE AT WAYNESBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA—RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT—A SKETCH OF BORDER-LIFE IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

IN August, 1845, the Pittsburgh Conference was held in Connellsville, Pennsylvania, and I was appointed Conference Missionary, with the understanding that I was to work at such times and places as would be most favorable to my health, for hard labor on the district had nearly prostrated my physical energies. That was a very pleasant and interesting Conference. It was well sustained, and highly appreciated by the citizens. But Rev. T. H. Stockton's sermon, splendidly eloquent as it was, gave some offense to the Masons. They were not by any means gratified at being compared to "owls and bats and other doleful birds of night," by a man who, in the nature of things, knew nothing certainly about them or their institution. Why inflict censure and contumely on an institution and an order of men when, in his own confession, he knew nothing about them? These hits in the dark are unworthy of a dignified mind; they never did any good, and they never will. He who attacks Masonry, or any other institution, without a competent knowledge of the subject on which he speaks, is sure to speak unadvisedly with his lips, and will be regarded by all who have knowledge, as speaking nonsense, and setting aside, in every such instance, the laws of Christian charity. Yet, after all, with this little exception, I regard Stockton as being at the head of the American pulpit—fervent in piety, profound in general knowledge, and splendid in argumentative and poetic eloquence.

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The Conference elected Dr. P. T. Laishley President for the first time, and he gave general satisfaction in the performance of the duties of his office. At that Conference representatives were elected to our fourth General Conference, to be held in Cincinnati the following May, and I was one of the members elected.

About three months' hard labor as Conference Missionary, mainly in North-western Pennsylvania, convinced me fully that whatever good I might do as a pioneer in a new district of country, in breaking up new ground, I could not obtain among the people a support for my family. Late in the fall, I returned home to Steubenville, a little the worse of wear, both in body and in mind. Five dollars clear gain for three months' incessant toil did not look very promising! But the winter was spent in assisting the brethren at their protracted meetings in the circuits and stations nearer home, where the wants of my family were liberally provided for by my old friends. Among these, New Manchester Circuit, under the superintendence of Rev. Joseph B——, took the lead. Will God in mercy be pleased to remember that once faithful and useful minister, and bring the wanderer to the fold again! His case is proof positive, I think, that men may fall from grace. May it also be proof that a backslider may be reclaimed!

Early in the spring I was called to Washington, Pennsylvania, to assist in adjusting a difficulty between Rev. S. Clawson, the superintendent, and his people. He was a high-strung, eccentric, impulsive man, and being overruled by the vote of his Quarterly Conference, he took it in very high dudgeon, and at once renounced his charge. After due time for reflection, he repented of his hasty act, and wished to return to his work again, but he had men of spirit to deal with, who held him at bay for a time. Ultimately, the parties agreed to leave the whole matter to my judgment. I went at their call. The whole Church was convened. The parties stated the matter at issue between them, and I found it a small matter, indeed, about which to have so much trouble. Clawson, at last, made all due acknowledgments as to the rashness of his conduct in abandon-

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ing his people, because his favorite measure was voted down in the Quarterly Conference. At my instance the Church then agreed to forgive him, and let him continue in pastoral charge to the end of the year. Yet a few of the best members of the Church were not entirely satisfied with this adjustment: they were displeased with Clawson's eccentricities. In after years, he was nearly bereaved of his senses, by a report that a great estate in England had fallen to his wife. In the prospect of getting it, he borrowed money in considerable sums, in various places; but, as the estate was never obtained, his friends were injured by lending him money which he never will be able to pay; and he himself, having lost public confidence, is now among the rebels and traitors. When I last heard of him, he was a prisoner at Camp Chase.

On attending the General Conference of May, 1846, in Cincinnati, I found that we were again to have trouble on the slave question. After a long and rather irritating discussion, a conservative resolution on that subject, similar to the one adopted at the preceding General Conference in Baltimore, was finally carried, but it left all parties dissatisfied. The Southern members were displeased to have it declared by that body that slavery, under any circumstances, was inconsistent with the morality of the Holy Scriptures. The thorough-going Abolitionists were displeased because they could not get a resolution through the Conference declaring it to be a sin against God under all circumstances. The conservatives wanted no action at all, in the full persuasion that God, in his Word, had already settled and declared all moral principles that were to govern his Church, and that the local authorities in all the Conferences, without any declared opinion of the General Conference, had the right to sit in judgment on all moral questions—as well the question of slavery as any other—and decide them, not according to a General Conference opinion contained in a resolution, but according to the revealed will of God. Besides, from the light they then had, they supposed that there might be circumstances under which a man might hold a slave without being a sinner against God. But, as the question was pressed

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upon the body, and action had to be taken, a conservative resolution, that satisfied nobody, was finally adopted, and I was found acting among the conservatives. I now believe that wherever there is slavery there is sin. If the sin be not in the master, who would free his slaves if he could, it is in the cruel law and the law-makers, by whom emancipation has been rendered impossible.

At this General Conference the mission question, brought up from the Maryland Conference, in which Rev. T. H. Stockton took so deep an interest, was finally adjusted on a plan proposed by Dr. F. Waters, President of the Conference, and was incorporated into our book of discipline. It then served to settle a question, but was of very little utility to the Church, and has since been superseded by a better plan. My recollection is not sufficiently distinct to enable me to state exactly the origin of the controversy in the Maryland Conference concerning missions, but it certainly involved the following questions: 1. What territory within the bounds of an Annual Conference can fairly be considered missionary ground? 2. Can an old charge, either a circuit or station, by calling itself a *mission*, thereby legally take itself from under the operation of the restrictive rule, and retain its pastor for an indefinite term of time? Brother T. H. Stockton was in favor of the right of old charges to become missions if they chose to do so, and of a continuation of a pastoral relation beyond the time allowed by the restrictive rule. His argument was eloquent and powerful, and, had it been yielded to, would have revolutionized our whole connection, by turning all our most important charges into missions, where the pastoral relation could have been continued after the manner of the Congregational Churches, and our beloved itinerancy, left to operate on the feeble outskirt appointments, would certainly have come to an end. Much as brother Stockton was loved by the whole body, it was not deemed best to substitute Congregationalism for our itinerant system, in accordance with his views. Yet, toward the conclusion of the Conference, he did succeed in getting a new district set off, including Philadelphia and other adjacent places. But the brethren in the charges in-

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cluded in this new Conference were not all agreed to substitute the settled pastorate in the room of the old itinerant plan, so they sought an alliance with the Maryland Conference, and at the next General Conference the Philadelphia District was, by action of that body, included in the Maryland District, very much to the grief of brothers Stockton, Wilson, Ward, and other valuable Christian brethren. Some of them went into Independency, but brother Stockton still holds his membership in the Pittsburgh Conference, where he is greatly beloved by the brethren.

During the General Conference in Cincinnati, the colored brethren, having bought the Millerite Temple, were about to dedicate it with a quarterly meeting. At that dedication a number of the members of the Conference were present. Among them was Rev. Josiah Varden, from whom we have the following amusing anecdote. The house was a perfect jam. The delegates were near the center of the congregation, wedged in so tightly among the colored brethren that a retreat was impossible. The windows in that queerly-constructed house were so high, that they could not conveniently be reached and raised to admit fresh air. The weather was quite warm, and the odor of that crowded assembly was by no means pleasant, yet it had to be endured by the delegates during a pretty long sermon. When the sermon came to an end, up rose a short, thick colored preacher, and went into the pulpit. With eyes laughing and white teeth showing, he said, "We hope our white friends will excuse de smell to-day. When we did buy dis house ob de Millerites, we did employ de carpenter to cut a hole in de roof for let out de effervescence ob de gas. After some time, we found he would not do it widout de money in advance, and we had no money to give him. So now, gentlemen and ladies, we are going to make a collection to-day, for pay de carpenter to cut a hole in de roof for let out de effervescence ob de gas. *Brother Moses, hand round de hat.*" It is to be hoped that the delegates of our General Conference, after such a rich treat to their olfactory nerves, did contribute liberally to help the colored people to pay the carpenter for cutting a hole in the roof,

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to let out the effervescence of the gas. Never, from that day to this, have I thought of the very pleasant fix of our delegates on that occasion, and the ludicrously-pompous speech of the colored preacher, without being deeply moved to laughter. In such cases mirth becomes irrepressible.

While at that General Conference, Dr. Laishley, the President of the Pittsburgh District, engaged me, as Conference missionary, to fill his appointments in the north-eastern part of Western Pennsylvania. The Doctor gave me a plan of the appointments, and was to publish them immediately, for me to fill and receive his pay. So I returned home to Steubenville, and in due time set out to perform the labor assigned me. I reached every appointment before the paper got there to notify the brethren that I was coming. So I had, in every instance but one, to get up my own appointments as best I could. I believe the Doctor sent on the appointments for publication in time, but either in the printing-office or in the mails there was a tardiness which caused me a great deal of trouble. So I had hard labor and a very meager remuneration. In another respect I had a very sore providential affliction. The day I left home, driving merrily on, singing as I went, a rough, harsh bug dashed against my ear, and in he went, struggling hard, as if he meant to go clear through my head! He was at once beyond my reach. I had no means to withdraw his bugship from his position. His struggles nearly convulsed my whole nervous system, and threw my entire frame into the most intense agony. But here came a lady on horseback. I leaped from my carriage, and implored her to dismount and remove the bug from my ear. Instantly, she kindly made the trial, but failed. Her effort did no more than kill the bug; it was still in my ear, and my agony was more intense than before. I then drove on with all speed to Wellsville, to the house of brother Joseph Wells, but there was no one at home. I then turned back to the office of Dr. Stevenson, but he was not there; however, kind friends soon found him and brought him to my relief. He tried to float the bug out with sweet-oil, but did not succeed. He then picked it out, a bit at a time, with an instrument. My ear bled freely,

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the fever was high, and the pain very great. With sweet-oil and wool in my ear, I drove on that afternoon to Beaver, the pulse near my ear sounding like the stroke of a forge-hammer all the way. Three times during my tour of five or six weeks did suppuration take place, and bloody matter was discharged. For a time I entertained fears that the tympanum, or drum of the ear, was utterly destroyed. That forge-hammer-like sound still followed me in all my toils—for I filled all my appointments—nor did I wholly recover for about six months. But my recovery was complete, and, by the blessing of God, I have good hearing even down to old age.

This thing of supporting one's family on the proceeds of Conference missionary labor was, in my case, an utter failure. But for my own scanty means, and the voluntary assistance granted me by several of the circuits and stations in the district, my family would have suffered. To me this was a year of trial and sore conflict with the enemy of my soul. My religion was tested at every point, and, in some instances, I frankly own that I did not maintain my ground against the enemy as a true Christian soldier should have done. To myself I take shame and confusion of face, but to the Lord my God I give glory, honor, and praise for bearing with me and taking care of me in all my trials.

In September, 1846, the Pittsburgh Conference was held in Alleghany, and I was again elected to the presidency. The Conference was well cared for by the community; but the weather being excessively warm, the brethren were by no means comfortably accommodated, crowded, as they were, in the basement of the new meeting-house. There were certain of the members of that station who expressed an unwillingness to allow the Conference to remove its sittings to the main audience-room, up-stairs, lest the house should be defiled by tobacco-chewers. They alleged that "the basement was good enough for such a set of men." Rev. C. Avery and E. W. Stephens, leading brethren, who mainly built both the meeting-house and the parsonage, expressed a wish that the Conference would pay no attention to these offensive objectors, but go at once up-stairs

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into the body of the church, where they would have a free circulation of pure air. But the brethren of the Conference, under an impression that the objectors were numerous, felt themselves a little offended, and determined to finish their business, with all possible dispatch, in that sultry basement, and then return to Alleghany no more to hold a conference, until they were sure of more respectful treatment. They were, perhaps, a little too sensitive. It is probable that the number of members opposed to their using the body of the church was but few. The feeling on this offensive matter in a short time passed away. In nine years we held Conference there again, and found that the over-nice brother, who was head and front of the opposition to the Conference occupying the audience-room, lest it should be defiled by tobacco-chewers, had not been over-scrupulous on questions of high moral character, and had been excluded from the Church for dishonesty in his dealings. O, how many there are who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel—are very nice about little things, tithing mint, anise, and cumin, while they pass over the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and the love of God. Let men be nice, and keep a clean church, but, at the same time, let them maintain a good moral character before God and all the people.

During this year I visited all the circuits and stations in the district. My great tour of hard travel and labor in Western Virginia nearly broke me down. On returning from the Greenbrier country, I rested and recruited my health a little at home in Steubenville. While there, God put it into my heart to attack a very troublesome brotherhood of infidels, all of them members of the Church. At first they were Restorationists, and believed in a limited punishment of sinners who might die without repentance. Then they went further, and adopted Universalism proper, and did not believe in any future punishment at all. The next step was to embrace Deism, and renounce the Christian religion and the Saviour of sinners altogether. This was a legitimate consequence of Universalism; for if there be no hell, no future punishment at all, there is no sinner upon earth in any danger of being lost; the Bible is false, the Chris-

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tian religion is a fable, and Christ is an impostor for pretending to save sinners when they are in no danger of being lost. But these men did not stop here; they went on to open Atheism, and believed in no God at all. I knew these men well, and was aware of the existence of their debating club, where Atheism was openly and defiantly advocated. Often did I wonder why their minister did not come out against them, for they were generally in the congregation on the Sabbath-day.

The first Sunday after I got home, I was invited to preach, and, without notifying any one of my design, I took up the case of these infidels. That afternoon I received a note from the leader of the club, requesting me to "repeat the dose"—they "wanted to hear more of it." On Monday evening, the Quarterly Conference, by resolution, desired me to preach a series of sermons on the authenticity and Divine authority of the Christian religion. So, being requested by both parties, I prepared myself, and with all the intellectual and moral power that God gave me, I handled the question in six consecutive discourses. By the time I was done, the Church was in the temper to bring these infidels under disciplinary treatment, and either reform or expel them. But they all declined a trial, and left the Church. Yet some of them did not want their families to leave the Church, embrace their sentiments, and associate with infidels; for they frankly confessed that infidel society, as a general thing, was not sufficiently respectable for ladies to associate with. In my opinion, men who talked in this way did not more than half believe their own doctrine, and, but for a false pride, would have recanted their errors.

It is certainly a matter of Christian propriety for a Church to bear with erring brethren while their errors are of a minor character, and no attempt is made to propagate them or to disturb the peace of the body. But when error becomes rampant and fearfully infidel in its character, and seeks, in the club-room and elsewhere, to extend a poisonous influence through the community, then a Church should immediately take action against its advocates, and reform or expel them, as the case may require. The man who led the above-mentioned Church

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members astray was a talented, eloquent Restorationist, sound in the Christian faith on all points save that one, nor did he ever suppose that those who adopted his views were taking the first step to Atheism. The beginning of error is like the letting loose of waters—small at first, but finally becomes a rushing torrent, sweeping all before it. By any means, and to any extent, to fritter away or lower down the Divine Law, or its penalties, certainly tends to the increase of crime and the ruin of souls.

From Steubenville I proceeded to New Brighton, then to New Castle, and then to Conneaut, holding my annual meetings as I went. Between Lockport and Gerrard we held a very profitable and interesting camp-meeting. I had, on several preceding visits to that region, circulated among the people who attended my meetings Rev. W. B. Evans's "Questions and Answers on Church Government," and I had also delivered lectures on the same subject. This had roused Rev. Mr. Flowers, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who came to the camp-meeting with the determination, as I was told, to call me to a public account, in case I delivered a lecture on Church government, or circulated any more of Evans's Questions and Answers. The Quarterly Conference on Saturday, by resolution, requested me to deliver a lecture. I agreed to do so, provided the Sunday congregation, at the close of the morning service, would vote for it, but not else. I did not intend to thrust my lectures upon the people without their consent. On Sunday morning it was called for by an almost unanimous vote of a very large congregation, and was then announced for Monday, at two o'clock P. M. Rev. Mr. Flowers, being present, was publicly informed that he should have a fair opportunity to reply. Monday morning came. After sacrament and dinner were over, I took my position in front of the stand, spread out my books and papers on a table, and then invited Mr. Flowers to come forward and be seated near me. After being introduced to him, we had a little friendly conversation of rather a pleasant character. I then proposed to him, in the presence of that large assembly, that we should choose a presiding officer, to maintain order.

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This was accordingly done, to our mutual satisfaction. I then proposed to deliver my argument against the ecclesiastical economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in favor of that of the Methodist Protestant Church, at full length, without interruption from him or any one else; that he, Mr. Flowers, should have an opportunity to reply, at whatever length he chose, after which I would review him and he might review me, and that this should close the discussion. To all of this he agreed, without one word of objection.

I shall not attempt, in this place, to give any part of my argument, though I still have my notes. I spoke a little over two hours, covering the whole ground of controversy between the two Churches. It was my aim, throughout, to treat the old Church with all possible fairness; to be kind in language and strong in argument, and to bring the doctrine of Mutual Rights before that assembly under as favorable circumstances as I conveniently could. Indeed, I was religiously in earnest in my effort to get the whole truth on the subject at issue before the people, and I think I did succeed. The impression appeared to be very fine.

When I was done, and had taken my seat, Mr. Flowers was called for, but he declined a reply that afternoon. He was urged four different times, but, on one ground or another, he still declined, and said his reply would be made the next morning. The people, however, were not satisfied, and insisted upon his going on, according to arrangement. I then interposed in his behalf, and expressed a wish that he might have suitable time to prepare himself for the work before him. So the meeting was adjourned until ten o'clock the next day. That night I did not rest well; my nerves were affected by the effort I had made, and I arose in the morning quite unwell, and felt entirely unfit for duty. By ten o'clock the congregation had assembled, and Flowers was on hand to make his reply. He would not occupy my position in the altar, but took the stand, supposing he could speak better from thence. In his argument in support of Episcopacy, he made pretty free use of Dr. Emory's "Defense of the Fathers." He brought forward most of the old

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exploded arguments in favor of the powers in the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, claimed and held by the itinerant preachers. He admitted that the bishops and itinerant clergy did hold all the ecclesiastical power in their Church that I had shown them to possess. He asked, "What of it?" Had it done any harm? Did not the Church mainly owe her success to that form of government? He seemed to forget all my arguments and authorities from Scripture, history, and reason against their high claims to clerical power, and that it was "the Gospel of Christ," and not the power of the clergy, that was "the power of God unto salvation to all them that believe."

In the review of my opponent, I showed that my main positions had been admitted; that his boasted form of Church government had already done much harm; that none of the divisions in England or America had grown out of doctrinal dissensions; all had resulted from disputes about clerical power; and that, in such a country as ours, such a government as theirs was destined to do harm, in many ways, as long as it existed. It might, ultimately, injuriously affect our civil government. When my opponent came on with the closing speech, he was somewhat kind and complimentary to me, but aimed greatly to laud and magnify Episcopal Methodism as the great instrumentality by which the world was to be converted. He gave the audience a zealous exhortation to take passage on the Old Ship which had landed so many thousands on the heavenly shore. She was well built, her timbers were good, and there was no danger of her being wrecked or cast away. In all of this there was nothing like a review or argument. The evident intention of the speaker was to raise the highest amount of feeling possible in favor of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The discussion closed with entire good-will and kindness between the parties.

From the aforesaid camp-meeting, in company with Rev. W. H. Doe and lady, I went on to Clarion Circuit. My first appointment was in a small village called Troy. The congregation was large. There was quite a revival influence abroad

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among the people. Some lively singing and praying followed the sermon. Then a motion was made, and carried by an almost unanimous vote, requesting me to deliver them a lecture on Church government, the next day, at ten o'clock A. M. The Methodist Episcopal preacher of that circuit then asked the assembly to grant him the privilege of making a reply. That privilege was allowed him. So here I was, in for another public discussion. The preliminary arrangement was then and there made, and was exactly the same as that adopted at the discussion at the camp-meeting. That night my opponent, whose name I have forgotten, paid me a visit at my lodgings. He said he did not know the ground I meant to occupy in my lecture in opposition to their Church government. He wanted to be informed, so as to know how to frame his reply. After mature reflection, I told him he was asking too much; that when he heard my lecture he would fully understand the ground I occupied. However, as I saw he was in trouble, and as I desired to afford him the fairest opportunity I could to defend his ecclesiastical system, I stated to him the entire plan of my lecture. When this was done he left me, and spent the whole night, as I was informed, in preparation for the coming struggle.

In the morning, when the people assembled, my lecture, of something over two hours in length, was delivered. It was the same I had given on the previous Monday, at the camp-meeting, only an enlargement on some points was deemed necessary. The congregation gave me a very patient hearing, and I thought I could see signs of approbation among the people generally. My opponent, for a time, took notes. Finally, he laid by his paper, and seemed to indicate, by his manner, an irritated state of mind. Yet, throughout my lecture, my language was entirely kind: there was nothing to offend, unless quotations from Scripture, history, the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and fair argument were deemed offensive. When I was done, my opponent came forward and took the stand. After some feeble attempts at a reply, he lost his temper, and poured forth upon me and upon the Methodist Protestant Church a perfect torrent of abuse; nor could he be kept in

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order. The leading members of his own Church, after remonstrating against the abuse given me, left the house, declaring, as they went, that I had "treated their Church with all due kindness, and they were not going to sit there and hear their preacher disgrace himself, and his Church too, by abusing me." I went out and persuaded them to return, by telling them, "I can stand all his abuse, and you must; it will not do to break up this meeting in disorder." So we all went back and heard him out.

In my review I was very brief, claiming that my entire argument stood in full force against the anti-republican character of the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I claimed, too, that my opponent would have done better but for a lack of arguments. I excused him for the abuse heaped upon me and upon my Church on the sole ground of a want of argument. "The mouths that lack argument are always filled with abuse." This, I think, was the general opinion of that assembly; indeed, all sensible men admit the truth of this maxim. My opponent had the closing speech. He did nothing at argument; he did not recall his abusive language, but left things as they were; and so the discussion closed, leaving a very general impression in favor of the Methodist Protestant Church in the vicinity of Troy. This gentleman, having failed, on that occasion, to defend the government of his Church successfully, fell into trouble among his brethren, and ultimately joined our Church. After this, in conversation with him concerning our discussion, he told me, frankly, that before I was half done with my lecture, he felt in his soul that he could not answer my arguments, which to him was a very vexatious matter, and roused in him a disposition to cover his retreat by a volley of abuse. Many men besides him have made this last resort, but it is not a very reputable way to get out of trouble. Better yield the point at once than to adopt such a plan of retreat.

From Troy I went on with brother Doe to his quarterly-meeting, a distance of about thirteen miles. It was held in a very large barn, owned by a wealthy farmer, whose name I have

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forgotten. During the meeting, which was a very good one, the two lectures in the past week were much talked of by the people. On Sunday the congregation called on me, by a rising vote, for a lecture on Church government, and on Monday it was delivered to a crowded audience. It was well received by the people, but it lacked the interest of the former lectures, as there was no one to reply. After visiting the circuits in the Susquehanna country, and the Johnstown Station, I returned home to Steubenville, and prepared for Conference.

In September, 1847, the Pittsburgh Annual Conference was held in Waynesburg, Green County, Pennsylvania, and I was again elected President. The Conference was most handsomely entertained by that community, and the brethren began to think that country towns took immensely more interest in an Annual Conference than did the large cities, where such assemblies are so frequent as to lose their novelty. An Annual Conference in a large city moves nobody beyond our own membership; but let one be held in an interior town, and the whole population is astir. From the town and the country people come pouring in, to see what is going on at these Conference gatherings. At that time there was, on the part of the preachers, a very able and interesting discussion on the restrictive rule, in the presence of a crowded assembly. No result was reached. Brother T. H. Stockton was present with us, and laid before the Conference and the citizens, who densely packed the house, his entire plan for a Brotherly Love Association. It looked beautiful, but was thought impracticable. It might do in the Millennium, but not in the present state of society. If I remember right, there was in that plan no provision against an evil-doer. It was taken for granted that every body in the association would do exactly right. Even the defects in the scheme showed the goodness of the man. Brother Stockton has a very pure and elevated spirit. On the Sabbath-day, as no house of worship in Waynesburg would accommodate the great multitude of people that assembled, we all repaired to the grove, to hear brother Stockton on one of the great central doctrines of Christianity—the Atonement—a world's redemption by Jesus

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Christ. The theme was grand, and the minister was surpassingly eloquent.

I shall not deem it necessary to give a detailed account of all the occurrences of this year. To note such matters of interest as have made a lasting impression on my mind will be sufficient for my purpose. I spent, as was my custom, the fall and winter in visiting the circuits and stations in the central portion of the district. Our young Church in the free States had suffered much by the abolition controversy; still she maintained her conservative ground. She was anti-slavery in her sentiments, but not yet ripe to cut loose from the slaveholding Conferences in the South. The Wesleyans, because of our relation to the South, had made inroads upon us, taken away many of our societies, some of our circuits, and in one instance nearly a whole Conference. But now, at last, we began to have peace and prosperity. In the course of this year many souls were converted to God. I engaged Rev. D. R. Helmick to visit the Greenbrier region for me, and only extended my own labors into the Virginia part of the district as far as the Braxton Circuit. All through the West Virginia portion of the Conference there were revivals of religion, and the Redeemer's kingdom was greatly advanced by means of Methodist Protestant preaching.

On my way to my appointment on Braxton Circuit, at the Union Mills, on Elk River, I spent a night in Suttonville, the seat of justice for Braxton County. Elijah Squires, my traveling companion, got up an appointment for me to preach in the court-house that night. In that town there was, in those days, a half-finished court-house and some sort of a jail, but no school-house or meeting-house, and intemperance was doing its terrible work among the people. During Divine service, the clerk of the court, a man of fine talents, and one of the "F. F. V.'s," felt himself insulted by the overhauling given in my sermon to intemperance, and occasioned no little disturbance to the congregation and myself. Never would that man have done such a thing if he had been sober. Poor Suttonville is now (1865) in ruins, having been desolated by the war. The next

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morning, brother Squires and I made an early start for the quarterly meeting, twelve miles up the river. Most of the way there was no bottom land; the lofty hills came precipitately down to the Elk River, whose waters ran rapidly and were very clear. It was found somewhat hazardous to travel along a very narrow path, with the river to the right, sometimes from fifty to one hundred feet below, and a steep hill or mountain on the left, rising high above the travelers. In one place the turning of a boat in the river was a very interesting sight. The boat, bottom upward, with a large pile of rocks on it, was floated out into deep water; then the rocks were all moved over to one side; that side went down, the other side was elevated, until at last over it went, and, as it turned, the men who conducted the operation took to the skiff for safety.

Ultimately, we reached the Union Mills, the place of the quarterly meeting. Here, among the mountains, was found some good bottom land and several farms. But from the banks of the river to the tops of the mountains, on each side, the height looked fearful, and the whole scene was truly grand—well calculated to fire a poetic imagination. The people assembled for worship in the family residence of brother Skidmore. It was indeed a crowded house. Where all the people came from was more than I could even guess. When the preaching was over, the Quarterly Conference was announced. But very few left the house; all seemed anxious to see all that was to be done. Before we entered upon business, Rev. A. J. Warin, the superintendent, brought to me a man rather under middle size, with black hair and keen black eyes, who wore what is called in that region a hunting-shirt, girded on with a leather strap, and introduced him in about the following style: "Brother Brown, I wish to make you acquainted with brother Hosea, our class-leader; he has killed five bears this fall!"—thus seeming to commend him in his office of class-leader by a careful mention of the number of the bears he had killed. A good deal of pleasantry followed, and it was wound up with an invitation from brother Hosea to go home with him, just

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across the river, and eat bear-meat for dinner. But, fond as I was of bear-meat, and other kinds of wild game, to which I had been accustomed in early life, I had to decline his invitation, in view of attending to the business of the Quarterly Conference.

When the Quarterly Conference and dinner were over, away went all the men present, to carry boards from the saw-mill hard by, to prepare seats for the Sunday congregation. A great oak, rather low, with wide-spread branches, standing on the bank of the Elk River, afforded a splendid shade for the occasion. Sunday came, and although it was the 1st of November, yet no frost in that region had seared the leaves of that magnificent tree. The congregation was very large—too large by about one-half for the extensive preparations made. Where did they all come from? It was amazing to see such an assemblage of people in such a mountain region. A few from distant points were clad in the richest style, but the great mass wore the homespun dress of the mountains. All were civil and very attentive to preaching. That day, under the shade of that venerable oak, God gave me unusual liberty in preaching Jesus and the resurrection, and there were throbbing hearts and bursting emotions throughout the congregation. God alone can tell what became of the good seed sown that day. Doubtless some of it fell in good ground, producing fruit unto life eternal. When the harvest comes, we will know.

At the close of the sermon, the superintendent said: "The President's claim on Braxton Circuit is just ten dollars, and, from the look and feeling of this assembly, I am confident every cent of it can be raised. Stewards, please proceed and take up the collection." Away went the two stewards, very tall, stilty-looking men. They went in a hand-gallop; too fast, I thought, to get any thing. People must have a little time to get their purses open. While this collection was being made, I was saying to myself, "Can there be money in these mountains? Out of what can it be made? No doubt the people would give it if they had it to give." But the superintendent had faith in

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his mountaineers. In a trice the stewards returned to the stand with ten dollars and twelve and a half cents. The superintendent thanked the people for their liberality, then turning to me, said: "This is a lumber country; just now money is plenty, and these people take delight in paying their President, and their preacher, too." I regarded this as a good example, worthy to go down, like their own clear, mountain stream, into all the land below. Some people, in the midst of plenty, always "make a poor mouth," and give grudgingly. These mountaineers always gave liberally when they had it, I was told, and only refused when all their money was gone. Next followed the holy communion, attended by a rich flow of heavenly feeling. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. City Christians, who have this privilege once a month, can hardly form an idea of a communion season among mountain Christians, who rarely have it oftener than twice a year.

When the congregation was dismissed, they all sat down again, and seemed loth to leave the place. Mr. Skidmore, the proprietor of the premises, came to me and said: "Do you see that man with a blue hunting-shirt on? He sits on the corner seat to the right." I replied in the affirmative. Then turning a little to the right, he continued: "Do you see that high point of rocks across the river?" Again I answered, "Yes." "Well," said he, "that man was born in a cave under that point of rocks." "Why," said I, "you astound me. I should like to know his history." Mr. Skidmore then gave me the following narrative.

"On the opposite side of the river, the two Carpenters, the first white men that ever settled in this country, erected their cabin. They were brothers. The elder had a wife and one child; the younger was a single man." Then pointing still further to the right, Mr. Skidmore said: "About where the lower fence of that meadow stands, the younger brother was killed by seven Indians. Immediately, the elder Carpenter removed his wife and child to the cave under the rocks, and went in pursuit of the Indians. He had a far-shooting, trustworthy

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rifle. He soon overtook them, and, at long range, brought down one. The others all turned and fired, but their balls fell short. They gave chase after him; but he loaded as he ran, and, at a convenient place, turned and brought down another. Then the Indians halted, and while they were trying to carry off their dead companion, he killed a third, and before they could possibly get out of the country, this daring warrior killed five out of the seven Indians. The remaining two escaped, leaving their dead, with all their guns and ammunition, behind them.

"Carpenter then returned to his cabin, buried his brother, then went to the cave under the rocks, where he found, to his surprise, that during his absence his wife, in that lonely place, had given birth to another son. That son is now sitting before you! Carpenter remained with his wife in the cave until she was able to endure a removal to the cabin. Starvation had then overtaken them; they had neither meat nor bread: as for tea and coffee, they were out of the question in those early times. The cows had not been heard of for more than a week, so they had no milk. Carpenter took his gun and went to the woods for game, and, in a little time after his departure, Mrs. Carpenter heard the cow-bell in the distance, up a valley"—toward which Mr. Skidmore pointed. "This wonderful woman, every way equal to her husband in pioneer life," continued Mr. Skidmore, "disposed of her children by putting the babe into the bed, and tying the little boy, who could run about, to the bed-post. This done, she waded the river, then a little over two feet deep, and started after the cows, fully determined to have milk for her children, if possible.

"Being feeble, and the distance greater than she expected, she was absent several hours. When she returned to the river with the cattle, to her profound astonishment, a rain on the mountains—none had fallen where she was—had caused a sudden rise in the river of about twelve feet. From the place where she stood, she could plainly see that the water was in the house, and already covered the floor where her little boy was tied!

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All the deep, moving feelings of a mother's heart were stirred within her, and, with the courage of a lion, she drove the cattle into the river, and as they went in, seized one of the largest by the tail, and over she went, and saved her children. In a short time her husband returned with game; so they had milk and meat, if they had no bread, and rejoiced together in their homely fare and in the safety of their children."

This is a little sketch of border life in West Virginia in early times. Ever since the rebellion, that people have had another kind of foe to deal with, in most instances far worse than the Indians. They have needed the spirit of Carpenter and his wife to sweep the rebellion from their mountains, hills, and valleys. Blessed be God! loyal hearts were found to fight the battles of West Virginia, and she is now, by her own voluntary action, a free State. The bodies of the Carpenters lie entombed among her mountains, but their spirits—like that of Elijah in John the Baptist—have gone abroad among her people, to urge them onward to the battles of freedom for themselves and for the nation; and to-night (February 3, 1864,) this nation is free from all complicity with slavery, not only by the Proclamation of the President of the United States, but by the action of our National Legislature. Will God, in mercy, now forgive the sins of this nation, restore the Union, bring this terrible war to an end, and give us peace in all the land!

In the northern portion of the district I had much hard ministerial labor, but no further controversy on the subject of Church government. Our cause had some prosperity, but our success in that quarter has never been of a gratifying character. The extremes of the work have often been found to suffer, because the tendency of our preachers, like the blood to the heart, has been so constantly toward the center of the Conference. Can not this tendency be a little changed? Let the warm life-blood of the Conference, in the form of ministerial piety, talent, and influence, be thrown, by the appointing power, to the extremes, and prosperity will follow. At the close of the year, I returned to my family in Steubenville, *sick*. Fearing that I

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would not be able to attend Conference, all my Conference business was committed to the hands of Rev. John Cowl, who agreed to take care of my interests, and convey my message of love to the brethren. Yet, after all, weak as I was, being encouraged by two medical friends, I did make the effort, and reached Conference about the third day of the session, with Mrs. Brown as my traveling companion.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

REMOVAL TO CONNELLSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA—A REVIVAL OF RELIGION—MODES OF BAPTISM—CAMP-MEETING—GENERAL CONFERENCE—MADISON COLLEGE—FAMILY AFFLICTIONS.

IN September, 1848, the Annual Conference was held in Fairmont, Virginia, and I was stationed in Connellsville, Pennsylvania. Never had we been better entertained than at Fairmont. The country towns have always done well by our Conferences. A sore spell of dysentery had reduced me to a mere skeleton. I had been almost at death's door. When I reached the Conference I could scarcely walk, and on entering the church and seeing the brethren, I was overcome by emotion, and could do nothing but weep nearly all that afternoon. In due time, however, my strength returned, and I was enabled to take part in the business of the Conference.

That year I ought to have rested, for I was really unfit for ministerial service; but preachers being scarce, and the Church at that time without funds to sustain disabled ministers, I yielded to the necessity of the case, and, at the instance of brother J. W. Phillips, the lay delegate from Connellsville, I consented to be appointed by the Conference to Connellsville Station the following year. Against I returned home my health was much improved, and I felt quite encouraged to hold on my way. Affliction had done my spirit good, and I felt like more fully consecrating myself to Christ and his cause. To be instrumental in saving sinners and in building up the Church of Christ was every thing now to me, and all things else seemed less than nothing and vanity.

In removing to Connellsville, my household goods went to

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Pittsburgh by the river, in a keel-boat, the water being at a very low stage. The children went across the country in my buggy, while the remainder of the family went by stage to Pittsburgh, then on a steamer, with our goods, to Brownsville. From that point, the latter were taken in three open wagons, on a very rainy day, to the place of our destination. All our furniture and other things—about all we had—were exceedingly injured. *Such is often the lot of an itinerant preacher.* Those of us who went by the steamer with the goods to Brownsville were taken by stage from that point to Uniontown, thence by private conveyance to Connellsville. Finally, by various routes, no little trouble, and great damage to our property, we all reached our new home, and were cordially received by the Church.

The Connellsville Church was not wealthy. No hope of worldly gain moved me to go to that people. I went by invitation of the delegate, and by appointment of the Conference, because in that Church I had many highly valued Christian friends; and because my health required care, a small field of labor suited me best. I have reason to believe that my appointment had the Divine sanction, for, during my first year there, God favored us with a glorious revival of religion. Many souls were saved by grace, and added to the Church. Yet, in that place there were evil influences and agencies at work, which caused some, upon whom much labor and care had been bestowed, to backslide from the Lord. This was a grief to my soul. To see those in whose conversion I had entire confidence grow cold in religion, neglect the means of grace, yield to old sinful habits, drop out of the ranks of the sacramental host, and finally die of intemperance, could bring me nothing but grief. At their graves I had no word of cheer for surviving friends—nothing but warning to sinners, mingled with tears for the lost; *for no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God.* But in that charge there was, after all, a sterling membership, real workers, valuable in a revival, and trustworthy Christians under all circumstances. It may be added, that many of the con-

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verts maintained their integrity to Christ and the Church, and, I trust, will ultimately inherit eternal life.

In that place there were two Baptist Churches. One of them of the old order, and the other of the Campbellite persuasion. Of course, as is usual in such cases, each of these parties did all it could to indoctrinate the converts, whom God had given us during the revival, into the belief that infant baptism was wrong, and that immersion was the only Scriptural mode of baptism for adult believers. Before I was aware of it, most of the converts had been visited, and informed, by those who could not possibly know, that "bapto," the root of the Greek verb to baptize, and "baptizo," the derivation, in all parts of the New Testament meant immersion only, and that all the learned agreed with them in their interpretation of the two words. After some time, it became necessary for me to vindicate our position on the subject of baptism before that community. This I did—public notice having been previously given—in our own pulpit. On that occasion it was shown, from some very learned authorities, that the two Greek words in question had sundry other shades of meaning beside, immersion, all favoring our view of the matter; and that for men who knew nothing of the learned languages, and scarcely any thing of their own, to be passing through my congregation, trying to make proselytes to the Baptist faith and order among the young, uneducated portion of our Church members, on the ground that they had all the learned with them, when they affirmed that "bapto" and "baptizo," in the New Testament, meant immersion only, were acting dishonorably and unjustly toward my people and myself, and deserved to be called *impostors*. This vindication, covering the whole ground of controversy, and occupying about two hours, was all that I ever found it necessary to say in defense of our position on the subject of baptism, while in that station.

During my first year we had a very interesting and profitable camp-meeting, in connection with the Connellsville Circuit, about five miles in the country. At the meeting the preaching was

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luminous, spiritual, and powerful. It was marrow and fatness to Christians of advanced experience; it was wine, and milk, and honey to the young converts; and there was in it a heavenly power to awaken and save sinners. The Church of which I had charge derived great spiritual advantage from that meeting. Yet the devil struggled hard to maintain his ground against the Lord and his anointed Son. Ungodly men strove to give us trouble; but there were magistrates and other friends of order there, and we were protected against all harm. Most gladly now, in my old age, would I attend another such meeting; but I suppose I never shall, for our people have no more camp-meetings.

It was during this year that Madison College was offered to the Methodist Protestant Church by the Board of Trustees. I had been called up from Connellsville, to appear before the board on that occasion. After giving that body a pretty full history of our college efforts and failures, I declined having any thing to do with that college unless it were tendered by the board to the whole Church, to be placed under the control of the General Conference. No one, two, or three Conferences in our fellowship had the means or the patronage to sustain such an institution as it should be done. But if the General Conference would take it, and make it an institution of learning for the whole Church, then, in my judgment, we might reasonably hope for success. The board then, by a resolution, tendered Madison College to the General Conference, and I agreed to bring the question of its acceptance before all the Annual Conferences, and try to induce them to recommend its adoption by the General Conference, which was to assemble in the city of Baltimore, in May, 1850. My part of the work was performed, other friends of the measure assisting, by able articles published in our Church papers, on the importance of such an institution to the permanence and welfare of our Church. A large majority of the Conferences favored this college enterprise, and so the matter was left to the final action of the General Conference.

In September, 1849, the Pittsburgh Annual Conference was

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held in Pittsburgh. J. W. Phillips was again the delegate, and, by appointment of the Conference, I was again stationed in Connellsville. This was very gratifying to me, for, after sustaining the pastoral relation to that kind-hearted people for one year, I felt entirely willing to try them again. But to me this second term was one of great and sore afflictions in several ways. The preceding was a year of revival; this was a year of sifting out faithless backsliders. Added to this, my support fell off, and I had but little means of my own to meet the wants of my family. To find myself without the means to subsist and clothe my family, and to be getting in debt, with a poor prospect of being able soon to pay, was, indeed, very afflicting to me. A Church in a revival state, full of heart and spiritual life, generally supports her preacher well. But while the discipline of the Church is being brought to bear on faulty members—who, with all their defects, have their friends—the purse-strings are generally drawn pretty tight upon the preacher. For fear of this, may not a preacher be tempted of the devil to let corruption in the Church go on, "unwhipt of the law," lest he should fall short in his support? I think there have been such cases, and wherever they have occurred, the purity of the Church has been bartered away for the means of living. *Christ was sold for thirty pieces of silver.* Yet I rejoice to record the fact that the great body of Connellsville Church, like Zacharias and Elizabeth of old, "were righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." My failure to "receive a righteous compensation for my labors" was not for want of means or will in these poor people. A well-digested financial system was wanted, and J. W. Phillips, the master-spirit in all such matters, had removed to Uniontown, and there was no good financier to take his place. A good financial system, ably executed, is very important to ministerial support.

In the month of May, 1850, I attended the General Conference in Baltimore. At that Conference, as usual, the slave question gave us trouble; but, as only a few memorials on the subject, from the Churches, came before the body, no definite

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action was taken, and that troublesome question was left about where the two preceding General Conferences had placed it. Such ecclesiastical bodies as ours, limited as we were by the constitution of the Church, could do nothing with it. We were not ripe yet for a division of the Church—even that would not have destroyed slavery; so we hung on to our constitutional relation to the Southern portion of the Church awhile longer. The time of our deliverance had not fully come.

At that General Conference, after careful examination, it was found that a competent majority of the Annual Conferences desired that body to accept Madison College, as offered by the trustees, and make it an institution of learning for the whole Church. A college committee was created, and an elaborate report, full of legal forms and technicalities, was drawn up by J. H. Deford, Esq., who was chairman of the committee. A minority report was also presented. After both were read, the matter was discussed at great length. Both reports were voted down, and the Conference adopted a few brief resolutions, which I had drawn up, in favor of accepting the college. Seven commissioners were then appointed by the body, to visit Uniontown at the time of the Pittsburgh Annual Conference in that place, the following September, examine the college property, and either accept or reject it for the General Conference. We may here add, that a majority of the commissioners attended, according to appointment, and, after due examination, Madison College was accepted by them as a General Conference institution. Arrangements were then and there made to put the college under the control of our trustees. When this was done, the duty of the commissioners was accomplished, and it never entered into their minds that our Board of Trustees would immediately commence operations in regular college form. So grave and important an undertaking required ample preparations, but we had made no preparations at all. It was not long before Rev. R. H. Ball was called by the board to take charge of that institution, and a college was opened, instead of an academy or high-school. This, to us, was the beginning of sorrows.

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Before the close of the aforesaid General Conference, I was called home by a dispatch. My son George was seriously ill of the typhoid fever, and my wife of the pleurisy. Mrs. Brown's health was soon restored, but it was a long time before my son recovered. Almost immediately after this, my son Henry, then in Pittsburgh, was taken sick. My wife and I started to see him. We traveled in a buggy, and as we journeyed on through intense heat, I had what is called a "sun-stroke." So, leaving the horse and buggy in Monongahela City, in care of a friend, with whom we spent the night, and where I suffered great pain, we went the next day, by steamboat, to Pittsburgh. There I received medical assistance, found my son better, and in about one week my wife, Henry, and I all returned home together, in rather feeble health. Not long after this, I was stricken down myself with typhoid fever, and lay about three weeks in a very low condition, without any visible change for the better. After I had been sick about ten days, my wife, worn out with constant nursing and care, fell sick of the bilious dysentery. So, here we were, both in bad condition as to health, and most of our neighbors were afraid to come to the house to render any assistance in taking care of us, lest they should take the typhoid fever, or the cholera, which my wife was supposed to have. Yet a few of them did commit themselves to the risk of rendering us help in our distress, for which we were very thankful to God and to them.

During my illness I was wonderfully favored of the Lord in several respects. 1. I had the full use of my mental faculties all the time. 2. I had grace given me according to my day and trial. I was very happy in the Lord. 3. I had not only a skillful, but a very sympathizing Christian physician to attend me. 4. Every day I could learn that not only our own members, but those of other Churches, were praying for me. Satan was kept at a distance, and the Saviour was with me all the time. One morning, two consulting physicians, after examining the cases of my wife and myself, withdrew to the far corner of my room, and there, in a low whisper, talked the matter over. The fever had quickened my hearing, so that I dis-

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tinctly heard all they said. Among other things, I heard them say that "there was no chance to raise either of us, unless they could salivate us." On hearing this, I laughed so loud that they heard me, and came to inquire what had moved me to laughter. "Why," said I, "my end has come; you have just pronounced my doom. If my recovery depends upon my being salivated, you can't do that; it has been tried by several physicians, and they all failed, and you will, too; so my end has come. Then I laughed again for joy. Doctors Lindley and Fuller were pleased to find me so whole-hearted, and spoke of certain preparations of calomel, which they were certain would salivate me, if I would agree to have the trial made. "Gentlemen," said I, "you can salivate my wife, but you can not succeed with me. However, I am in your hands, and have not the least objection to your making the trial on us both. Save my wife if you can, but me you can not save." After a little rest and reflection, I told them, "whether they salivated me or not, I did believe that God would raise me up, for it was impressed on my heart that all my work for Christ was not yet done." The trial was made. With my wife it succeeded; with me it was an utter failure. No preparation of calomel would do, nor would any mode of application, however combined with acids, answer the purpose, and they were left to wonder what sort of a constitution I had. At last, the disease gave way, and gradually God restored me to health again, without being salivated. Yet, from that time to the present, my left shoulder has been weak. To make a forward motion with my arm I have full power; but in putting on my coat, requiring rather a backward motion, I lack strength to raise my left arm. Other weaknesses of my system were, with care, gradually overcome, and my health since that time, generally speaking, has been permanently good.

During my protracted illness and slow recovery, my pulpit was pretty well supplied by the ministerial brethren in that vicinity, and the kind-hearted people of my charge attended faithfully to the wants of my family.

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CHAPTER XIX.

CONFERENCE IN UNIONTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA—REMOVAL TO MANCHESTER CIRCUIT IN VIRGINIA—ELECTED PRESIDENT—ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF MADISON COLLEGE—TOUR THROUGH WEST VIRGINIA—RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE—REMOVAL TO UNIONTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA—FUNERAL OF REV. ASA SHINN—RESIGNATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF MADISON COLLEGE—ELECTED PRESIDENT PRO TEM. OF COLLEGE—RETURN TO THE LABORS OF THE DISTRICT.

IN September, 1850, the Pittsburgh Annual Conference was held in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, where it was most comfortably entertained by the Church and citizens. It was a very harmonious session, and made a favorable impression on the public mind. I went to it in very feeble health, being scarcely able to ride in my buggy, with my wife driving. When I got there I was unable to take any part in the transactions of the body; and when the commissioners went to examine Madison College, as directed by the General Conference, I had to be conveyed in a carriage. At that Conference there was a desire on the part of some of the brethren to put me into the Presidency; but, owing to the state of my health, I had to decline that laborious office. Indeed, it was a matter of doubt with me whether I ought to take any appointment or not. But the stationing committee, with whom I left my case, wishing to retain me in the work, finally appointed me to Manchester Circuit, among my relatives, where the work was light, and the probabilities of a competent support good. To this appointment I gave my most hearty consent, and returned home to prepare for our removal, which proved very fatiguing. My eldest son and my daughter went by buggy. The rest of us were taken by carriage to Brownsville, and from thence by steamboat to the place of our debarkation. We were landed, about midnight, goods

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and all, on the river bank, near the residence of John Brown, a relation of mine. Having been attacked with something like cholera, on the boat, shortly after leaving Pittsburgh, I was scarcely able to reach the house of my relative. When there, by a free use of John's cholera medicine and a warm foot-bath, I was relieved, and slept soundly until morning. The holy Sabbath-day had then come, and, weak as I was, I attended Divine service, and spoke to the people in the name of the Lord. The next day our goods were moved to the parsonage in New Manchester, where we resided among very pleasant neighbors for about two years.

On this circuit, all things considered, I had a pleasant year, and the Church had some prosperity. But circumstances, originating with other agencies, over which I could not possibly have any control, and which, owing to my full confidence in the Christian integrity of those concerned, I will not narrate in this reminiscence of past life, greatly obstructed my usefulness, and to that extent interfered with my happiness; for usefulness and happiness are very closely associated in my creed. All these matters have long since gone by. Let them be buried, never to have a resurrection, and let my most unfeigned love be confirmed to those concerned, now and forever. Amen.

Owing to the circumstances above alluded to, or to some other cause not known to me, my meager salary on Manchester Circuit was not fully paid. But in those days I had a living friend, Rev. Charles Avery, who occasionally assisted me in an emergency; and to bring me through the year in credit and safety, he sent me a present of two hundred dollars. When that man died, I, and thousands of others, lost a real friend. But his bright example still lives; may it always animate the Church! I had on that circuit a goodly number of relatives: the Browns—James, John, Jacob, and George—their sisters, the two Mrs. Hewitts, Mrs. Brenneman, and one unmarried sister, Elizabeth. They were nearly all members of the Methodist Protestant Church—plain, sensible, Christian people. I loved them much, and often wished, if it could be so, to arrange matters so as to finish my course on earth among them. Of my

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own brothers and sisters, who have nearly all passed away, it grieves me to say that no two of them rest in the same cemetery, so greatly have we been scattered in life and in death. Even my dear father and mother lie in separate graveyards. I have often felt a wish to rest in death among my own relations. God has taken to himself my five sons—all I had—and they are buried in different places, distant from each other. Well, let it be so; let me not murmur against Providence. The resurrection morning will bring us all together again; one heaven, I trust, will be our home at last. Such is my hope.

In September, 1851, the Pittsburgh Annual Conference was held in Morgantown, Virginia. The Church and citizens of that hospitable place entertained the Conference in their best style, and the impression made by the body on the public mind was, in all respects, favorable to our young Church. Rather contrary to my expectations, I was elected to the presidency again. During this Conference, the brethren took two perpetual scholarships, at five hundred dollars each, in Madison College; and shortly afterward the Board of Trustees took from our itinerant ranks Dr. P. T. Laishley, to act as agent for that institution. We all felt a deep interest in the prosperity of our newly-adopted college.

On my return home, it was agreed by the brethren that I might remain in the occupancy of the parsonage, as the preacher appointed to that circuit was a single man, and did not need the house; and as my salary the preceding year had not been fully paid, they would charge me no rent. This was both kind and just to me. My family being pleasantly situated among a very orderly people—mostly under Presbyterian influence—where, at that time, there was no intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, or profanity, we all felt like remaining in Manchester. All the central parts of the district were visited during the fall and winter. The condition of the circuits and stations was, in the main, good. In consequence of high water in March, I found great difficulty in meeting my appointments along the Ohio River, in Western Virginia. I went by steamboats from circuit to circuit, then out on horseback, to fill my appointments.

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My river tour ended with Jackson Circuit, at the Falls of the Ohio. In no portion of this trip did I feel myself to be in Paradise; yet God took care of me, and at the end of about five weeks I returned by steamer safely to my family.

I remained a short time at home, to rest, recruit my health, and prepare for further duties on the district. My next tour was up toward Lake Erie, in North-western Pennsylvania. About the first of May, with health not very firm, I was off from home, to be absent until near the middle of July. In consequence of great rains of several days' continuance, I found the roads almost impassable. Deep mud, and streams greatly swollen, very much impeded my progress. I had thrown "Lize" out of the service. "Lucy," the animal I now had, was equal in durability and trustworthiness, but not in speed. Yet, bad as traveling was, I reached all my appointments in time. It will be enough to say of this tour in the district, that it was one of great labor and considerable success. On several circuits there were revivals of religion, and the Churches were prospering. To this the Conneaut Circuit was an exception, having been almost wholly neglected by the superintendent. The membership on that circuit had their mouths full of complaints to me against their preacher, for his inefficiency in attending to his work. He declined appearing at Conference to answer for his conduct, but wandered off to the West, got into worldly speculations, and for several years mixed preaching and speculating together, until, at last, we heard no more of him; and Conneaut Circuit, from the date of his mission there, began to decline, and is now not numbered among the appointments in the Pittsburgh Conference. *Such is the result of unfaithfulness in the ministry.* The preacher who takes an appointment from Conference comes under a moral obligation to that body, to that circuit or station, and to the Saviour of sinners, to discharge all the duties legitimately connected with that appointment faithfully, to the best of his ability, to the end of the Conference year. Do not let him plead a want of support as a reason for neglecting his work; for when a preacher faithfully performs his whole duty, Christ generally puts it into the hearts of the

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people in the Church, or outside of it, to supply his wants. But unfaithfulness will tighten the purse-strings of any people. Who wants to feed and clothe an idle drone? Is it not the law of the Lord that "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat?"

At Johnstown, where, at that time, we had a promising little Methodist Protestant community, I completed the labors of my tour, and returned home through most intense heat. I found all well, but was myself very much worn down with long-continued hard labor. We still have a good meeting-house in Johnstown, and a few excellent members; but, from some cause, for several years past they have taken no preacher from Conference. Why is this? In that rapidly-growing place we might, I think, have a prosperous Church, if the right kind of measures were adopted. The truth of the matter I take to be this: we lack a competent number of well-qualified ministers to build up the cause of Christ in certain localities. The people want a preacher to suit the place, or none at all. So the cause runs down, and so it will continue to run down, until the Church does more than heretofore to give her itinerant ministers a competent training for the work. We must keep up with the age in education, or suffer loss. Our doctrinal and ecclesiastical principles are certainly good, but they require well-trained men to carry them out in all the land. Principles require agencies to establish them among the people; they do not, by their own abstract weight, establish themselves.

Having rested a short time with my family at home, I took my son George for a traveling companion, and set out on a long tour to the Greenbrier country, in Western Virginia. Having been informed of my election to the presidency of the Board of Trustees of Madison College, and that they were in some trouble at that institution, I took Uniontown in my route, in view of ascertaining, if practicable, what was the matter. It was about this, if I remember accurately: Certain students, in their literary society, had introduced resolutions supposed to contain sentiments disrespectful to the character and position of the President of the college. Being high-spirited, they would not

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retract, so the faculty expelled them. The case then, according to the character, came before the Board of Trustees for a final hearing. That body, overawed by the faculty, and fearing the resignation of some or all of the professors, confirmed the expulsions, supposing it better to sustain even an unduly rigorous action of the faculty than to give up the college. Against all this weakness, the President of the board, who was a man of irritable temper, made a speech of a most vexatious and exasperating character. He was, in that case, certainly right in principle, but his manner was not suited to our civilization; so, in the annual election he lost his position, and I was chosen in his place. On looking into this matter fully, I could not see that I could afford to let the faculty override the chartered rights of the board, if I could possibly hinder it, any more than my predecessor; but I could be more respectful to all the parties concerned in temper and language. As I was then President of the Conference, I could not hope to meet often with the board. Once a quarter was all that I could promise, and it was supposed that would be often enough, so I proceeded on my journey to the mountains of Virginia.

My first appointment was on Barbour Circuit. The congregation was very large. A congressional election was just at hand, and the candidates were there. In the house, during service, they were very civil and respectful, but before and after public worship, they were busy in all directions among the people, even on the Sabbath-day, striving to secure votes. Who can fully comprehend the arts and devices of a winding, slippery, serpentine politician? And what preacher can hope to do any religious good in the presence of such a political influence as was felt to be there? I think it likely that my efforts to do good at that meeting were all in vain.

The next morning, early, George and I were off for the Huntersville Circuit. We reached Beverly the first night, and were kindly entertained at the house of Mrs. Earle, where we rested one day. Then, going out by the head of Tygart's Valley a little after nightfall, we came to Mr. Nace's, and were comfortably entertained. The next day, having no further any

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graded road, we found it very difficult to travel with a buggy along a blind path, obstructed by rocks and fallen timber and mud. From the Gatewood Farm to Elk River our difficulties came near being insurmountable. Finally, we came to Mr. Gibson's, on Elk River, about two o'clock P. M., and rested there until the next morning. When morning came, we made an early start for brother Buckley's, on Greenbrier River, the place of my meeting for Huntersville Circuit. In passing across the mountain from the Elk to the Greenbrier River, I became overheated. It was toward the last of August, and the scorching power of the sun overcame me as I walked up the mountain. A strong rush of blood to my brain bewildered me, and George, who was ahead with the buggy, had to turn back and help me along. I then concluded to ride, but was scarcely able to drive; so George took me and the whole establishment in charge. That dear son was of great service to me, as I was, indeed, a very sick man. When we came to the river, we turned aside, up stream, to the house of Mr. Gay, and there I received the best of attention from that kind family, and by the next morning was ready to go on my way to my appointment at Buckley's. Our meeting at that place was well attended by our members from all parts of the Huntersville Circuit, and by some from other Churches who differed from us in doctrine. One man, with a very shrill voice, kept George and me awake nearly all the first night, arguing with his bedfellow on the foreknowledge and eternal decrees of God. When unable to sustain the notion that God had decreed all things that came to pass as being inconsistent with man's free agency and accountability, he would fall back to foreknowledge. "All men must admit foreknowledge," he said, "and knowledge has a binding force on human actions." How did that man discover there was a binding force in knowledge? If God knew that man would sin, He knew he would act freely in doing the very thing which had been forbidden under the highest penalty; and if He knew he would act freely in sinning, He knew that His knowledge would have no compulsory influence in bringing about the sinful transaction. If God's knowledge of all the actions of created beings,

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good and evil, has a binding force on those actions, so as to compel them to be exactly what they are, may not God's knowledge of what He intends to do himself have a binding force on His own actions, so as to leave us the amazingly absurd conclusion that there is no such thing as freedom of action in the universe, and that God himself is bound in the chains of fate by His own knowledge? All manner of crimes are forbidden by Divine authority, yet God's infinite knowledge extends with a compelling force to all those crimes, we are told, necessitating them to come to pass! Thus God's knowledge is brought to overthrow His own government, and, along with this, to destroy His own personal freedom, and bind Him and the whole intelligent universe in the chains of fate. After this manner I reasoned, while kept awake by that shrill-voiced man, arguing with his bedfellow.

But to return to the meeting at Buckley's. The church was far too small to contain the people; so we went to a neighboring grove, and God gave me unusual strength and liberty that day in preaching the Gospel. That assembly, collected from the mountains and valleys of the Greenbrier region, seemed hungry for the Word of Life. The message of grace which Christ sent to them that day by me was well received. They drank in the word as the thirsty earth drinketh in the rain. City congregations, who have so much preaching, do not appreciate or enjoy a Gospel sermon as do the mountaineers. Among them it was not deemed a crime, nor yet a breach of order, to say "amen" when an emphatic sentence in the sermon pleased them; and to praise the Lord for the manifestations of grace was considered a general privilege. When I saw that God was at work among the people, their amens and hallelujahs never disturbed me; nor did the tears and sobs and cries of the penitents for mercy. These things all belonged to the school of Christ in which I had been trained, and, as a matter of course, I understood them well. At the close of the sermon came the holy communion. It was a time of great mercy—a season of abundant refreshing; for Christ was with his people, and we all rejoiced together in hope of a better life to come.

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The meeting closed that evening. It ought to have been protracted. I think the results would have been valuable to the Church; but, as I had appointments ahead, I had to leave very soon for brother Cochran's, at the Droop Mountain, where I preached the next day to a large congregation. Again God gave me liberty in preaching His word, and I trust good to the people was the result of my labors. In that region I had many dear friends—among them brother Jesse Cochran, who gave me a namesake among the boys of his household. At the time of the battle at the Droop Mountain, I thought of all my old friends in that vicinity, and wondered whether they were for or against the Union. As they had no slaves, I think they had no interest in the rebellion, and my hope is that they remained loyal to the United States. The next day after we reached Cochran's, George and I went home with brother Eli Taylor, who lived at a distance of about five miles, a little off from the direct road to Frankfort, the place of my meeting for Greenbrier Circuit. In consequence of heavy rains and high water, we were detained at Taylor's until Saturday morning, and it was even then with great difficulty that we forded the streams and reached our destination. The meeting at Frankfort was one of great interest, but, owing to circumstances which I need not detail, it had to be closed on Sunday evening. Brother William Bolton was, if I remember correctly, rendering service that year on both Huntersville and Greenbrier Circuits. He has since joined the Baptist denomination; and I leave it on record in this sketch of the past, that he was considered in the Greenbrier country to be a man of excellent character and a valuable minister of Jesus Christ. My dear George, who is now in heaven, and who always had a social heart, became greatly attached to brother Bolton and to the Greenbrier friends generally. There was much in that region to interest him.

On Monday morning we started for the camp-meeting on Braxton Circuit. Going across to the Lewisburg and Kanawha pike, we lodged at a tavern that night at the foot of the great Sewell Mountain, on the west side. The next morning we were prevented from taking an early start by finding that our horse

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had got out of the stable, and was gone, we knew not where. We all supposed that she was stolen, but a brief hunt brought her from a field on the side of the mountain. George and I were much pleased to see her again, and, after feeding her, we started for Summerville, the seat of justice for Nicholas County. By taking a right-hand road, about ten o'clock, we shortened the distance, and reached our destination a little after dark. The hard hills and hot weather had exhausted all my energies, but George was blithe and gay, and waited on me and attended to "Lucy" as though he had not felt the heat or the hills that day. Such is the difference between youth and age. After sleeping soundly through the night, and getting an early breakfast in the morning, we were off from Summerville for the camp-meeting on Braxton Circuit. The roads being muddy, the traveling was hard that day; but, a little after sundown, we reached Suttonville, and were kindly entertained, free of charge, by John Camden, who kept the only public house in the place. The next day, by twelve o'clock, we came to the house of Richard Walker, superintendent of Braxton Circuit. There we rested until the following morning, and then went on with brother Walker and his family to the camp-meeting. The ministerial help expected did not come, so the labors of the meeting fell too heavily upon me; yet, as was my day, so was my strength. God gave us an unusually good camp-meeting. Walker, now among the rebels, was a most indefatigable and successful laborer at that meeting. During the last night, even on until the morning light appeared, his voice could be heard in a large prayer-meeting tent, near the preachers' stand. The fruits of that meeting will be seen in eternity.

My labors for the year were now ended. Next came the Conference in Pruntytown, in September, 1852. On our way there, George and I stopped awhile in Weston, with Mr. George A. Jackson and Mrs. R. J. Hodgson, brother and sister of my wife. They and their children and George and I had a very pleasant time together for a few days. When at Conference in Pruntytown, my home was with William Kimble. His parents had often entertained me, and I loved them much; so I did

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William, who was an amiable member of the Methodist Protestant Church. But, somehow or other, the rebels drew him into their ranks, as they have several others whom I tenderly loved, in West Virginia. How can I ever forgive the rebellion for these breaches made in the ranks of my friends? How can I ever forgive the efforts which they have made to destroy the government of my country and its friends? At the thought of their crimes, even an old Universalist admitted to me, a short time ago, that, "in relation to future punishment, he had changed his mind: *he now believed in an eternal hell for rebels and traitors.* My conclusion, when I heard this speech, was, if rebels and traitors deserve an eternal hell for their present rebellion against the best human government upon earth, then, certainly, eternal punishment is due to all sinners who, in league with the devil and his angels, dare to live and die in rebellion against the holy and perfect government of God. I shall, if spared, try to press this conclusion home on my old friend when we meet again.

But to return from this digression. The Conference in Pruntytown was most liberally sustained by our Church, the other Churches, and the citizens. The impression made by the body on the public mind was altogether favorable to our interests as a Christian denomination. At that Conference I was elected President for the last time. I then returned to my family in Hancock County, Virginia, and immediately removed to Uniontown, Pennsylvania. This grew out of a desire to be able to render some service to Madison College, as President of the Board of Trustees. Moreover, I wanted to educate my son George at that institution. This change of residence was very fatiguing, and proved quite injurious to our household goods. It is hardly worth while for itinerant preachers, who are subject to constant removals, to have valuable furniture, to be abused in all sorts of ways while in transition from place to place. In a short time after I got my family comfortably situated in Uniontown, I attended a meeting of the Board of Trustees, to ascertain as nearly as I could the state of affairs at the college, and what duties I would be expected to perform, and

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then went forth to my appointed labors on the Pittsburgh District. The central parts were visited during the fall and winter, and, generally speaking, the Churches were found to be in a healthy condition. During that winter my physical energie were very much exhausted by hard labor, and I began to feel it to be entirely wrong for me to be so much from home. My family needed my presence, and my whole nature, soul and body, needed rest. A weakness in the lower limbs, a soreness in the diaphragm, and a constant determination of blood to the brain, began to admonish me that my itinerant toils must be brought to a close. Yet I loved itinerant life, and hardly knew how to lock the wheels which so long had rolled me on, and call a final halt.

Just as I was about to close my labors in the Sharpsburg Station, and return to my family in Uniontown, the remains of Rev. Asa Shinn, who had died in Brattleboro, Vermont, were brought home to his family, in Alleghany, for interment, and I was called upon to preach his funeral sermon in the Alleghany church. His death occurred on the 11th of January, 1853. O, how I felt my inability to do justice to the mental, moral, spiritual, and ministerial character of that good and great man of God! He had been under a dark mental cloud for eight or nine years, but now had gone forth to the clear light of an eternal day. Will I ever see his like again? Shinn, Snethen, and Jennings—what a trio!—all giants in the Christian ministry, all leading reformers, and all have passed away to their home in heaven! Jennings was classically educated, yet always yielded the palm of greatness to the other two; they, in turn, conceded it to him. Shinn and Snethen, both self-made men, were always found each to prefer the other before himself, and neither of the three has left, in any of the Churches, a superior. Their greatness clothed them with deep humility of mind and childlike simplicity of manners. They were lovely men, and left to the Church the bright example of a holy life.

On my return to my family in Uniontown, I found there was trouble in Madison College. In consequence of some disagreement between the President, Rev. R. H. Ball, and his subordi-

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nates in the faculty, which bore very hard on Mr. Ball's health, and sorely afflicted his mind, he determined to resign his position in the college. This step, no doubt, met the approbation of the remaining members of the faculty, but it by no means suited the views and wishes of the trustees. Were the truth fully known, I think it was to gratify Mr. Ball that, in the outset, a college was started instead of a high-school, and now for him, in consequence of trouble which ought to have been left to the trustees to settle, to leave the institution so soon, was not satisfactory to the board, the students, the citizens, nor the friends and patrons of the college generally. An appeal was then made to Rev. Francis Waters, D. D., to come and take the presidency of the college. He answered to our call, came out from Baltimore to see us in our troubles, and agreed to accept the position, but, in consequence of existing engagements, could not enter upon the duties of his office until the following September. Meantime, to carry on the college, the board, by the advice of both Ball and Waters, elected me to serve as President *pro tem.*, until the collegiate year should close. So, here I was, "Jack in a pinch"—many a time I have been "Jack in a pinch"—compelled into service when every body else failed.

He who presides in a college should, in my judgment, understand, with critical accuracy, all that is taught in such an institution, from the bottom to the top, and have good executive abilities. But my qualifications would not come up to this standard, as I was, mainly, self-taught; and with all my might I remonstrated against my *pro tem.* appointment, but all to no purpose, as it was affirmed, by Dr. Waters and others, that very few Presidents were thorough masters of the *whole* college course of instruction. When nothing else would do, I consented to serve as best I could. Mental and Moral Science, Logic, Natural Theology, and Ancient and Modern History belonged to my chair. All of these branches had been my favorite studies in former years, as closely connected with my ministerial calling, and I thought myself able to teach them, and did feel in my heart a confidence that, with the blessing of God, I could govern the college without a war with my col-

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leagues or with the trustees. So, Rev. Noble Gillespie took my place on the district for about three months, and I attended to all his work in the Uniontown Station, and performed the duties of President in Madison College to the end of the year. Our annual commencement was a credit to the institution. Dr. Waters was there, and delivered his inaugural address, which was very highly appreciated by the people.

My term of service in the college being at an end, and brother Gillespie having returned to the labors of his station, after filling my appointments, I took my son George again for a traveling companion on the district in North-western Pennsylvania. Our route led us through Johnstown and to the Susquehanna country; thence to Jefferson, Clarion, Pleasant Valley, and Gerrard, near lake Erie. From the last-mentioned point we turned south, to a camp-meeting near the Ohio line, on Sharon Circuit. We were out from home about nine weeks. The weather was excessively hot; the traveling in a mountainous country was very fatiguing to man and horse; my labor at the various meetings was too great for my strength, and my health at one time was so much broken down, that for about one week I had to be nursed by kind friends on the Clarion Circuit. When I reached home, all my physical energies were so far exhausted as to produce a conviction in my mind that itinerant life with me must now be brought to a final close. Had it not been for the untiring watchfulness and care of my dear son, who managed the horse and buggy and attended to all my wants, I could not have accomplished the trip at all. After attending an excellent camp-meeting near Connellsville, Pennsylvania, where I preached but once—there being other good ministerial brethren there to perform the labor—I returned home to prepare for the Conference, which was held in Washington, Pennsylvania, September, 1853. At that Conference, being worn out in the service, the brethren granted me a superannuated relation at my own request. To be compelled, by the enfeebled state of my health, to retire from the itinerant ranks, where I had labored so long, moved me to tears, and I never shall forget the balmy sympathy of kind friends who clustered round me with words

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of encouragement. That was an interesting and impressive Conference, handsomely entertained by our people, assisted by the community, and made a good impression in favor of the Methodist Protestant Church on the public mind. Yet there was one thing that occurred—a little too painful to be written—which gave me no little trouble for several years. Will God, in mercy, be pleased to give me the charity that hopeth all things and never faileth.

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CHAPTER XX.

REV. FRANCIS WATERS, D. D., PRESIDENT OF MADISON COLLEGE—HIS RESIGNATION—REV. S. K. COX, PRESIDENT—PECUNIARY EMBARRASSMENTS IN COLLEGE AFFAIRS—GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1854—THE ENTERING-WEDGE OF CHURCH DIVISION—CHOLERA DURING THE SESSION OF THE PITTSBURGH ANNUAL CONFERENCE IN ALLEGHANY—VISIT AS FRATERNAL MESSENGER TO THE PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AT BLAIRSVILLE, PENN.—SERIOUS TROUBLE AT THE COLLEGE—EXPULSION OF A STUDENT—RECONSIDERATION OF THE SENTENCE URGED—THREAT OF THE FACULTY TO RESIGN UNLESS SUSTAINED BY BOARD OF TRUSTEES—FACULTY SUSTAINED—VISIT TO CINCINNATI—MILITARY DISCIPLINE—PROPHETIC OPINION ON POLITICAL MATTERS EXPRESSED BY EX-GOVERNOR BRANCH, OF NORTH CAROLINA—SECESSION OF FACULTY AND FOUNDING OF AN INSTITUTION AT LYNCHBURG—ELECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY OF MADISON COLLEGE.

BEING now free from itinerant service, and without any income from the Church, I aimed to make a living for myself and family by keeping boarders, but could not succeed. From first to last, I sunk money by the operation. Nor was this all. Heavy duties devolved upon my wife, which gradually wore down her feeble constitution. Yet we were ambitious to sustain our family, and continued at that business, much as we disliked it, as long as we remained at Uniontown. But, in the winding up, I found that I had drawn heavily on my own means instead of making a living by boarding students. The fact is, we did not understand the business, had not the tact for it nor the health to undergo its toils, and from it, on the score of prudence, should have abstained.

During my *pro tem.* presidency in the college, Rev. William Collier was in the presidency of the Board of Trustees. In a short time he relinquished that office, and the board reëlected me to my former position. When the college was opened, on the 1st of September, Dr. Waters, having removed with his family to Uniontown, took his position as President, and every heart was glad; for he was a man of venerable age, of a commanding person, a thorough scholar, an able minister of the

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Gospel, a perfect gentleman in his social habits, and one of the foremost educators in our country—the very man to build up our institution. This, I believe, was the universal opinion in relation to our newly-elected President. But in about two months, owing to causes, as the Doctor informed me, not connected with the college, or the Board of Trustees, or the citizens, and not revealed to any one, he left the college and returned to Maryland. As we had been greatly elevated in our hopes and expectations by his coming, we were proportionally distressed by his resignation and departure. Professor Newell, at the instance of Dr. Waters, then took charge of the institution, and the work went on as usual; but it was easy to see, at home and abroad, that public confidence was very much shaken.

Before Dr. Waters left Uniontown, the Board of Trustees sought his advice as to a suitable person to be his successor. He recommended Rev. S. K. Cox, who was at that time stationed in Georgetown, D. C. Immediately a correspondence was opened by the board with Mr. Cox, who accepted the position, and in a short time came on. Again confidence began to revive, for we found Cox to be a well-educated, ardent young man, a good preacher, of fine social habits, and did not doubt but he would do all he could to build up the college and win for himself a high reputation as a first-class educator. In a short time, however, we had reason to believe him to be somewhat visionary, but did not dread evil results to the college, as he was amiable in his intercourse with the trustees, and very laborious in the discharge of all his duties in the institution. Matters for some time moved on very well. God gave us a revival of religion in the Church. Many of the students were the subjects of saving grace, and the President of our college proved himself to be a valuable laborer in that revival, and thereby gained an extensive influence over the students and among the people at home and abroad.

But it will be necessary to turn back a little in the history of events. In the month of March, 1853, the Board of Trustees determined on the erection of an addition to the college build-

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ings, at a cost of $3,200. The Methodist Protestant Church was to pay one-half of this amount, and the citizens of Uniontown the other; and agents, one for each of the parties, were then appointed by the board to raise the required funds to accomplish the object. According to our contract with the builders, the money was to be paid in four installments: one-fourth when the foundation was laid, another when the roof was on, another when the carpenters' work was done, and the balance when the whole job was completed. As before stated, at the conclusion of my labors in college, I had gone out to finish my year in the Conference district as President. When I returned, the building had progressed finely. Two payments were then about due. The citizens had paid up; eight hundred dollars were due from the Church, and our agent had made no collections! All of this was very painful and mortifying to me, especially as the board determined that one or the other of two things must now forthwith be done. Either we must abandon the building enterprise altogether, or I must, by some means, raise eight hundred dollars, to meet the Church's part of the payments, then due.

I took a little time for reflection, and was sorely grieved at the failure of our agent. We had pulled down an old building to put up a new one in its place. Unless we finished the new building, we could not carry on a college at all, for want of room. The idea of abandoning it altogether did not suit me, as I knew the Church, from the beginning, had suffered much for want of such an institution. Nor did it suit me to assume the responsibility of borrowing eight hundred dollars. Yet, to save the character of the Church, and relieve myself from unspeakable mortification, and to open up the way for the college to go on, I did, with Daniel Huston for security, borrow of Mrs. Rachael Skiles the eight hundred dollars to pay the workman. To meet the other payments on behalf of the Church, as they fell due, cost me a great deal of trouble, and by far too much of my own money; yet the whole was fully paid. In my judgment, that new addition to the college building ought not to have cost the Church one cent. The citizens should have

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borne the entire expense of its erection, as, by our carrying on a college among them, they had the advantage of educating their sons at home, and the students expended a great deal of money in Uniontown.

In May, 1854, the General Conference was held in Steubenville, Ohio. This was the last time the North met the South in General Conference. For sixteen years the constitutional liberty of the press had been broken down by the Book Committee, in Baltimore, to please slaveholders. The Fugitive-slave Law, enacted by Congress in 1850, by which Northern freemen were compelled to be slave-catchers for Southern slaveholders, was doing our Church great injury in all the free States. There being left in our Church no medium of free communication for thought and argument against the great moral, political, and domestic evil of slavery, it was thought best, by the members of the General Conference who were from the free States, to get that body to establish a book concern and a Church paper, under its own control, somewhere in the West. To be degraded into slave-catchers for the South, and have no medium through which to utter a complaint, offer an argument or a remonstrance, under General Conference authority, was most provoking to our people, and led to a constant drain of our members off to other Churches in the North. But the committee in this case, composed of Northern and Southern members, could not agree to report in favor of a book concern in a free State, under General Conference control. The South, evidently, was afraid that a free press, in Northern hands, would attack slavery and bring trouble into the General Conference. The final action of that body was to authorize the establishment of a book concern and Church paper in the West, under the control of such Annual Conferences as favored the measure, allowing the new establishment their proper share of the funds of the book concern at Baltimore. At the same time, to make things even, the latter was placed under the management of the Southern Conferences; and the Conferences North and South were authorized to carry on their publishing interests by the action of conventions.

Here it will be seen that, to accommodate the slave power,

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which at that time had a firm hold on the vitals of the Methodist Protestant Church, an important portion of the constitutional work of our General Conference was thrown out from under the control of that body, to be subjected to the regulations of conventions wholly unknown to the constitution of our Church. Here, too, it will be seen that Church division was commenced. A Church that will not, on account of slavery, or any thing else, work together in sustaining vital interests of a constitutional character, can not possibly remain united together. The members of that body generally thought their action to be a "peace measure;" and that, as nothing published on the slave question, by authority of these outside conventions, could ever, in future, come before the General Conference to disturb its harmony, henceforth the North and South would be at peace among themselves. I, however, was of a different opinion, and so was Dr. Armstrong, of Tennessee. We were the only members of that body who opposed the measure as tending to division. The Docter protested against the action; I did not, but declared it to be my conviction that the General Conference had "started an entering-wedge—division would follow." When I sat down, with a sad heart, unable to restrain my tears, Dr. Thompson, of Virginia, came to me to soothe my feelings, and, in the blandest tones possible, said: "I regard this as a peace measure. The slavery question can no more come into the General Conference, and, as we shall have nothing to quarrel about, all will be peace in future." "But," said I, "where will be the use of a General Conference at all, when all our general interests are thrown out to be managed by conventions?" "There will be our missions and our college," he replied. I was glad to obtain from him the least hint favorable to these important interests, especially the college enterprise, as in that I was deeply interested; and it gave me unspeakable pleasure to witness, on the part of the Conference, such a commendable zeal to promote the welfare of our literary institution at Uniontown.

It is my firm belief that the friends of the foregoing "peace measure" were all of them sincere. Yet, on mature reflection,

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after their return to their homes, they were not satisfied with what they had done, and it was soon most unmistakably understood that this peace measure had waked up the spirit of war; for a desire was almost immediately evinced by some of the members of the General Conference, who had favored the action of that body to call a convention, at once to dissolve our connection, in order to avoid any further encroachments on our constitutional rights by the slaveholders of the South. To accomodate them, we had been deprived of the constitutional liberty of the press for sixteen years, and now they had so managed as to get the General Conference to befriend slavery again, by throwing out the book concern and Church papers to the unconstitutional control of conventions. The truth is, our Churches in the free States were then in a condition where men of reason and religion could not easily be satisfied; but the time for division had not yet fully come.

From the middle of May, 1854, to the month of September, in Western Pennsylvania and the north-eastern parts of Ohio, there fell no rain, of any account, to nourish the earth. There was a general failure in the crops. Provisions were very scarce, and could only be purchased at exorbitant prices. The distress among the poor was exceedingly great the following fall and winter. That year I sunk money by boarding students at a slightly increased price; but still I retained my boys and did the best I could. The students must have accomodations or go home, and the college run down, which would have been a grief to all its friends, for at that time it was in a flourishing condition. I will here record the generosity of my old friend Rev. C. Springer. Hearing of the famine, he sent me, from the vicinity of Zanesville, Ohio, all the way to Uniontown, Pennsylvania, four barrels of apples, to help me through the winter, for which I felt very thankful. God and my friends helped me, and I did all I could to help myself and to aid those who were worse off than I was, for even poor men may assist one another.

In September, 1854, the Pittsburgh Annual Conference was held in Alleghany. There came a great rain, the first we had had of any special advantage to vegetation for more than three

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months. Immediately the cholera made its appearance in the cities of the two rivers, in the most alarming form. Rev. H. T. Layton, one of our excellent itinerant ministers, fell by that disease so suddenly that many of his brethren in Conference had not yet been informed of his illness. Several other members of the body were attacked, but by skillful medical treatment, under the Divine blessing, they recovered. For fear of this terrible scourge, several left for home. When Conference was over, and I was about leaving, being delayed a little in Pittsburgh on business, my turn came to feel, for the third time in my life, what it was to be stricken down by the cholera. By the aid of appropriate remedies, I was, in a short time, so far recovered as to be able to return to my family; but it was several months before my health was fully restored.

At that Conference, in the midst of so much cholera excitement and alarm, the Western Virginia Conference District was set off, very much to my grief. The brethren in that region did not appear to favor the anti-slavery views and feelings of the Pennsylvania portion of the old Pittsburgh Conference. A new district they thought would enable them to extend the work, and they would feel more comfortable by themselves; so the brethren agreed to let them go. There was, undoubtedly, an overruling Providence in this matter, as well as in the action of the General Conference in Steubenville. God was preparing the Methodist Protestant Church in the free States to escape from the troubles which He saw were coming on the country in consequence of slavery. Many a time have I found that things that caused me the greatest grief had in them the greatest good, upon the whole, when events more fully disclosed the designs of Providence.

It will now be proper to give some further account of matters at Madison College. This is deemed appropriate as a part of my own personal history. Early in March, 1855, at the request of Rev. S. K. Cox, President, I took charge of his classes, while he went to attend the Maryland Conference, on business pertaining to the college, and taught until near the end of the month, when he returned and resumed his place and

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duties again. On Sunday morning, the 18th of March,* while I was attending an appointment in the country, three of the students who boarded at my house, among whom was Washington Harbaugh, were requested to go into the room occupied by W. and C. Bailey until their own room was put in order—the Baileys and other boarders being absent at Sunday-school. While there, Harbaugh took a book and read, but the other two students put bits of paper in under the lid of W. Bailey's desk to tease him. They all then returned to their own room. After church, the Baileys came in, and W. Bailey, on seeing the bits of paper sticking under the lid of his desk, became very angry, and said Harbaugh had been in his room playing tricks on him. One of the students, anxious for mirth, went and informed Harbaugh that he was accused. Out stepped Harbaugh and denied the charge. Bailey called him a liar. He again denied the charge; then Bailey repeated the declaration that he was a liar. Harbaugh instantly took him by the throat, and a fight ensued. The students who had played the trick separated them, explained the matter, cleared Harbaugh, and took the blame on themselves. Still, Bailey persisted in calling Harbaugh a liar.

After preaching that night, Mrs. Brown gave me a statement of all the foregoing particulars. It grieved me much that any of my boarders, over whom I watched, and for whom I prayed to God continually, should have outraged all moral order and got into a fight. So I went up to talk to W. Bailey about the impropriety of fighting, but found him in bed, fast asleep. I then went into Harbaugh's room, and talked with him a long time concerning the improper, disgraceful, dog-like practice of fighting. He admitted all I said to be true, but insisted that "there was no other way to deal with such fellows as Bailey but to choke them, and he meant to choke back that lie on Bailey the next morning." I then told him not to dare to do such a thing; I prayed to God in my house, and could not allow fighting among my boarders. So, after warning him against indulging in anger, I left him for the night, hoping he

*I here transcribe from a document written a little after that time.

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would be cooled off by morning. A good sleep often overcomes blind passion.

In the morning the young gentlemen all ate their breakfasts quietly together, and then started to college. On the way, Harbaugh called upon Bailey to take back that lie that he had charged him with. Bailey refused to do so, and then a fight immediately came off, which was pretty sore on both sides. It was just over as I came up. After prayer and roll-call in college, I reported the case to the faculty, and requested that due attention should be given to it, and that the institution should be saved from any further disgrace by their fighting. As they both belonged to the preparatory department, I supposed that such correction as they deserved would be administered by the Principal. But a meeting of the faculty was called for one o'clock P. M. The parties were summoned to appear. The students from my house, and myself, were called as witnesses. All the other witnesses testified before me, and screened the boys all they could. Then I was called, and said I knew nothing of the matter, only what my wife had told me. The faculty replied that would be taken as evidence, and directed me to proceed. I did so, and gave all the particulars as they occurred at my house, as my wife had stated them to me. A part of my testimony was, that "W. Bailey called Harbaugh a liar twice, and then the fight began." Perceiving that the gentlemen of the faculty talked among themselves while I was testifying, and fearing that I was not understood, I repeated my words: "W. Bailey called Harbaugh a liar twice, and then the fight began." Still, I was not understood; for, in making up their award, ten demerit marks were given to Washington Harbaugh for calling W. Bailey a liar! This was putting the saddle on the wrong horse; it was neither kind to me, nor just to Harbaugh, who, when he got his sentence, left the room in a rage and went home, being in no condition of mind for college duties that afternoon.

Finding what was done, and how Harbaugh was grieved at the injustice done him by the faculty, I desired him to be calm, and I would have the mistake rectified; and so I did, the

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next morning, and reported that fact to him before morning prayer. To this, however, he paid no attention; for, when called on by Professor Carroll to give an excuse for absence from recitation, the previous afternoon, he replied, *crustily*, "I was at home, sir." "That won't do," said Carroll, "You must have a better excuse than that. I can't take that. Any gentleman could say, I was at home.' Were you sick? or what was the matter? Answer me, sir." His manner was quite tart. I was near enough to hear every word, and felt that two angry spirits were now in conflict. "You did me injustice yesterday," said Harbaugh. "You gave me ten demerit marks for calling Bill Bailey a liar, when Mr. Brown testified that it was Bill Bailey that called me a liar; and I 'll go home when I please, and stay at home as much as I please." He was greatly excited and very impertinent, and the feeling of the faculty was roused against him to the highest pitch. One of them, who stood near me, said "his very blood boiled," and all of them evinced considerable vindictiveness of spirit, on that occasion, against Harbaugh.

It may be proper here to submit two remarks. 1. Harbaugh got into the quarrel through the fault of others. They stuck the bits of paper into the desk. He was accused; he denied the charge, and was called a liar; so the trouble began. 2. An unjust sentence passed upon him by the faculty, right in the teeth of my testimony, twice repeated, led to all the following impertinence. He was made to suffer for the fault of others. On this account I was constrained to pity him, and try to get him fair play in all his troubles. He had very high mettle, but was of a noble, generous spirit.

Young Harbaugh, now fairly in the current, was swept along, and his ultimate destiny seemed inevitable. At one o'clock that day, he was called before the faculty again, under charge of impertinence to the officers of the college. They were now avenging themselves on that boy for disrespect provoked by the injustice of their own administration. The case required tenderness, as they were a party concerned; but it got none. Five demerit marks for being absent from recitation the preceding

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afternoon, and twenty for impertinence to the faculty that morning, were given him. This I had from themselves. As Harbaugh was leaving the room, after getting his sentence, he turned back and stood in the door, and said: "Gentlemen, make out your bill, and when I have got enough demerit marks, I'll go home." For this they gave him twenty-five more, on the spot, which made the whole amount one hundred and two. So, that evening the faculty reported him to me, at my own house—*expelled!* Up to that evening, I did not know the nature of their demerit-mark system, or that one hundred marks expelled a student from college. I supposed the marks were designed to go on the monthly reports, and be sent home to the parents and guardians, as an indication of a young gentleman's standing at college, and to be followed by letters from home of an admonitory character. But now I began to see that the college was under new regulations, which were not known to or sanctioned by the Board of Trustees.

I was requested by the faculty to carry their decision into execution for them the next morning. My age and character, it was said by them, would give it weight. I excused myself from performing the task, and said I was a member of the board, not of the faculty. The case, according to the charter, must come before the trustees; then would be my time to act. I then requested them to change the sentence to sending him home, instead of expulsion. To expel a student, and so publish it in the annual catalogue, was a deadly injury. A student so expelled and published could not enter any other reputable college in the land. But merely to send him home was a sentence that left him under no such disabilities, and it would as fully relieve them of any further trouble in the case as would expulsion. To this they finally agreed. I then ventured a little further with these angry men, and pleaded hard that the sentence of sending home might not be executed until the President's return, but could not prevail. It grieved me sorely to see three young gentlemen, of fine talents and literature, indulging so much ill-feeling against a delicate youth, of a noble heart, who had been brought into trouble by the faults of others, and

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mainly by their own. The injustice which, through mistake, they had done Harbaugh, should have induced a feeling of tenderness toward him. But in them, alas! there was no such feeling. On the next morning, after roll-call and prayer, Professor Carroll, President *pro tem.*, in open college, pronounced the awful words, "Washington A. Harbaugh, having got one hundred demerit marks, is, by sentence of the faculty, sent home." Poor boy! His lips quivered, his face flushed, the tears started in his eyes; he took his hat and left the college hall, and did not leave a heart behind him more noble than his own. The men he had to deal with never understood his character. In consequence of feeble health, hard study was often irksome to him; but kind treatment, as health improved, would have brought him along and made a first-rate man of him. About my house he was a favorite. He was orderly, quiet, and respectful, but would resist oppression at all hazards. His word could always be relied on.

I advised him not to go out through town, nor to write home, until President Cox returned; but to wait until they reported to his father what had taken place. He remained in the house as requested, and cried much of the time; said he was ruined, and could not go home nor see his father. He admitted his errors to me very frankly, and said, now that the ten demerit marks, unjustly given, were removed, he deserved all the rest. Finding his spirit very much humbled, I persuaded him to write a penitent letter to the faculty. He said he would do it if I would assist him; so the following was written by me, as he requested.

"To the Faculty of Madison College:

"*Gentlemen*—Having taken time for reflection on my present painful situation, and having advised with confidential friends, who are likewise your friends and the friends of the college, I deem it proper, if possible, to undo all that I have done amiss. A false charge and abusive language provoked me into a fight with William Bailey. We were both brought to trial before the faculty, where, through misapprehension of Mr. Brown's testimony, ten demerit marks were inflicted on me more than I

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deserved. Being greatly irritated at this grievous wrong, I did not remain at college that afternoon. Next morning, being still in an irritated state of mind when called on for my excuse, my replies were exceedingly improper. Nor can I justify my language to the faculty at the second meeting, where I was again tried. Now, as the faculty, on being convinced of error, did, in an honorable way, correct what they had done amiss in my case, by striking out the ten demerit marks wrongfully given, I hope they will allow me the privilege of rectifying my errors too.

"I therefore acknowledge I did wrong in fighting, and that my language to the officers of the college was entirely improper. I am truly sorry for all that has occurred in this most unpleasant and painful case, and ask the faculty to accept my acknowledgment, to remove the demerit marks given me in this case, place me where I was before, and let me remain at college. If they will do this, I will try to do my duty in time to come. The interests of the college will probably admit of this favor being shown me. The feelings of my parents and my own welfare appear to require that I should ask it at your hands. If this request is granted, I shall be under great and lasting obligations. Most respectfully, I am, etc.

"W. A. HARBAUGH.

"UNIONTOWN, *March* 23, 1855."

This penitent letter met with no favor from the faculty. They scorned it, and alleged that it made the matter worse, as it referred to the error they had fallen into and its correction, and hoped that the writer would be allowed a like privilege to correct his errors. This reference to their error and its correction was, in their opinion, the very height of insolence on the part of Harbaugh, and they spurned him and his letter too. Finding how his letter was treated, he sent a copy of it, by my advice, to President Cox, when he came home; and, from a conversation which I had with him, I had full confidence that our troubles would soon be ended by Harbaugh's restoration. But, on Saturday evening, March 28, the faculty met. Cox was

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present, and, contrary to my expectation, gave his official sanction to the decree of banishment pronounced against poor Harbaugh. So his penitent letter availed no more with Cox than with his colleagues. I was informed by Mr. Cox of his confirming their decision, on Sunday evening, as we returned from church. I only remarked at the time, that "I hoped no injury would happen to the college from what they had done." He replied, that they "would have restored him, but he was a hypocrite." Hypocrite! said I to myself, as we parted; how can the faculty know that? Who but the living God can search the heart of that boy? Have these young Southerners attained to infallibility?

That night I slept but little. My heart was sorely troubled. A college without mercy to the penitent! A faculty claiming infallibility, to sustain themselves in acts of cruelty! Such thoughts came and went at pleasure through my mind. On Monday I took the charter of the college, and went to Cox, to show him, from that document, that things in our college were not right; that the faculty were bound to govern the college according to the laws sanctioned by the Board of Trustees, and that neither the charter nor the by-laws made by the trustees gave any sanction to the military system introduced by the faculty. "Our college building," said I, "is at this time a place of deposit for muskets. Our students are in military garb; are mustered on the commons and in our streets several times a week. They attend church on the Sabbath-day in their military uniforms. The demerit-mark system is a military affair. What is to be done?" Cox said he "regarded all this as being in agreement with the charter, as no infringement of the by-laws, and as essential to the final success of our literary institution." So he and I differed very widely in our opinion about what was necessary to the success of a Christian college. At that time he informed me he had communicated to Harbaugh's father that he was to be sent home. "What," said I, "and no final action of the board in his case!" After a little reflection, I said: "Perhaps it is as well so; you have done it all yourselves. He is now sent home by decision of the faculty alone. Don't

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trouble the board with it." I felt afraid of the consequences to the college. Cox said he "had only reported the case to Harbaugh's father as far as it had gone; he knew it must come before the board."

On the following Saturday there was a meeting of the trustees. After transacting all the business in a very harmonious manner, Cox brought up the Harbaugh case, the other gentlemen of the faculty being present. The entire faculty objected to Harbaugh's being present and to his penitent letter being read, for he had sent a copy of it to the board. It took considerable time to hear the *pros* and *cons*, and finally settle this little matter. The faculty had speech about with the board. Mr. Cox gave distinct intimations that resignations might be expected if the board admitted Harbaugh, or allowed his letter to be read; as if the only office of the board, in such a case, was blindly to approve of what the faculty had done, without hearing the other side at all. If this were not done, resignations might follow. On an appeal to me, in the chair, I decided that, "in a Methodist Protestant college, in an appealed case, as I considered this to be, Methodist Protestant usages should be maintained, as far as the charter and by-laws will allow. In this case there is no obstruction from these documents; so Harbaugh may come in, and his letter may be read." After this decision, the threatened resignations did not follow, and we adjourned for dinner, all in a pleasant mood.

At two o'clock the board reassembled. All the members of the faculty were there. Harbaugh was admitted, and his penitent letter read. He had no defense to make; that letter, he said, stated his desires fully. All he wanted was mercy; so he was directed to retire. Not wishing to call in question the military system—under which the college had been placed by the faculty—until the end of the year, a motion was made by J. L. Phillips, seconded by Hon. A. Stewart, to sustain the action of the faculty, and recommend that body to restore Harbaugh. After a good deal of discussion, Carroll and Cox evidently aiming to overawe the board with their threats of resignation, if a motion were adopted recommending the boy to their

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mercy, that motion was withdrawn to make way for another. Then Hon. R. P. Flenniken, with Dr. D. Gibbon for a second, offered another motion to the same effect, only a little more full, for it assigned reasons for Harbaugh's restoration; namely, "his penitent letter and his tender age." The first part of this motion was adopted, as it sustained the faculty; but on the second part the tug of war came on. All the members of the faculty opposed it in rather a fierce and fiery manner. They indicated a determination to resign if the motion were carried requesting them to restore Harbaugh.

In their opposition they were assisted by Hon. A. Stewart. He admitted that Harbaugh ought to be restored; but said, "My doctrine is this: if we carry on the college, the faculty, right or wrong, must be sustained." This gentleman would have voted for the motion as a matter of right; but, as a matter of expediency, to retain the faculty and carry on the college, he voted against it. He was not by any means the first man in the world who "did evil that good might come." Cox then labored hard, first, to sustain the action of the faculty in banishing Harbaugh for his impertinence; and, secondly, to show the great mischief to the college which must inevitably result from adopting the motion then under consideration. Among the evils which would immediately follow its adoption would be his resignation and that of his associates. So, then, these gentlemen would not even allow the board to ask them, respectfully, to show mercy to a penitent student. If it was done, they would resign. The very thought of such a spirit as was here evinced was terrible to me. But Cox went on. "Harbaugh," he said, "never wrote that penitent letter. Besides, if he did, he was a vile hypocrite; for, the very next day after it was written, he was heard down street, by a respectable student, boasting how he had, in that letter, given it to the faculty." I noted this statement particularly, and knew it to be untrue and injurious to Harbaugh's reputation. My whole family could testify that he had not left my house to go anywhere for three days after that letter was written; and they, with the boarders at my house, knew him to be an open-hearted, honest-minded youth—one who

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had been trained by reputable Christian parents to detest hypocrisy.

Hon. R. P. Flenniken then said he wished to hear from me. So Dr. Gibbon was called to the chair, and, in the kindest manner I could, I spoke of the faculty as gentlemen, as being well-qualified instructors, etc., and that all who knew me would give me credit for the sincerity of my efforts to promote the interests of the college; and, in my judgment, to pass the motion then before the board would accomplish that object. I then expressed my hope that no such evils as brother Cox had intimated would follow its adoption, and went on to say: "He has asked, with an emphasis, What good can it do? It will do this: it will let every body know that there is mercy in Madison College for an erring student who repents and promises amendment. At least it will show that there is mercy in this board. It will ruin the interests of this institution, throughout the Church and in all the country, if no forgiveness is extended to erring students when they repent and promise amendment. Brother Cox says Harbaugh is a hypocrite, and, to prove it, tells us of a respectable student who heard him down street, next day after his letter was written, boasting how he had given it to the faculty. Now, at our house, we all know this statement to be a mistake. Harbaugh did not leave our house to go anywhere for three days after. On the third day, he went out into the town for the first time, and when he heard how his letter had been treated—bitterly criticised, and regarded as making the matter worse—he then complained of the faculty, and for a time regretted having written it at all.

"It is said by brother Cox that Harbaugh never wrote that penitent letter. What then? It will not follow that it was wrong for him to obtain assistance in writing it. I wrote it for him. It is my duty to help the penitent. I found him weeping, and believed him to be sincere. After three days' sore distress on account of his situation, I advised him to write that letter, and, at his request, I wrote it for him, and think I did right in so doing. It can not be wrong to help the erring to return to duty. His conduct was impertinent. Justice can do

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nothing for him. His only plea is mercy, and I hope he will find mercy at the hands of this board."

The hard-hearted treatment received at the hands of the faculty by Harbaugh roused the impetuous temper of J. H. Deford, Esq., who gave us the next speech. I do not recollect his points. His severity on the faculty made me forget the chain of his argument. He was several times called to order, but refused to obey. Three members of the faculty left the house while he spoke; so did several members of the board. Indeed it was a moving time. By the threats of resignation previously made and repeated that day, and from their leaving the house in an angry manner while Deford was speaking, I was led to expect every one of them to resign if the action of the board in the slightest degree disturbed their decision in the Harbaugh case; and I was prepared to let them go, for I wanted God's mercy to the penitent fully established in the government of Madison College. When Deford's speech, so offensive to the faculty in its character, was over, the members of the board returned, and about nine o'clock at night the vote was taken, and the question lost. So the faculty triumphed over the board and over God's mercy. A Christian college, and no mercy in it for an erring student who repents, implores forgiveness, and wishes to return to his duty again! What a burning shame! The very men—excepting Flenniken and Deford—who brought forward the motion requesting the faculty to restore Harbaugh, in consequence of his penitent letter and tender age, abandoned their own measure when it came to the vote, for fear the faculty would resign. I knew full well that, unless a change could be effected, this would be the death of Madison College; and felt in my heart that my days in connection with that institution were, if things remained in their present position, about drawing to a close. To trample on God's mercy for the purpose of sustaining faculty authority was revolting to my judgment and conscience, and I resolved not to do it.

On the following Monday morning the college was opened as usual, and that day Mr. Cox told me all was quiet, and that he thought there would be no resignations. But, in order that

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I might remain myself at Madison College, I felt it necessary to make another effort to enthrone mercy over that institution. To accomplish this, I got Mr. Flenniken to go to President Cox and ask him, as the matter was now wholly with the faculty, and the board was done with it, to take early measures to restore Harbaugh, and that the peace of the college would then be reëstablished. Mr. Flenniken soon returned, and informed me that Cox said "nothing could be done *then;* they might do it after awhile." Mr. Flenniken said, "If you can restore him now, he can remain at college; if not, Mr. Brown goes to Cincinnati on Wednesday, and will take him to his parents." "Well," replied Mr. Cox, "nothing can be done *now*." So I gave the matter up. Soon after, I met Cox on the street, and said, "You saw Mr. Flenniken?" He answered, "Yes;" and I then asked, "Can you do any thing to relieve Harbaugh?" "May be we can on Saturday," he replied, "if you leave him." "Do, brother Cox," said I, "restore him, and let me take him home on Wednesday. His father has written me to bring him." "But," said he, "if we restore him, why not leave him?" To this I replied, "I can not leave him in the midst of his enemies; he has not a friend in the faculty." I own that this was severe. It was the first and only severe thing I said in all this most painful struggle. He looked thoughtful for a moment, and then walked away, making no reply.

On Wednesday morning, he came to my house and asked, "Are you going to Cincinnati to-day?" I told him I was. He remained some time in conversation, partly with me and partly with the family. When he left, I went with him to the door, not intending to say one word about the Harbaugh case. But he said, "Will you indeed take Harbaugh with you?" I told him I would. My heart being very full, I went on to say: "Brother Cox, Madison College is ruined! Your military appendage and demerit-mark system have taken it from under the charter and by-laws. And, by faculty influence over the board, there is no mercy in that body now for an erring student when he repents. You have, likewise, taken the college from under the control of the Methodist Protestant Church,

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where penitents do find mercy. And, more yet, you have taken it from under the control of the Christian religion. In that religion there is mercy for penitents, but with you and your faculty there is none. Now, since the board, overawed by your threats of resignation, has sustained you in these things, I see no way left for me but to abandon my present position in the Board of Trustees, and attack your military administration in both of our Church papers." "But you will not do that," said he, "if Harbaugh is proven to be a hypocrite?" "No," I answered; "if he is proven to be a hypocrite by that 'respectable student' you spoke of—and there are many such, and some I hold to be doubtful—I will give the matter up. I never will sustain a hypocrite. But who is that 'respectable student,' who heard Harbaugh, down street, the next day after his penitent letter was written, boasting how he had given it to the faculty?" "That student was not before the faculty," answered Mr. Cox. "I do not even know his name; but Professor Carroll said in the faculty meeting that there was such a witness." "My family," said I, "know well, and so do I, that Harbaugh remained in my house for three days after that letter was written, and did not go down town at all; so I know that thing is not true. Can it be possible, brother Cox, that you have joined with the faculty in pronouncing a sentence of condemnation and banishment against a student of Madison College without hearing the witness yourself, or even knowing his name? This thing fills me with profound amazement! Bring me that student if you can, and if you can not, then restore Harbaugh, or I will, as I have already said, attack your administration in both of our Church papers, and let the Methodist Protestant Church know what you are doing at Madison College."

On hearing my earnest speech, all warm from my troubled heart, away went Cox and assembled his faculty; but no witness was brought to me. I suppose there was none to bring. In about one hour he returned, and in a very pleasant manner acknowledged a mistake in this whole matter; said that Harbaugh was restored, and that the faculty had agreed to show mercy to penitent students in all time to come. This was all

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I wanted. We parted in Christian friendship, and that day, at one o'clock, I was off for Cincinnati, taking Harbaugh with me to his parents. There was a great change for the better in my feelings. I supposed that peace was now permanently restored; that at the end of the collegiate year we could easily put aside the military system introduced by the faculty, and return to our former plan of government. My hopes were high, and I felt now like renewing my efforts in behalf of the college. At that time our prospects of final success were very fair; so Cox had reported them at the Maryland Conference, as may be seen by our Church paper. His speech before that body was encouraging. He returned home with several new students, and had been successful in making collections. Now that the vexed question about young Harbaugh was disposed of, and God's mercy had returned to the college, and we had increasing public favor, why should we not get along well? Even the overruled trustees, as well as myself, were hopeful.

But in those days there were thorns and briers in every path for me. While in Cincinnati, at the house of Mr. Harbaugh—father of the young man who has figured in this narrative—I read Cox's letter, informing him of the sentence by which his son was sent home. In that letter no allusion was made to the real cause of his banishment; namely, *a contest with the faculty*. All was put upon his *inattention to study*. This was only a small part of the cause, and would not have led to his banishment at all if there had been nothing else, for he was a youth of feeble health, and did about as well as he could in his studies. I myself was a witness to the fact in part, and had the balance from the professors themselves, that young Harbaugh got more than one-half of the demerit marks by which he was banished, for his impertinence to the faculty during a three-days' contest with them. So, here was a false cause stated by the President of our college to a father for the banishment of his son. I could not have believed that Cox would have assigned a false cause in this case, instead of the true one, if I had not seen it with my own eyes. To have my confidence shaken in the veracity of the President of our literary institution afflicted me

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very much. When truth fails in presidents, colleges fall of course. Yet, again, when I returned to Uniontown, I was amazed and confounded, and knew not which way to look for relief to my heart, when I was informed, by a number of respectable students, that, while I was absent, Cox had said, in open college, after morning prayer, that "it was not true that Harbaugh had been restored, and that he had never said he was, to any person." Now, this gentleman had informed me of Harbaugh's restoration, in my own house, in the presence of my family. I could not, therefore, be mistaken in the matter, and the students affirmed that they were not mistaken as to his denial of Harbaugh's restoration, or that he ever said he was restored to any person. I took time for reflection as to what was best to be done in this case, which gave me so much pain, and finally concluded to do nothing, for the following reasons: 1. I was afraid of injury to the college. 2. I had already been troubled enough in these struggles. 3. I had some reason to believe that Cox had been led into all that he did, in introducing the military system into the college and in the Harbaugh case throughout, by his colleagues. 4. At that time he was involved in a good deal of trouble about temporal matters, and I did not wish to add to his afflictions by an investigation of a question of veracity. 5. I could not find that any one in that community doubted his having told me that the faculty had restored Harbaugh. In this view of the case, I deemed it best to let the matter rest, and do all I could for the peace and prosperity of the college. Cox was certainly a man of handsome talents, but impracticable and visionary in his conceptions of things; easily involved in trouble in almost any direction, and therefore more to be pitied than censured by me.

In the commencement of this college enterprise, as the location of the institution was in a free State, the trustees deemed it good policy to take the President and professors mainly from the slave States. The only Northern man in the college was Rev. G. B. McElroy, who had been Principal of the preparatory department, and was, finally, made Professor of Mathematics; but, under President Cox's administration, he was compelled to

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resign his position under pressure of Southern influence. Mr. McElroy was a fine scholar and an able mathematician; but at that time he was not a graduate of any college, and for this reason, as Cox informed me, the Southern part of the faculty did not favor him, nor was it long before the Southern students asked for his removal. After enduring considerable persecution, he resigned, and Mr. Murfee, a gentleman from the South, was chosen to fill his place. So, now all the officers of the college, from the bottom to the top, were from the South; and, in a short time, the military appendage already alluded to was introduced, and the character of the discipline was materially changed by the faculty, without the knowledge or consent of the trustees. This was a daring innovation on the established regulations of the college, and gave us much trouble, as has been already seen. *It took Southerners to do such things.*

I knew nothing of the theory or underlying principles of this military appendage. I never saw the action taken by the faculty in getting it up. I could, therefore, only judge of it by its practical workings. I saw that a great number of our students were clothed like soldiers, and appeared in their uniforms in college, on the streets, and in church on the Sabbath-day. I saw that they had muskets when on parade, and that our college building was the depository of military arms. I was informed that the college company had allied itself to the regiment of the county, in order that it might be entitled to draw these arms. I saw the constant morning drill in the college campus, and that they mustered on the commons and paraded along the streets several times a week. I saw that the faculty had become a standing court-martial, and that nothing could be done, even in Prep-dom, with an offending student, without a sentence from this court-martial. This left the Principal of the preparatory department without authority and without respect. One hundred demerit marks, given by these assessors of damage for this, that, and the other, entitled a student to expulsion, and to have his name so reported in the forthcoming catalogue.

This whole military system was a violation of the charter

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and by-laws. It was supremely ridiculous in a Methodist Protestant college. Many have been the conjectures as to the design of the faculty in adopting that appendage. To me it is now highly probable that the present rebellion, long predetermined by Southern statesmen of the Calhoun school, will afford a clue to their design. West Point could not turn out military men fast enough to satisfy the South. All the Southern colleges, and others under Southern influence, must, if possible, be induced to give young gentlemen a military training against the approaching struggle, for the present rebellion had been in contemplation, among the leading politicians of the South, for the last thirty years. I am confirmed in my opinion on this subject by the following fact: In 1854, Rev. John Scott, D. D., the present editor of the Western Methodist Protestant, and myself attended the Virginia and North Carolina Conferences of our Church. While at the latter Conference, ex-Governor Branch, who resided near at hand, sent his carriage, and took brother Scott and myself to his house to spend the night. We found him to be very intelligent, courteous, and communicative. After supper, taking a box of Havana cigars in his hand, he invited us into the smoking-room. So, away we went, took each a cigar, and, as the smoke went on, we talked over the politics of the day. The Kansas trouble was then beginning to be felt, and in our conversation the slave question came up. The Governor spoke without reserve. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am greatly concerned for my country. The slave-power has always controlled this Government, and if the day shall ever come when the South shall lose that control, she will break down this Government and set up a Southern Confederacy." I gave it as my opinion that he was mistaken. "Gentlemen, I am not," said he; "I am well acquainted with all the leading statesmen of the South, and I know it to be a foregone determination among them to rebel and break down our National Government, so soon as they lose the control of it, and set up a government for themselves."* So, here we have one of the

* Dr. Scott has reminded me, since the above was written, that Governor Branch thought the next Congress would be the last.

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great men of the South bearing witness to the determination of Southern statesmen either to rule or ruin this nation—to control or destroy our Government. Will not this justify the inference that these crafty men had enlisted all the colleges then under Southern influence to drill the students in military tactics against the time when the Southern control of the Government should cease and the contemplated rebellion come on? President Cox and his colleagues often spoke, in my hearing, of the military drill of students in Southern colleges, and, by the example of those institutions, aimed to justify the drill at Madison College. My opinion then was, that the thing was foolish; now, I think, in view of the facts in the case, that it was incipient treason, since fully developed in a terrible war.

The gentlemen of the faculty, in consequence of the military character given our college without the sanction or the knowledge of the board, and in consequence of their cruel treatment of young Harbaugh, and of their overruling the board with threats of resignation, if that body should ask them, by an official act, to restore that penitent student, had brought on themselves and their course of action pretty general condemnation. The public mouth was opened wide. They and their doings were much talked of in that community, which thing made them all feel very sore, for they all loved popular favor. In a short time it began to be alleged by these gentlemen that the North had not done as much as the South for college interests. Then again it came, in letters from the South, that Rev. C. Avery, a great Abolitionist, had agreed to endow the college, and that the Board of Trustees, in consideration of this great favor, had determined to admit colored students along with the whites into the institution. Letters written by at least one member of the faculty were given as authority for these reports. The first of the above complaints was partly true: our agents had canvassed the South, and were only then beginning in the North. The second was wholly false: neither Mr. Avery nor the board had ever thought of an endowment on that principle. But the idea of taking colored students into the college, once thrown abroad on the Southern mind, had the in-

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tended effect: it prepared the Southerners to call home their sons at the end of the term. To educate their sons along with negroes was, to them, horrible.

As the collegiate year was drawing to a close, I was informed, by a letter from Lynchburg, Virginia, that our faculty had, in the early part of April, made arrangements to open a college in that place. Yet, they gave us no information to that effect themselves, until near the time of the annual commencement, late in June. They were employed by our board, and under our pay, and were, therefore, bound, in honor and justice, to build up our institution; but, instead of doing this, they worked against our college, from the time of their contest with the board in the Harbaugh case to the end of the year, and finally drew off nearly all of our Southern students to their Lynchburg institution. At that time the South went for a Southern college; at a later date, for a Southern Confederacy.

At the close of the annual commencement exercises, the faculty all resigned; and President Cox stated, to a large assembly, that they had made arrangements to open a Methodist Protestant College at Lynchburg, the following September. Rev. William Collier, D. D., then read a paper containing sundry resolutions of the board, indicating a determination on the part of that body to elect another faculty, and open the college at the usual time in the fall. Very much against my wishes, I was chosen by the board as President, and instructed to use all possible diligence to secure a competent corps of professors during the vacation. I felt great reluctance in accepting the office assigned me by the board, because of a consciousness of a want of literary competency for the work; and because of a conviction in my mind that, since the South had gone from us, there would be an inability felt to sustain a competent faculty. However, being urged, and assurances being given me that the Church would lend a helping hand, I agreed to take the office, and do the best I could. The following gentlemen, all from the free States, composed the new faculty: Rev. G. B. McElroy, M. B. Goff, P. S. Bancroft, Professors; and A. Hutton, Principal of the Preparatory Department. These gentlemen being

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secured as my fellow-laborers, I awaited the opening of the college, in September, with a great deal of anxiety. I was not afraid of the integrity or ability of my associates, but I did distrust my own qualifications. The character of the college had been injured; many of our students, on false representations, had left us, and our financial condition was not satisfactory.

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CHAPTER XXI.

A NEW FACULTY—PECUNIARY CONDITION OF THE COLLEGE—TRAVELING ON COLLEGE BUSINESS—TOUR THROUGH OLD VIRGINIA—VISIT TO LYNCHBURG—A SOUTHERNER'S VIEW OF SLAVE-TRADING—COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT—CHANGE IN THE FACULTY—COLLEGE CLOSES.

ON the first Monday in September, 1855, Madison College was opened under a new corps of professors. P. S. Bancroft was elected to the chair of Mathematics; M. B. Goff, who was not present at the opening of college, was chosen Professor of Languages. These two gentlemen, in a short time, to gratify preferences, exchanged chairs, without objection from the trustees. Rev. G. B. McElroy took charge of the preparatory department. Bancroft and Goff, both excellent young men, had recently graduated at Alleghany College. McElroy graduated at the succeeding annual commencement at Madison College. With these gentlemen for colleagues, I commenced the term with great concern of mind. Indeed, I would not have taken the presidency, or opened college at all, but for the urgency of the Board of Trustees, especially the Church portion of it, who assured me that *the Church would stand at my back in all my efforts to build up that institution.* Three Southern presidents had left it. Eighty-five out of ninety of our Southern students had been wrongfully carried off from us, by President Cox and his colleagues, to Lynchburg. The character of the college, at home and abroad, had been greatly depreciated. Our finances were in a crippled condition. Now that the South was gone, the college was not sufficiently central to suit the free-State portion of the Church. Uniontown was, financially, rather on the wane, was somewhat sectarian, and would not give much support to a Methodist Protestant college. All these things

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were rather against us; yet, it was deemed best to make a trial, and give our friends in the North an opportunity to help in this matter, as the college was very much needed by the Church.

Shortly after the commencement of the term, the Pittsburgh Conference held its annual session in Brownsville, Pennsylvania. That body took spirited action in behalf of the college, and I was encouraged to hope for an increase of students, and that my old friend, Rev. C. Avery, now that the institution was no longer connected with slavery, would do something handsome toward its endowment. In a short time, I ventured to address to him a most earnest appeal on that subject. To me he made no reply, but placed in the hands of Revs. W. Collier and J. Robison, as trustees, fifteen hundred dollars for the benefit of our college. This was help in the right direction, and I was inclined to hope, believe, and pray that he would do still more, as he was abundantly able, and most munificently liberal. But Madison College, owing to its location, not being sufficiently central for the Northern portion of the Church, and to an opinion entertained by him that enough had not been done for the institution by men of wealth in its immediate vicinity, it received nothing further from Mr. Avery. Certainly, men of means who live near a college should be liberal in its support, as they enjoy advantages not possessed by others who reside at a distance.

I left the Conference at Brownsville, and returned to my duties in the college on Monday morning. For two years I had sustained a superannuated relation to the Conference, and did not ask or expect that relation to be changed. Yet a change was made, and I was placed back on the list of effective preachers, as I was informed, because it was judged improper for a superannuated minister to be President of the college. This act cut me off from a superannuated preacher's claim on the funds of the Aid Society, and left me to depend exclusively upon what our crippled college could give me. This was not bringing "the Church to stand at my back," and I felt very sure that all the funds that could be made by the college would

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have to go to pay my colleagues, or I would lose them as co-laborers, and the institution would die on my hands. To get along at all, I had to lean on my own limited means for more than half the support of my family, while serving the Church as President of the college. Would it, indeed, have been an odium on the college for a superannuated minister to have been its President? Or were the brethren mistaken in this matter? At any rate, from the necessities of the case, I was compelled to spend my own funds, to the injury of my family, and I did not feel very comfortable under the circumstances. The above is stated as connected with my personal history, and I take pleasure in adding that this thing, long gone by, has left no sore place in my heart. God has not yet, nor will he ever, allow me and mine to suffer. Long ago, I made up my mind never to forsake God, and I do most conscientiously believe that he never will forsake me or mine.

My colleagues in college labor were all very agreeable and companionable gentlemen. Bancroft and Goff were not professors of religion at that time, but were strictly moral. McElroy had from boyhood been a member of the Methodist Protestant Church, and for several years an itinerant minister. I felt it pleasant to work with these men. They were all hard students, and very attentive and persevering in the discharge of the duties assigned them. But, unlike the Southern professors who had preceded them, they did not mix much with society, and were, therefore, supposed by some to lack social qualities. Perhaps they did, and for this reason were not as popular as men of inferior minds and attainments often are. Leaving the young people of Uniontown to seek pleasure in their own way, they seemed to have a high ambition to qualify themselves for success as educators. In order to accomplish their purpose, they drew me into an arrangement which, for a time, I did not like. To open college at eight o'clock, instead of nine, and perform all the duties of the day against the dinner hour, so as to have no afternoon session, crowded matters on me a little too much, the whole year round. Yet, it led to early rising, and gave the students the whole afternoon more perfectly to prepare for reci-

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tation the next morning. So, while the professors gained time for literary improvement, the students had an advantage, and I, with the care of a large family on me, had pretty hard struggling to be ready to open college at so early an hour.

Various efforts were made, during this collegiate year, to increase the funds and patronage of the college. Being authorized by the trustees, I secured the services of Rev. W. Collier to attend the Ohio and Muskingum Conferences, and the services of Rev. J. Robison to attend the Genesee and Michigan Conferences, in view of college interests. Three of these Conferences secured to our institution, by notes, the sum of fifteen hundred dollars; but the fourth, after voting us five hundred dollars, gave us no notes; so we actually got nothing from that Conference but a vote! Was this the fault of the agent, or the fault of the Conference? Who can tell? This was a small addition to our permanent endowment fund, which at that time was not over eleven thousand dollars. The interest of this small amount, and the annual income from limited scholarships and tuition fees, constituted our entire pecuniary support.

To meet the impoverished condition into which the college was thrown by the withdrawal of the South, the board reduced the salaries of the professors down to the lowest living point. The next effort was to secure agents to sell perpetual and limited scholarships, and bring us in students. But in this we failed. All seemed to wish us well, and pray to God to bless us, but we could get no permanent agents. So we labored on in a lingering condition, with about sixty students, throughout the first year. In addition to my giving to my colleagues nearly all the college funds, and relying mainly on my own resources for the support of my family, I got a few friends to join me in a note, and we borrowed five hundred dollars, to meet the claims of my fellow-laborers at the termination of the collegiate year. I found the board determined to carry on the college under my administration, especially the Church portion of it; and if I remained as President, I could only retain my associates by seeing them paid, I supposed. So the above sum was borrowed. But the understanding among the makers of

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the note was, that I was to make payment when the money fell due.

Our annual commencement was considered by educated men to be very creditable to the instructors. It was numerously attended. The students acquitted themselves well. Our only graduate was Rev. G. B. McElroy, who had gone through the studies of the senior year while performing the duties of Principal of the preparatory department. There would have been others to graduate had they not been drawn off to Lynchburg. "In hope, believing against hope," we had struggled through the year with public approbation, and felt encouraged to labor on, in hope of final success.

During the vacation, I undertook to relieve myself from the weighty responsibilities under which I was placed by borrowing money for college purposes. The Board of Trustees had offended Mrs. Skiles, of whom I had borrowed the eight hundred dollars to pay the Church's part for the addition to the college building. She sent for me and demanded payment. The five hundred dollars borrowed to pay the professors would be due at the end of four months. So, here was work for me. An appeal had to be made to my friends for assistance. I went to Pittsburgh, Steubenville, Cincinnati; to the Pittsburgh Conference in Indiana County, Pennsylvania; to the Ohio, Muskingum, and Michigan Conferences; to Baltimore and Philadelphia; then returned by home, and went on to Western Virginia, making collections to relieve myself of these debts. I had just taken time, amid these toilsome journeys, to open college, in September, and arrange for my classes to be attended to, and then go on again. Finally, being broken down in health, I returned home, and paid off the two notes, amounting in all, principal and interest, to one thousand four hundred and forty-six dollars and seventy-five cents. During my absence from college, after vacation, I gave up my salary, and agreed to take ten per cent. on moneys collected. But when I came to pay the notes, I lacked fifteen dollars of the necessary amount, without taking the ten per cent. So I lost my salary in college, the ten per cent., paid the fifteen dollars out of my own pocket, and

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was glad, even with this loss, to see this troublesome matter ended. To this I will now add, that the whole truth may be known, that fifty dollars, sent me by Mrs. Reese, of Maryland, as a present, and twenty-five dollars as a present from John Clark, Esq., of Baltimore, helped to make up the amount which I had to pay on that occasion. Indeed, I felt willing to endure any toil, or make any sacrifice within the compass of my power, to meet the expectations of the Church, and give our people an educational institution of our own.

The following March I attended the Maryland Conference in Baltimore, and did well in making collections on outstanding obligations. I did well, also, in the District of Columbia. The debtors to the college in these places had not thought of repudiating our claims because President Cox had left us and started a rival institution at Lynchburg. While in Baltimore, I gained information which led me to believe that, within the bounds of the Virginia Conference, our college claims would be paid, if an agent were sent there authorized to make collections. In the month of April, the trustees determined to make the experiment and see what could be done; and, for want of a more competent agent, they sent me on that enterprise. After making an arrangement with my colleagues so as to have the duties of my chair in college attended to, I left home on a collecting tour in Old Virginia. In the city of Washington, sickness came upon me, and I was detained about ten days. During this time, I found a resting-place and very kind attention at the house of brother Drake; and at intervals, as I felt able, went out in the city, to Georgetown, Alexandria, and a little into the country, to attend to our college interests. Wherever President Cox's influence extended, I had no success. Yet I made some collections even in Georgetown, his old home, where he was stationed when we called him to Madison College.

Leaving Washington, I went by boat and railroad, through Richmond, to Lynchburg, Virginia, and took lodgings at a public house. There I supposed myself to be an utter stranger to every body. Soon a student, formerly of Madison College, found me. He informed Rev. W. A. Crooker, superintendent

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of the Lynchburg Station, that I was in the city, and he immediately called to see me. Then came a number of the students who had been drawn off from Madison to Lynchburg College, all glad to see me, one of whom wished himself back again. The next morning I commenced early to hunt up the men of whom I expected to make collections. All acknowledged the claims of our college against them to be just, and that if they did not send their sons to be educated at Madison College so as to get the value for their money, that was their own matter, and did not destroy the validity of our claim. They had given their scholarship notes, and thus created a reliance upon them for money to carry on the college. But they wanted a little time for reflection; so I gave them until the next day, and returned to my lodgings. I supposed these men wanted to consult among themselves, or, perhaps, to take legal counsel as to what was best to be done.

That afternoon, Rev. S. K. Cox sent his carriage, with a polite note in the hand of the driver, inviting me to his residence, a short distance in the country, and to make his house my home while I remained in that vicinity. On receiving this invitation, all that Cox had done destructive of the interests of Madison College came up to my mind. What should I do? Finally, I concluded that, as the injury he had done was not to me personally, but to the college, and as a refusal to visit him might not only offend him, but offend the people too, and obstruct my collecting operations in Lynchburg, it would, therefore, be best to accept his invitation. While at his house, I met with Rev. R. B. Thompson, D. D., and one or two of the former professors at Madison College, all very civil and clever to me, but full of that Southern feeling which ultimately brought on the rebellion. I visited the college buildings; saw the military drill of the students; went up to the observatory to view the city and the surrounding country, and found the scene truly grand. That night, Dr. Thompson, Cox, and I talked, until a late hour, about matters North and South. They supposed there were troubles brewing in our country, and if the troubles came, they would certainly be true to Southern interests. In all

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this conversation, I took the ground that there was good sense and good feeling enough in this nation to settle all our perplexing questions without a war. The next morning, Dr. Thompson urged me to attend the Virginia Conference in the fall, at which time he would pay his arrearages to Madison College. Cox paid the interest on his college note then, and they both wished me success in making collections. This was better than I expected from them. When I was about leaving, Mr. Cox took me into the city in his carriage, and if he did not aid, he did not obstruct me in accomplishing the object of my mission. All the people with whom I had business treated me kindly, and such of them as were able paid off their notes. I then went by railroad, through Petersburg, to City Point, where I took a steamer for Norfolk. From thence I went to Hampton and Fortress Monroe. In all these places I made collections for the college, amounting in all to between four and five hundred dollars.

The following conversation, which occurred at the tea-table, in a pretty large company, at the house of brother John Brown, in Hampton, while I was there, will illustrate the feeling of the people in that part of Virginia on the subject of slavery: "Brother Brown," said one of the guests, "what did you think of the Doctor's speech last night in the Old-side love-feast?" "It filled me with horror," replied our host. "I never had such feelings in a love-feast before in all my life. With gushing tears the Doctor expressed his hope of meeting his dear old father, who had died a short time before, in the kingdom of glory, when in my heart I really did believe that his father was in hell." "Come, come, brother Brown," said I, "who made you the judge of all the earth, to fix the doom of a fellow-mortal in that kind of style?" "Why," returned he, "we all, in this part of Virginia, think slaveholding, without slave-trading, is bad enough; but the Doctor's father had been for many years in the slave-trade, buying up negroes—parting husbands and wives, parents and children—and driving them to the Southern plantations, and selling them there into hopeless bondage. We, in these parts, do not believe such a man can

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be saved." "Now," said I, "if I had heard such a speech at home, in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, I should have called it an abolition speech, but what shall I call it here in Virginia?" All at the table agreed that I might give it whatever name I pleased. It fully expressed the sentiment and feeling of the better sort of people in that part of the Old Dominion.

From Hampton I returned home by way of Baltimore, and found all well; but I was very much worn out myself by the toils of travel in the South. After a little rest, I entered upon college duties again, and continued to the close of the collegiate year. When the annual commencement came on, in June, we had six graduates; to-wit: G. W. Burns, J. N. Cassell, A. W. Ross, C. H. Causey, D. W. Lawson, and E. W. Stephens. These were all respectable young gentlemen, of promising talents and fine acquirements; and I hope they are now doing good service somewhere for the benefit of our race, the honor of their God, and their own present and eternal welfare. The exercises of that occasion gave general satisfaction to the public; and though there was much in our financial embarrassments to give me great concern, yet the trustees determined that the college should be carried on. Again I had to make myself responsible for three hundred dollars to pay my colleagues, all of whom left me. McElroy and Goff took positions in a Methodist Protestant college in North Illinois, and Bancroft returned to his home, near Meadville, Pennsylvania. This was a great trial to me. Only Amos Hutton, who had been Principal of the preparatory department, was left toward a new corps of laborers for the ensuing year.

During the vacation, efforts were made in all directions to secure patronage, an increase of funds, and a competent faculty. Ultimately, John Deford, a graduate of Madison College, and William Campbell, a graduate, I think, of Jefferson College, both of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, were elected by the trustees as my fellow-laborers in the up-hill business of running Madison College. Amos Hutton was continued as Principal of the preparatory department. At the appointed time, in September, the college was opened in due form. We only had about forty

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students. Neither the town, the country, or the Church had given us the patronage that was expected. But we held on our way, hoping, praying, and laboring hard for success. In the fall, I attended the Virginia Conference, in view of college interests, and had only partial success in collecting funds. At our Conference in Pittsburgh, in September, I had obtained but little encouragement. A visit to Cincinnati, on college business, toward spring, gave me but little hope. So, shortly after my return, on consultation with the trustees, it was deemed advisable to close the college and give up the struggle. A controversy in the Methodist Protestant Church, looking to a suspension of official coöperation between the North and the South, was against us. The citizens of Uniontown had not paid more than half of their part for the new addition to the college building, and the property was in danger of being sold to pay the balance and other debts. This, too, was against us. That portion of the endowment fund which came into the hands of the treasurer was, by order of the board, used, from early date, to pay the professors—the board promising interest. This, when it became known to our people, was likewise very much against us. A non-paying institution, crippled in so many ways, could not be carried on. Madison College, if my information be correct, has been sold to pay debts due on the property and other debts; and I have been a great sufferer in many ways by my efforts to carry on that institution for the Church. My head turned gray very fast while I resided in Uniontown. All colleges, to be successful, should have a full endowment, permanently invested, before a single student is ever admitted to their halls.

As to Uniontown itself, it was beautifully situated in a healthy, picturesque region of country. Among the inhabitants there was a considerable amount of mental and moral culture, and a high degree of sociality of character. Yet it was not a good place for a college. The railroad had drawn away travel from the old National Pike, and had thereby greatly reduced the amount of business done in the place. Business of all kinds was very much run down. As in a man of declining health all

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energy for business is gone, so in a waning town all enterprise is at an end. Colleges should always be located in the midst of a prosperous, enterprising people. It takes a people to feel assured that they are making money before they can be habitually in the spirit of giving money to build up colleges, or to sustain any other benevolent enterprise.

While I was in Uniontown, the question of the Methodist Protestant Church in the free States suspending all official connection with the slaveholding Conferences and Churches in the South was argued in our Church paper in the West. I was as fully convinced that slavery was a great moral, social, political, and domestic evil as any of my brethren. I was as certain as any of them that an end of the coöperation of the Churches North and South would soon come; but, for a time, I did not agree with them as to the manner of bringing it about. I now believe that they were right and I was wrong, and that there was an overruling Providence shaping our course and directing our affairs, when, in the convention of 1858, the Methodist Protestant Church in the free States did suspend all official connection with the slaveholding Conferences and Churches of the South. In doing that act, we defined our position as a Church on the slave question. We retained our ministers and members, who, on account of our connection with the South, would have gone off from us to other Churches. In doing that act we were guided by a higher wisdom than our own, in an escape from the ruinous condition into which the coming war—not seen by us—would have plunged our Church. In doing that act we did not, like the Methodist Episcopal Church, hang on to slavery connections until the President of the United States had killed slavery by his proclamation of freedom. In doing that act, in obedience to our clearest convictions of moral right, without waiting for the civil or military power to open our way, we did what we never expect to regret while life or thought or being lasts, or immortality endures.

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CHAPTER XXII.

DELEGATES ELECTED BY PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE TO THE CONVENTION AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—MISSIONARY WORK AND FARMING OPERATIONS—MEETING OF COMMITTEES ON THE UNION OF THE WESLEYAN AND METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCHES—COMPILATION OF A HYMN-BOOK—VISIT OF FRATERNAL MESSENGERS FROM THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH TO THE PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE—VISIT AS FRATERNAL MESSENGER TO THE PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AT BLAIRSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA—REMOVAL TO VICINITY OF MCKEESPORT, PENNSYLVANIA—ELECTED EDITOR OF WESTERN METHODIST PROTESTANT—REMOVAL TO SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—DEATH OF BOTH MY SONS—VIEWS AND WISHES ON ECCLESIASTICAL MATTERS.

IN September, 1858, the Pittsburgh Annual Conference was held in Connellsville, Pennsylvania. It was an important and interesting session of that body, and made a favorable impression on the community. Delegates were elected to the Springfield Convention, and instructed to take action in favor of a suspension of all official ecclesiastical relations with slaveholding and slave-trading Conferences and Churches, as already stated. Revs. J. Scott, J. Robinson, and myself were the ministerial delegates. Brothers John Redman, George Pogue, and S. Homer were the lay delegates. At the above-named Conference, I was again granted a superannuated relation, and the brethren treated me with liberality in the apportionment of the necessary funds for the subsistence of my family. But as ministerial laborers were scarce, at the solicitation of friends, I agreed to take charge of the Youghiogheny Mission. So I left Uniontown—the scene of my college toils and sorrows—and removed, in the fall, to Connellsville, that I might by means of the railroad conveniently reach my field of labor. Once more I was actively engaged in the itinerant ranks, and felt myself more comfortable in striving to build up the Church than in the up-hill business of trying to sustain a falling literary institution. On that mission I had some success. A society was

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formed at Coultersville, of good materials, to which additions have since been made, and there is, I have been informed, an intention to build a house of worship the ensuing summer. No Church can be permanent and prosperous without a house in which the children of God can statedly meet for Divine service.

While on that mission, I rented a house and a few acres of ground, near Braddocksfield, of my old friend Robert Milligan, to which I moved my family on the 1st of April, 1859. Having been brought up on a farm, and feeling it a duty to do all I could in my old age for the support of my own household, and wishing to give my two sons honorable employment, I entered upon this farming enterprise, and crowded that six-acre lot to its utmost capacity with corn, oats, potatoes, tomatoes, beans, cabbage, melons, etc. But, alas for us! the ground, being far worn, was not very productive; and there was not enough of it for such agriculturists as we were to make a comfortable living on. The situation of this property was very pleasant, as it overlooked steamboat navigation on the Monongahela River for several miles on one side, and the Pennsylvania Railroad passed across the upper part of it on the other side. So, between the passing of cars and steamers, we seemed to be where the world was in motion about us. The neighborhood, too, was very agreeable; but our house was too small to suit us, so we only remained there one year.

As to my farming operations, my neighbors gave me a good deal of credit. They, on each side of me, planted the small, refused potatoes, which were not fit for table use. I advised them against this, and told them if they would have good potatoes they must plant good potatoes—always to take the best of every thing for seed. My seed potatoes were the best I could find in the Pittsburgh market. My neighbors' ground was about like my own, and the culture was about the same. The tops of their potatoes were very luxuriant; mine were so small as to make them laugh and say "they had the ague." They had in number more potatoes than I had, but, like their seed, they were generally small; while mine were very large, and of a superior quality.

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On the 4th of June, a very severe frost, which did much damage over a great extent of country, cut off the young corn, the tomatoes, and the Lima beans. My neighbors made haste, as the season was far advanced, and plowed up their corn-ground and planted again. My sons and I, with some other help, immediately went all over our corn, beans, and tomatoes, each having a pair of scissors, and cut the tops below where the frost had reached. The beans and tomatoes sent outside shoots from well-established roots, and produced abundantly; and the corn, being well-rooted in the ground, came right on and did well. But I noticed that in every instance where we failed to clip the corn below the part injured by the frost, the disease went down into the root and destroyed the stalk altogether. To be successful, this clipping must be done at once; the third day may be too late.

On my grounds at Braddocksfield there was an abundance of plum-trees, but they had brought no fruit to perfection, we were told, for seven years; all had been taken by the curculio. My neighbors had generally lost their fruit by the depredations of the same insect. To remedy this evil, I followed the directions of some old agricultural paper, and, by applying a combination of the following materials, successfully repelled the enemy: "To one pound of whale-oil soap, add four ounces of sulphur. Mix thoroughly, and dissolve in twelve gallons of water. Take one-half peck of quicklime, and, when well slacked, add four gallons of water, and stir well together. When settled and clear, pour off the transparent part, and add the soap and the sulphur mixture. To this mixture, add four gallons of strong tobacco-water. Apply this compound with a garden syringe to the plum-trees, when the plums are about the size of small peas. Drench the foliage well. Should rain come within a week, the mixture should be applied again." Not only did this compound save my plums from destruction by the curculio, but it drove the yellow-striped bugs from my melons. All were saved. I have heard it said that when whale-oil soap could not be obtained, common soft soap has been substituted, with entire success. I have introduced these

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little matters connected with my agricultural operations not only for the attention they gained in the neighborhood, but because they are in themselves valuable to farmers.

But it will be proper to turn back a little, in the history of events, to the Springfield Convention of 1858. It fell to my lot to preach the opening sermon, and to be presiding officer of that assembly. I have already referred to the action of that body in suspending all official coöperation with slaveholding and slave-trading Conferences and Churches. At that convention, at the instance of Rev. Cyrus Prindle, of the Wesleyan Methodist connection, a committee on Church union was created, to meet a committee of our Wesleyan brethren, in view of uniting the two denominations in one body. The two committees met in Pittsburgh, and, in great harmony, took such action and recommended such measures as, in my judgment, ought to have united the two communities in one brotherhood. But a discussion sprung up on the secret society question, and the Church union movement was a failure. As I was an acting member of this joint committee, and took a deep interest in the success of the enterprise, I felt afflicted that matters over which neither civil nor ecclesiastical legislation ought to have any control should have been brought in to defeat it. In view of the contemplated union, the Springfield Convention, at the instance of the aforesaid brother Prindle, agreed to appoint a committee to act with Rev. W. A. Brewster, and other Wesleyan brethren, in compiling a Union Hymn-book. I was appointed chairman of said committee. Revs. Joel Dalbey, S. W. Widney, A. H. Bassett, and J. M. Mayall were my associates. By an arrangement, the labor of compiling a book was confided to brother Brewster. When he had completed his work, the Methodist Protestant committee was notified to attend at Cleveland and examine it before its publiction. Brother Bassett and myself were the only members who attended. After several days employed in a careful examination of brother Brewster's compilation, we gave that work our unqualified approbation, and desired its immediate publication, as our Church was in pressing need of hymn-books. But, from some cause never fully explained

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to me, brother Prindle declined issuing the book until after their General Conference. With a famine for hymn-books then on our Church, our people could not possibly endure this delay. So, being urged by my brethren, I entered, about the 1st of December, 1859, upon the task of compiling our present hymn-book; and by constant toil, day and night, I brought my work to a close on the 14th of March, took it to Springfield, and submitted it to the Board of Trust for publication. Brother Bassett constructed the index and made various necessary corrections. Such a work should not have been compiled in so great a hurry. There was a young man of fine poetic taste by my side, rendering me constant assistance in the execution of this task. It was my own dear son, Henry Bascom Brown, who has since passed away triumphantly to heaven.

In September, 1859, the Pittsburgh Annual Conference was held in Sharpsburg, Pennsylvania. This was an unusually interesting and profitable session, and was handsomely entertained by the Churches and citizens. We had in attendance two fraternal messengers from the Pittsburgh Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. Homer J. Clark, D. D., and Rev. Dr. Cox, both very amiable and talented Christian ministers, whose excellent addresses to the Conference were very highly appreciated by the members of the body and the spectators. These two messengers, in their addresses, drew into notice the points of agreement between their Church and ours in a very happy style. I was then called upon by the Conference to respond. In doing this, I brought into view the old controversy, when brother Clark and I were on opposite sides, in the origin of the Methodist Protestant Church in Pittsburgh; that at that time both of us had honestly done what we could for our respective causes, and in opposition to each other; yet, on my part, I had always believed him to be a Christian gentleman, and I hailed him in our midst in the same character. I then said it was true that in Christian doctrines, experience, and practice the two Churches were alike; but in one thing we differed. We had the lay element in our ecclesiastical economy, and they had not. If the time should ever come when the

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Methodist Episcopal Church would adopt lay delegation in her Annual and General Conferences, the two Churches could then unite and become one body, but not until then; for we were a lay delegation people, and did believe that the Church of Christ had as much right to a free representative government as the State. As I was proceeding, brother Clark threw in a response in favor of lay delegation, saying that a very considerable proportion of the ministers of his Conference (I forget the exact proportion) agreed with their Methodist Protestant brethren on that subject. The whole assembly on hearing this gave vent to their feelings of delight by thanking God, and in various ways indicated their gratification. Other responses were made, (I forget by whom,) and the interview with these fraternal messengers was an occasion of great pleasure to us all. William J. Troth, an excellent lay brother, and myself were then chosen fraternal messengers to the ensuing Pittsburgh Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and were instructed to bear to that body friendly greetings from our brethren, contained in a preamble and sundry resolutions, favorable to the union upon proper principles.

During this Conference, I was appointed to preach on the old battle-ground, corner of Smithfield and Seventh Streets. The old meeting-house had been replaced by a new one, of greatly superior style and capacity. A great change in the congregation had taken place. But few of the old members remained. On that spot, in the old house, I had organized the Methodist Protestant Church, in the month of June, 1829. Thirty years since that event had now gone by, and I supposed the old antipathies against me for my reform principles and actions still remained among our Methodist Episcopal brethren in that station. On hearing the appointments for the Sabbath-day announced, and that I was to preach in the aforesaid church, I was taken by surprise. I arose and asked if that appointment would be agreeable? I was assured by the appointing authorities that it would, and that it had been made by the special request of the minister and official members of that station. I then agreed, with unspeakable pleasure, to fill the appointment.

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I had a large audience, and God gave me unusual liberty in preaching the Gospel to that people. When service was over, and I had gone from the pulpit into the altar, a great number came forward to greet me, and there was no little shaking of hands on that occasion. I had many invitations to dinner, but brother Sinsebaugh, the preacher in charge, claimed me as his guest. I was urged to remain and preach again at night, but having another engagement, I could not comply. The secret leading to all this kindness to me is found in the fact that, in the course of thirty years, this people had become friendly to lay delegation. They respected me because I had respected my principles, which now, at last, God had taught them to love.

In the month of March, 1860, brother W. J. Troth and myself attended the Pittsburgh Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Blairsville, Pennsylvania, as fraternal messengers. On being introduced to Bishop Janes, he introduced us to the body, and we were received and treated in a very friendly manner by the brethren. By request of the Bishop, I occupied a seat by his side in the altar until the Conference adjourned for dinner, and he wished me to continue to occupy it afterward, but I asked him to excuse me from sitting in so conspicuous a place, and said, if it would be equally agreeable to him, I would rather take a seat among the members of the Conference.

I was then asked by the Bishop if it would suit us to proceed at once to deliver our fraternal addresses, or would we prefer delaying them to a set time. I told him that brother Troth and I were comparative strangers to the Conference, and it would be an accommodation to us if a delay were allowed, so as to give us a chance to become acquainted with the brethren. The fact is, to appear before the Pittsburgh Conference, of which I had once been a member, and in which thirty-one years had made so many changes, by thinning out the old members and introducing new ones, affected me much. I was in no condition at that time to do justice to myself or to my Conference in delivering an address. A time was then appointed for

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our addresses. The next morning, at ten o'clock, there was a Conference sacrament. The Bishop invited me into the altar, to assist him in those sacred services. It was an unusually rich and solemn sacramental feast, and I was made to feel entirely at home among the brethren.

When the appointed time came for our addresses to be delivered, the house was crowded. I was called into the altar to speak. After reading our certificates of election as fraternal messengers, and the preamble and resolutions of our Conference on the subject of friendly relations between the two bodies, and indicating a desire for a future union, I proceeded with my address, and brought to the notice of the Conference all the points of agreement between the two Churches. When this was done, I stated that there was one important point of difference: the Methodist Protestant Church had the lay element; the Methodist Episcopal Church had not. Then turning to the Bishop, I said: "Mr. President, I ask your pardon; I ought to have had your permission before I broached this matter." "Not at all," said the Bishop; "go on, go on." I then proceeded to say: "I am not intrusted by my Conference with any terms for the basis of union; but, understanding it to be your doctrine that Bishops and Elders are the same order, according to the New Testament, and that you consider your third ordination as nothing more than the conferment of office, I will tell you what I will agree to, and I think our Church generally would do the same. We will take your episcopacy if you will take our lay delegation." My remarks were, I think, well received by the brethren. Brother Troth's address then followed. It was every way creditable to himself as a layman, and to the cause he represented. A number of the members of the Conference responded in a very friendly and handsome style, making me feel it very pleasant indeed to be in that assembly of Christian ministers. At last came the old warriors—with whom I had contended in former years—one after another, to the front of the altar, and, with much tender feeling, gave me their hands in token of friendship. Each spoke a few words of the hard struggle between the parties in years gone by, and all seemed

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disposed to peace and friendship now. My own heart was deeply moved, and I could scarcely restrain my tears.

When I proposed that we would take their episcopacy if they would take our lay delegation, I knew then, as well as I do now, that in their episcopacy there was a power that ought not to be there. But it was then my judgment, as it is now, that a lay delegation, admitted into the General and Annual Conferences, would easily regulate all such matters. Let our Methodist Episcopal brethren adopt lay delegation in an available form, then the way for Church union will be fairly open.

On the 1st of April, 1860, I removed with my family to Prospect Hill, near McKeesport, seven miles further up the Monongahela River. Here I had a larger and better house, with twelve acres of ground, in an excellent neighborhood. I leased this property from Edward H. Fisher for three years. We were all well pleased with the change. Our habitation was on an eminence, affording us a fine view of the Monongahela for several miles up and down, and between us and the river ran the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad. So, the passing of boats and cars made ours rather a lively country home. On that little farm my sons, Henry and George, and I found full employment. We occupied all our ground with something. We raised oats, corn, hay, potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, melons, beans, etc. The orchard did well. We had an abundance of peaches, plums, and cherries, of the finest quality, but not many apples. While at that pleasant rural home, our coal only cost us three cents per bushel. We lived in the midst of plenty, and had many comforts to repay our toils. But there was one drawback. We had no well-established Methodist Protestant Church in McKeesport. We had a small society, but no house of worship, and the members being generally poor, we were not able to build one. In a short time a Church trial divided our little brotherhood, and the downfall of the whole concern soon followed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

In September, 1860, the Pittsburgh Conference was held at the Pleasant Valley Church, Green County, Pennsylvania. My two sons, Rev. D. I. K. Rine, our preacher, and myself all went

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to it in a carriage together. We had a pleasant drive of nearly two days, enlivened all the way by singing and interesting conversation. The brethren were well entertained at the Conference by the people of the surrounding neighborhood, and were brought to and taken from the place of our meeting in buggies, carriages, and wagons. A Conference in a country place was a new thing. It excited great interest in that community, and was numerously attended by the citizens. My son Henry was there received into the intinerant ministry. I regarded this step as an experiment, as his lungs were weak; but the brethren were disposed to give him a trial. He had a heart to work for Christ, and, with some degree of reluctance, on account of his health, I agreed that he might go forth as a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, and do the best he could for the Saviour's cause.

In the month of November I attended the convention in Pittsburgh, and was chosen to preside over the deliberations of that body. I was likewise elected editor of the Western Methodist Protestant for the next two years. The brethren, I think, did this because they desired to draw me forth from my rural retreat, and make my services available to the Church awhile longer. After a few days of consideration, I finally concluded to accept the position, in view of trying in some way to be useful to the Church to the end of life. In advanced age, as well as in early life, men must have reputable employment in order to be happy. I left my family, on Prospect Hill, in the care of my son George, and, about the 1st of December, commenced editorial life in Springfield. I found a comfortable home in the hospitable dwelling of my old friend Rev. A. H. Bassett, the former editor. Never shall I forget the kindness of that dear brother and his excellent lady and niece. Had I been a father to the whole family I could not have been cared for with a greater amount of tenderness and respect.

In the month of March, I returned to my family, and at a public sale disposed of my property, and prepared for a removal to Springfield. Such a removal, being a very heavy operation on the physical energies of my wife and myself,

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brought us both to the conclusion that we would move no more. Itinerant life had kept us moving for about forty years; so we deemed it time to stop. After rendering very imperfect service as editor of the Western Methodist Protestant for two years, and suffering much in my health from that sedentary employment, the convention of 1862 elected Dr. D. B. Dorsey as my successor, since which time I have retired from public life altogether.

During the two years of my editorial toils I lived in rented property. In the spring of 1862, having concluded to remain in Springfield, I purchased a cottage on Pleasant Street, where I now reside. This is a pleasant, prosperous inland city. We live in an agreeable neighborhood. The Churches of this place are all liberal in their bearing toward each other. Our own Church, though small, is quite respectable. Among this people I expect to remain until it shall please God to call me home. I am now advancing rapidly into the seventy-fourth year of my earthly pilgrimage. In the natural course of events, I shall soon pass away. To be ready for my change is now the great object of my life. In the review of the past which I have taken, I have found much to humble me in the dust before the Searcher of all hearts. Yet I thank God that by His grace, in Christ Jesus, "I am what I am." It is now a little over fifty years since I entered the itinerant ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to this day I have never, in a single instance, failed, either in the old Church or the new, to attend the annual sessions of the Conference to which I belonged; and I expect to attend them as long as I am able. For about forty years in succession I was in the regular itinerant work; then in the college; then on the farm; then editor; now on the lookout for the eternal world.

In 1863, God, whose counsels are unsearchable, took from me my two sons. This was a sore stroke. My son Henry, the superintendent of Bellbrook Circuit, died in the midst of his people, by whom he was greatly beloved, on the 9th of April, in the full hope of a glorious immortality. His death scene—the final parting with father, mother, sister, wife—who can describe?

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George had been in the ministry too, but left Richwood Circuit and volunteered in the service of his country. He was in the first battle at Vicksburg and at the taking of Arkansas Post; but being overtaken by disease, and his captain assuring me, by letter, that he could not live, I greatly desired to bring him home to die. When all authority from Governor Tod and General Burnside failed to reach him, I appealed to my old friend Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and in one hour after he received my letter, I had a dispatch from him, with full authority to go myself, or send an agent, and bring George home; and directing all superintendents of railroads and commanders of Government transports to give me, or my agent, free passage and subsistence there and back. Immediately I repaired to Cincinnati, and secured the services of S. D. Evans—a brave young soldier, who had been discharged in consequence of a wound in the leg, from which he had nearly recovered—to go as my agent and bring home my son. Through most appalling difficulties, Evans succeeded, and George was brought to Cincinnati. His mother and I met him there, and, at the house of my nephew, Mr. George B. Hodgson—who, with his dear mother, showed us every possible kindness—we nursed our emaciated son nine days, when he died. George had carried his religion with him through the toils of camp-life, and it supported him in death. On the 23d of June he calmly passed away to heaven. Our two beloved sons were called away from us within two months and a half of each other. I had often indulged the hope that they would live long to preach the Gospel of Christ after I had finished my course on earth, and would both be present to close my eyes in death and bury me. But, alas for me! I was called to bury them. Such was the will of God, "who doeth all things well." All my sons, five in number, have gone before me. God took three of them in infancy. The last two, whose training cost me great solicitude, were called away in manhood, just as the prospect of usefulness began fairly to open before them. God gave me but one daughter. Upon her I strove to confer the advantage of a good education, and, what is still better, she is a conscientious Christian.

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Her husband, Mr. S. J. Ridgely, an amiable Christian gentleman, passed away to his home in heaven a little more than five years ago; so my widowed daughter, Mrs. A. E. Ridgely, and her two little sons, George and Adrian, reside with us, and are a real comfort to my beloved and faithful wife and myself, in the decline of life. God has greatly blessed me in my domestic relations. Ours is a happy family, and we are all living in hope of overtaking our loved ones in the heavenly country above.

My life is in the hands of the Lord, and I am striving to hold myself in readiness to go hence into eternity, whenever it may please him to call me. But, if it be God's will, I would like to live to see an end of this terrible war; to see an end of American slavery, and the perfect restoration of the government of my country; to join in the transports of my fellow-citizens at the return of peace; to see Christianity fill the nation, North and South, and take a firmer hold of the American mind and heart and life than ever heretofore, and make the people of these United States one great civil and Christian brotherhood. I would like to see the prospective union of all the non-episcopal Methodists in our country *consummated* on such principles as would secure the largest liberty to the Churches that could be enjoyed consistently with a well-guarded, efficient, itinerant ministry. I would like to see our Methodist Episcopal brethren so modify their ecclesiastical economy as to lower down the power of the itinerant clergy and the episcopacy, and introduce a lay delegation into their Annual and General Conferences, so that the whole Methodist family could again be united in one body. But should these desirable unions never occur, it is still the duty of the Methodist Protestant Church to fulfill her mission in spreading Christian holiness and ecclesiastical liberty throughout our country, and to the ends of the earth, if she can. Our Church at her organization, and for several years afterward, met with much opposition from the Methodist Episcopal Church. Then, again, she suffered from her connection with the slavery question, until, in 1858, to gain relief, and to save her very existence in the free States, she came boldly up to the act of sus-

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pending all official coöperation with Churches and Conferences connected with slavery. From the beginning, our Church has been greatly in need of a faithful, laborious, enterprising ministry. Many came among us, apparently, to lounge and loiter, to eat bread and live, who always contracted but never enlarged the work assigned them, under whose worthless ministry the Church always suffered loss. Such men do no good in any Christian community. Preachers of this class have nearly all passed away, and it will be well for the Church if they never return. I think it can safely be said, that in our Church we have now a more trustworthy class of ministerial laborers than those who gave us trouble and brought us grief in former years.

Notwithstanding all we have suffered by the war in the loss of ministers and members, some of whom have fallen in battle and others by disease, all through this terrible conflict the cause of Christ, as committed to our young Church, has been on the advance. Never, since we have been a Church, have we done so much for missions as we are now doing. The prospect of a permanently endowed first-class college is now very good. This will afford educational facilities to our whole Church. It will give to young men desirous of entering the ministry among us the advantage of an education commensurate with the wants of the age in which we live. This will, by the blessing of God, contribute largely to the permanency and prosperity of the Church. Our book concern and Church paper, through which we send out the literature of our connection into all the circuits, stations, and missions, are in an improved condition, and are gaining a better support than formerly.

Should the contemplated union between all the non-episcopal Methodist bodies be effected on principles satisfactory to all concerned, I will be glad in the Lord. Should suitable modifications be made in the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, so as to admit of all who bear the name of Methodism being united in one body, my joy will be greatly increased. But if, from any cause or combination of causes, the Methodist Protestant Church should be destined to remain

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alone, through all time to come, I shall still have happiness. Ours is an excellent Christian organization. It includes at this time a valuable body of pious, talented, useful ministers. Our membership, in piety and liberality, is, in my judgment, equal to that of any other Church in the land, in proportion to their numbers. Let our college be established. Let us have an educated ministry. Let educational facilities be extended to all our people, male and female, every-where. Let it be the high and holy ambition of the entire body to spread Christian holiness, Christian freedom, and Christian education throughout our country and elsewhere, then God will give to our Church a glorious future. He will make her a great power in His own hand for good to our race, and a happy spiritual home for the lovers of Christ in all future generations. Why may not the Methodist Protestant Church, with her love of religion and liberty and literature, by the blessing of God, go down through all the ages of the millennium?

In closing my recollections of the past, I must add, with gratitude to God, that this is a memorable day to me and to this nation. The papers have this day, April 29, 1865, brought us the news of the overthrow of the rebellion. This terrible war is ended; the Government is saved; the slaves are freed; peace will soon be proclaimed, and the American flag, without the loss of a single star, will henceforth wave in glorious triumph over "the land of the free and the home of the brave!" "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." God grant that Christianity may now take a deeper hold than heretofore on the whole American people, and heal all the sorrows of our entire country.

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APPENDIX.

AN ADDRESS TO THE

MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF THE M. P. CHURCH

IN ALL THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES, GREETING.

BELOVED BRETHREN:

IT seems to me appropriate, as a conclusion to what I have written in the foregoing pages, that I should now address a brief communication to you on several subjects of abiding interest to us all. Most of you know that I spent a number of years in active itinerant labor in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and that I had some share in the lay delegation controversy in that Church, which, contrary to the wishes and expectations of all the friends of reform, resulted in the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church; and that, from the foundation of this last-named Church, I have stood connected with her history and her interests, doing what I could, in every position assigned me, for her advancement and prosperity. I therefore trust it will not be considered an offensive intrusion if I speak freely and plainly to my Christian brethren of things pertaining to the welfare of our beloved Church before I am called away to the eternal world. Nearly all the old Reformers with whom I once had the honor to labor have gone to their reward. *They were men of precious memory.* I, too, must soon pass away. Before I go, please indulge me a little.

It is often said by those who are not friendly to our young Church, and too often believed by the uninformed, in and out of our organization, that there is no difference between the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church and that of the Methodist Protestant Church, and that a change from the former to the latter is attended by no advantage whatever. Now, if this be so, it will certainly follow that the old Reformers labored long and hard, and suffered much, all to no purpose,

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and that it would be a dictate of sound practical common sense for us all to return immediately to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

But before we abandon our ecclesiastical organization, we ask to be heard a little in defense of the old Reformers. Many of you, my brethren, have often heard me say, in former years, and I will here repeat the saying again, "that the Methodist Protestant Church only exists to be despised, unless she can show very good reasons for her existence." To multiply distinct Christian denominations, without an adequate cause for so doing, is certainly a most foolish and wicked transaction. Did the founders of the Methodist Protestant Church do this thing? Let us see.

In order to justify the existence of the Methodist Protestant Church, and likewise to show the advantages of her ecclesiastical economy over that of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it will be necessary to go back and bring into notice the objectionable features of the government of the old Church, out of which we came. In doing this, I wish to use all possible kindness, for against that Church I have no word of complaint, save only against the government.

In 1784, just at the close of the Revolutionary War, Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury, both of them from England—the land of kings and bishops—with but few republican ideas in their minds, and certainly no Republican love in their hearts, did institute and establish an ecclesiastical economy for the Methodists in this country, more arbitrary in its character than the civil government of King George III, which the Americans, by a seven years' war, had just thrown off, at the expense of so much blood and treasure. By the Revolution, republican liberty was gained in the State. By means of these two Englishmen, it was lost in the Methodist Church; for they placed in the hands of the itinerant clergy alone all the legislative, the judicial, and the executive powers of the government, leaving the local preachers and lay members of the Church without due protection against this itinerant domination. King George's government, which our fathers banished by a bloody revolution, had three principles in it—the monarchical, the aristocratical, and the republican. The government established by Coke and Asbury in the Methodist Church had then and has yet but two—the monarchical and the aristocratical. Methodist episcopacy answers to the British monarchy. The itinerant power-holding system for life answers to the British peerage. But in England they have a House of Commons, where the people are represented by delegates elected by themselves. But in Episco-

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pal Methodism there is no House of Commons. The people are not represented in either the General or Annual Conferences.

In the North Western Christian Advocate, for February 15, 1865, Dr. Charles Elliott tells a good story concerning the British king. He tells us that "George III was himself a Methodist and a member of a Methodist class. His principal gardener was his class-leader. We are in possession of several interesting historical items on this subject that have not yet met the public eye; and the Methodist element imbued several members of the royal family."

The British king, in whose government there was some republicanism, was driven out of this land, with all his Methodism, because he wanted to tax the colonies without allowing them the right of representation. But what arbitrary rule lost in the civil department, it gained and more than gained in the ecclesiastical, when Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury placed the Methodist Church under its present form of government. Now the people bear all the pecuniary burdens without the right of representation.

From the beginning of Episcopal Methodism in this country, there were men of eminence to be found in the ministry and among the laity of the Methodist Episcopal Church who were not in favor of an ecclesiastical government which ignored Church representation. The old Reformers were of this class. As a general thing, they excused Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury for introducing a Church government so arbitrary in its character. These gentlemen had been taught by Mr. Wesley, who was no republican. They were both Englishmen, and probably had no ideas in their minds of any other kind of government than an ecclesiastical monarchy. But who can excuse the American Methodist preachers, who in this free country, just after a seven years' war for republican liberty, allowed such a Church government to be established? All the divisions in Europe and America that have ever taken place among the Methodists, so far as I am informed, have grown out of the arbitrary character of the government. It was this ministerial government, then, in which the people had no voice, that occasioned and did in my opinion justify the controversy which resulted in the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church. The old Reformers did most religiously believe that the Church of Christ had as much right to a free representative government as the United States, and, acting on this conviction, they introduced the discussion of lay rights, first in the "Wesleyan Repository," edited by W. S. Stockton, a layman, an intelligent, noble-

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hearted Christian gentleman; and then in the "Mutual Rights," edited by a committee of Christian brethren, some of whom were ministers of distinguished ability and piety, and others were laymen of unblemished character and standing. When this discussion was entered upon, none of those concerned in it had any thought at all of making a new Church. Our object was to reform the government of the old one; but in this thing we were doomed by the ruling authorities to a sad disappointment.

It now becomes my duty to justify the existence of the Methodist Protestant Church as a distinct Christian denomination. When a party in controversy in a Church is placed by the ruling authorities on a ground that they can not occupy, without an abandonment of their manhood and Christian honor, this thing is equal to their expulsion. This was clearly done in the case of the old Reformers.

In the progress of the controversy, the parties, as is usual in such cases, became a little warm. Old Adam showed himself among his children on both sides. It is questionable whether the temper and doings of the friends or foes of lay delegation did fully comport with the doctrine of entire sanctification as held by the Methodists. Still, the principle remained the same, and if the party in power were not willing at that time to grant lay delegation, they ought, in all fairness, to have left it an open question, and allowed to all the right of free discussion in relation to the matter at issue. But this thing was not done. Some time in 1827, the whole ecclesiastical hierarchy of Methodism seemed to be roused into action against reform and its friends. Rev. D. B. Dorsey, a member of the Baltimore Conference, was suspended by that body from all ministerial functions for one year, because, in a letter to a friend, he had recommended the Reformer's periodical, called "The Mutual Rights." At the next session of said Conference Dorsey was expelled, because, while peddling books to support his family, he had sold Rev. A. McCaine's "History and Mystery of Methodist Episcopacy." By that same Conference Rev. W. C. Pool was expelled for delivering a lecture in favor of lay delegation. All the local preachers who favored reform were forbidden the occupancy of any of the Methodist pulpits in the city of Baltimore. Finally, about eleven of them, and, I think, all the members of the Editorial Committee, because they declined abandoning the "Mutual Rights" and their Union Societies, in obedience to the demand of Rev. J. M. Hanson, the preacher in charge, were likewise excluded from the Methodist Episcopal Church. These were all men of sterling integrity and great moral worth;

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so acknowledged to be by those who expelled them. Their only crime was, in fact, a great moral virtue. They loved Christian liberty too well to abandon it, and the means of its propagation and defense, for the sake of retaining their standing in the Church. Other expulsions in Virginia, North Carolina, and elsewhere, for the same cause, and under similar circumstances, occurred about the same time. Our cause had to encounter the frowns of the stanch friends and supporters of Episcopal Methodist authority in all places; for the days of argument with them had gone by, and the days of punishment had come. So the Reformers understood it, and expected no favors.

Yet, to give the authorities a chance to do justice, if they would, Dorsey and Pool sent up their appeals to the General Conference, in Pittsburgh, in 1828. The cases of all the expelled, in some shape or other, were brought before that body, to get that high court of appeals, if possible, to take some action that would be healing in its character, and lead to a restoration of the expelled brethren. All of them had a desire to retain their standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church, if such a thing could be done in accordance with Christian honor. But the members of that Conference were not in a temper of mind to favor the Reformers in any way whatever, so the appellants lost their cause. The testimony of one of themselves, Rev. Jacob Young, who used to preach at my father's house, when I was in my boyhood, may here be given. He holds the following language in his autobiography, page 387: "The great Radical controversy, as they called it, was still in progress, and it was the opinion of the most intellectual and pious members of the Conference that it had progressed as far as it could within the pale of the Church, and that the Reformers must either submit to discipline or retire and set up for themselves." Such "discipline" as had been exercised upon the brethren who had been expelled they were not prepared to "submit to," as, in their opinion, it was wholly unauthorized by the laws of the Church. As for "retiring and setting up for themselves," they had no inclination to do this, if it could be avoided; yet they had often been urged to this by their opponents, and the following terms offered them by the General Conference of 1828, and found in the fourth volume of the "Mutual Rights," page 335, will show that these American Christians had either to submit to *degradation* or *expatriation*:

"WHEREAS, an unhappy excitement has existed in some parts of our work, in consequence of the organization of what have been called Union Societies, for purposes and under reg-

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ulations believed to be inconsistent with the peace and harmony of the Church; and in relation to much of the matter contained in a certain periodical publication called 'Mutual Rights,' in regard to which certain expulsions from the Church have taken place; and, whereas, this General Conference indulge a hope that a mutual desire may exist for conciliation and peace, and is desirous of leaving open a way for the accomplishment of so desirable an object on safe and equitable principles; therefore,

"*Resolved, by the delegates of the Annual Conferences, in General Conference assembled*, 1. That in view of the premises, and in the earnest hope that this measure may tend to promote the object, this General Conference affectionately advises that no further proceedings be had in any part of our work, against any member or minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on account of any past agency or concern in relation to the above-named periodical, or in relation to any Union Society above-mentioned. 2. If any persons expelled, as aforesaid, feel free to concede that publications have appeared in said 'Mutual Rights,' the nature and character of which were unjustifiably inflammatory and do not admit of vindication; and that in others, though for want of proper information, or unintentionally, have yet, in fact, misrepresented individuals and facts, and that they regret these things. If it be voluntarily agreed, also, that the Union Societies above alluded to shall be abolished, and the periodical called the 'Mutual Rights' be discontinued at the close of the current volume, which shall be completed with due respect to the conciliatory and pacificde sign of this arrangement, then this General Conference does hereby give authority for the restoration to their ministry or membership, respectively, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of any person or persons so expelled as aforesaid; provided, this arrangement shall be mutually assented to by any individual or individuals so expelled, and also by the Quarterly-meeting Conference, and the minister or preacher having the charge of any circuit or station within which any expulsions may have taken place; and that no such minister or preacher shall be obliged, under this arrangement, to restore any such individual as leader of any class or classes, unless, in his own discretion, he shall judge it proper to do so; and provided, also, that it be further agreed that no other periodical publication to be devoted to the same controversy shall be established on either side; it being expressly understood, at the same time, that this, if agreed to, will be on the ground not of any assumption of right to require this, but of mutual consent for the restoration of peace; and that no indi-

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vidual will be hereby precluded from issuing any publication which he may judge proper on his own responsibility.

"It is further understood that any individual or individuals, who may have withdrawn from the Methodist Episcopal Church on account of any proceedings in relation to the premises, may also be restored by mutual consent, under this *arrangement, on the same principle above stated.*"

Here, then, are the terms of "conciliation and peace" offered by the General Conference of 1828 to the expelled Reformers and their associates in the great struggle for lay delegation; and it is now my intention to analyze this document with calmness and candor, and ascertain, if I can, all its attracting and repelling forces. Was there really any thing in the terms of "conciliation and peace," under consideration, to win back to the Methodist Episcopal fold all the expelled Reformers and their friends? Let me carefully examine this matter and see.

1. I begin with the very structure of the General Conference, whence this document emanated. It is composed exclusively of itinerant ministers. No layman has a legal right to a seat, or a voice, or a vote in that body. This is equally true of the Annual Conferences. Yet all the pecuniary burdens by which the institutions of the Church are kept up fall on the people. This I consider as repelling in its character, as it includes the doctrine, in effect, of taxation without representation. This General Conference had ratified the decisions of the Baltimore Conference in the appealed cases of Dorsey and Pool, and had thereby made the arbitrary acts of that body their own. It was not, therefore, to have been expected, after that act against men guilty of no moral wrong, that they would offer very favorable terms of "conciliation and peace" to the expelled Reformers and their friends.

2. The act of "conciliation and peace" passed by the General Conference, in relation to the non-expelled Reformers, I consider nothing but a *suspension of hostilities*, to be resumed again, if it should be deemed necessary, by the ruling authorities. The Conference "advises [it does not authoritatively direct] that no further proceedings be had in any part of our work against any member or minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on account of any past agency or concern in relation to the above-named periodical, [the 'Mutual Rights,'] or in relation to any Union Societies above-named." The Editorial Committee in Baltimore, all of them, might have retained their standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the time when they were expelled by the preacher in charge, if they had

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agreed to give up the "Mutual Rights" and the Union Societies. Now, the General Conference is ready to overlook, pass-by, and forgive all the "past agency and concern" of the non-expelled Reformers, etc. Surely, this was kind. But is it not a little marvelous that the kindness of the Conference did not lead that body to restore the expelled Reformers? And since their kindness did not lead them to do this, why did not the justice of the Conference put all on one common level, and expel all the Reformers, *for all had done the same things?* The non-expelled Reformers knew very well that the words "past agency or concern" implied a *threat* in relation to the future, and that if, in time to come, they took any "agency or concern" in sustaining the "Mutual Rights" and the Union Societies, they would be made to follow those who had gone before into ecclesiastical banishment. These non-expelled friends of ecclesiastical liberty knew full well that their standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church now depended on conditions which, in conscience, they could not comply with. To abandon their right to a free and full investigation of the principles of Church government; to discontinue their periodical, in which their investigations were carried on, and to abolish the Union Societies, in order to meet the wishes of arbitrary men, who had no right to make such a demand, and all this for the sake of a standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church, was a degradation to which they never could submit. Had they done it, they would have abandoned their mental and moral manhood, and despised themselves for deserting their principles to the end of life. The expulsions in Cincinnati, shortly after the General Conference, clearly demonstrated to the Reformers what their fate would be if they remained in the Church and did not abandon the Union Societies and the "Mutual Rights." Degradation or expulsion awaited them.

3. I come now to the expelled Reformers. Here I understand Revs. D. B. Dorsey, W. C. Pool, the editors of the "Mutual Rights," and the members of the Union Societies to be mainly meant. These expulsions took place in part by the Baltimore Conference, but in the main by the authorities in one of the Baltimore stations. The circumstances attending those expulsions were considered by the expelled, and by the Reformers every-where, to have been very aggravating and unfair. This may be seen by the resolutions of Quarterly Conferences East, West, North, and South, in remonstrance against those most unjustifiable proceedings. To these expelled brethren, who were really the salt of the earth, if the earth ever had any salt, the following terms of "conciliation and peace" are ten-

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dered by the General Conference: (1.) They must "feel free to concede that publications have appeared in the 'Mutual Rights,' the nature and character of which are unjustifiably inflammatory, and do not admit of vindication." (2.) "That others, though for want of information, or unintentionally, have yet, in fact, misrepresented individuals and facts." (3.) "And that they *regret* these things." (4.) They must then "voluntarily agree that the Union Societies be abolished; (5.) That the periodical called the 'Mutual Rights' be discontinued at the close of the current volume; 6. And that no other periodical devoted to the same controversy be established." When all this is done, what then? Why "this General Conference does hereby give authority for the restoration to their ministry and membership, respectively, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of any person or persons so expelled as aforesaid." Here is the authority for the restoration of the expelled, but through what strait and narrow way is this return to their former standing to be effected? Why, through the medium of the Quarterly Conference and the hands of the preacher in charge. They say, "Provided, this arrangement shall be mutually assented to by the individual or individuals so expelled and by the Quarterly Conference, and the minister or preacher having the charge of any circuit or station within which any such expulsions may have taken place." Now, in view of the foregoing terms of "conciliation and peace" offered to the expelled, the following remarks may be in place.

1. Honesty and candor must admit that in this controversy the parties became a little warm—human nature showed itself to disadvantage on both sides. If there was any thing "unjustifiably inflammatory" in the publications of the Reformers, so there was in the publications of their opponents. If one party deserved to be expelled for "these things," so did the other. The better way would have been for each party to have looked at home, corrected its own errors, cast the beam out of its own eye before any attempt was made to pick motes out of a brother's eye, or expel him from the Church. The expulsions, in my opinion, were in such a case *unjustifiable, and did no honor to the Christian religion.* Had the Methodist Episcopal Church then been in the same temper she is in now those expulsions would not have taken place, and the discussions might have been carried on with advantage to the Church, many of whose ministers and members now favor lay delegation.

2. But to require the expelled Reformers to "abolish the Union Societies," to "discontinue the 'Mutual Rights,'" and to promise "that no other periodical devoted to the same contro-

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versy should be established," in order to a restoration to their former standing, was to ask too much of American Christians; and it often happens that when men ask too much they get nothing at all. These intelligent, pious brethren had in them too high a sense of Christian honor to do a thing so degrading as to voluntarily purchase back their lost standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church by the sale of their right to free investigation in the "Mutual Rights," sustained by the Union Societies. In this thing all the expelled and non-expelled were of one mind, with a very few exceptions. As in the days of Christ, some "went back and walked no more with him," so we found it in those days.

3. But let us suppose the expelled Reformers in Baltimore, from a disinclination to stand alone in the world, or organize a new Methodist Church, or scatter themselves out among other Churches, or, from the uncomfortable circumstances surrounding them, to have, in the deeply-discouraged and panic-stricken feelings of their hearts, concluded to abandon their undoubted rights, denude themselves of the sturdy manhood belonging to American citizens and Christians, and to have come down into the dust, in deep humility, before the Baltimore Quarterly Conference. What are they to say for themselves? Why, this: We voluntarily agree to abolish the "Mutual Rights", to abandon the Union Societies, and to establish no other paper, in all time to come, "devoted to the same controversy," and confess our "regret" for many things that have been published. Would the Quarterly Conference, a body known to be hostile to them, and the enemies of the cause they advocated, restore them to their former standing? Would that body do it with that same Presiding Elder in the chair who took such pains to have them expelled? It may be they would. And it is possible they might not; and if not, their deep degradation has availed them nothing. But suppose they are restored by the Quarterly Conference, what then? Why, they must go through the hands of the preacher in charge. And who is he? Why, the very man who, without justice or mercy, expelled them. What chance have they with him? Very little, indeed. If he rejects them, they are left out in the cold, the scorn of mankind; if he receives and restores them, like Judas, they must meet the contempt of all men of integrity as long as they live for the sake of a home in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Now, I ask my Methodist Protestant brethren every-where, I ask all candid men in all the Churches and in all the land, if such terms of "conciliation and peace" as were offered by the General Conference of 1828 to the expelled Reformers were not

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degrading? Did not those brethren do right, in the sight of God and man, when these terms were rejected by them?

But we must look a little further into the terms of "conciliation and peace." In various parts of our country, there were Reformers whose minds and hearts had been sorely pained at the expulsion of their near and dear relations and friends by the Church authorities. In Baltimore alone there were about fifty excellent Christian ladies who withdrew, because, "for a mere difference of opinion about Church government, their companions, fathers, brothers, children, and friends" had been excommunicated from the Church. All these Christian ladies obtained certificates of their good standing from Rev. J. M. Hanson, the preacher in charge. This was, at least, one act of justice on the part of Mr. Hanson. But the General Conference, in offering terms of "conciliation and peace," can only allow to members withdrawn the same terms granted to members expelled. Thus all moral distinctions are broken down, and the innocent and the guilty (if guilt there was in this case) are all treated alike. These good sisters, if they desired to return to the Church, were not allowed simply to return their certificates and claim their places, but their restoration is ordained by the General Conference to be "under" the same "*arrangement*," and on "*the same principles above stated*," that were offered to the expelled. They withdrew with acknowledged innocence; they are to come back as criminals, abandoning their cause entirely—"Mutual Rights," Union Societies, and all. Then, upon a due confession of their "regrets," they might, like the expelled, pass, through the hands of the Quarterly Conference and the preacher in charge, into the Church—restored, indeed, but never to respect themselves any more. Now, taking all these three cases together—the non-expelled, the expelled, and the withdrawn—could the General Conference, in offering such degrading terms to us all, expect "submission" to this kind of "discipline?" Did they not, in order to get clear of the controversy, intend to compel the Reformers, whose cause, in their opinion, to use the language of the Rev. Jacob Young, had "progressed as far as it could within the pale of the Church, *to retire and set up for themselves?*"

It was not because there was not a majority in the Methodist Episcopal Church at that time in favor of lay delegation, nor because all our measures brought before the General Conference failed, that we did "retire and set up for ourselves;" but because the right of free discussion in the "Mutual Rights," sustained by the Union Societies, was now cloven down by an irresponsible General Conference. Our friends had been ex-

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pelled, the standing of all the Reformers put to hazard, and the way foreclosed, so that neither the expelled nor the withdrawn could honorably return; nor could the non-expelled, on principles of Christian honor, any longer remain in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Here, then, the Methodist Protestant Church finds her justification, in the doings of the General Conference of 1828, for her separate and independent existence as a Christian community among the Churches of Christ in our country.

The Methodist Protestant Church came into being contrary to the wishes or expectations of the old Reformers, who were all true friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church, yet wanted her government reformed. Over this matter of going out from the old Church they had hardly any more control than a man has over his parentage, or the time and place of his birth. Our Church exists by the providence of God overruling the doings of good but mistaken men. They meant to kill the cause of Christian liberty; but God meant to embody the friends of reform, and demonstrate to the Methodist Episcopal Church and to the world that ecclesiastical freedom was a good thing, and that the Methodistical views of Scriptural Christianity could be spread among mankind by an itinerant ministry and a lay delegation working in perfect harmony together in all our official bodies.

It may be admitted, from the structure of the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that the old Reformers had justifiable reasons for introducing the lay delegation question and discussing it in the "Mutual Rights," sustained by the Union Societies. It may be admitted, also, that the existence of the Methodist Protestant Church, under the circumstances connected with her origin, is fully *justified*. But still, it may be affirmed by some that the two Churches are so much alike that nothing is to be gained by a change of Church relations, and that it would be a dictate of sound practical common sense in all the ministers and members of the Methodist Protestant Church to return immediately to the Methodist Episcopal Church again. Now if this be so—if the two Churches are so much alike—why go to *them?* Why may not they come to *us?* seeing it is just as far from Cork to Dublin as it is from Dublin to Cork. Let an examination now be made into the similarity of the two Churches; and here we gladly admit that they are alike in their views of Christian doctrine, in their views of religious experience, and in their views of Gospel morality. In all these things Methodism is the same all over the world. They are alike, too, in the *names* of all their official bodies. Have they Quarterly, Annual, and General Conferences? So

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have we. Have they circuits, stations, and missions? So have we. Have they love-feasts, class-meetings, and leaders' meetings? So have we.

Now, let me call the reader back to an examination after the rights of laity in these two Churches. Go to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and there you will find a body of ministers, representing none but ministers, and no layman's voice can legally be heard among them; yet this body is the law-making department for the entire Church, as well laymen as ministers. Go to the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, and there you will find a body of ministers and an equal number of lay representatives, all elected to their seats in that assembly by the entire Church in the electoral colleges of the Conferences, composed of ministers and laymen. In this assembly, representing the entire community, the laws of the Church are made. Go to the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and there you will find an executive body, composed of itinerant ministers only, to transact all the business of the Churches in all the districts, circuits, stations, and missions of the Conferences. Go to the Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, and there you will find all the itinerant ministers of the district, and an equal number of lay delegates from all the circuits, stations, and missions, transacting business together. Go to an Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and there you will find a Bishop, advised by his Presiding Elders, appointing all the ministers and preachers to their work in the vineyard of the Lord for the coming year; and no minister or preacher so appointed has the right of appeal, nor have the people any legal redress if the appointed preacher does not suit them. Go to an Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, and there you will find a stationing committee, elected by the ministers and delegates of the entire district, making out the appointments for the ensuing year. On this committee there are two ministers and two laymen chosen. The President of the Conference is, in virtue of his office, chairman of the committee, and has a casting vote in case of tie. When the committee has done its work, and reports a plan of appointments to the Conference, that plan is then the property of the Conference, and may be amended to suit either ministers or delegates. But when it is adopted by the Conference, it is final, and is to be regarded as the work of the entire brotherhood of ministers and Churches, acting through their delegates in appointing the preachers to their fields of labor. Episcopal Methodism says much of a great central power in the hands

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of their Bishops, to wield all the itinerant talents of the Church in the use of his appointing power. But in Methodist Protestantism this appointing power is not lodged in the hands of one man; it belongs to the whole Church, including ministers and members. Here is liberty and strength combined. When this whole nation, through the President of the United States, commands a citizen to perform a certain duty, is he not as much obliged to do the thing commanded as if he had been commanded by a monarch who derived none of his power from the people? Just so it is with us. When a whole people, through an Annual Conference, appoints a preacher to a charge with his own consent and that of the people to whom he is sent, he is as much obliged to go and do the duties assigned him as if he had been appointed by a Bishop who derived none of his power from the people? Human nature requires a strong government, as strong as it can be made consistently with human liberty. Our people have liberty; our Church government has power.

It may not be necessary to extend this examination any further. In the Quarterly Conferences, leaders' meetings, and in Church property matters the Methodist Protestant Church has greatly the advantage—the rights of the community are better secured. Our Church is now a well-organized body of Christians. Our people are, as a general thing, contented and happy under our present economy, and it would not "be a dictate of sound practical common sense" for us all to return to the Methodist Episcopal Church. To abandon lay delegation and the liberty of the local Churches, and place our ministers and members under the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, where the itinerants alone have control, and where the voice of the laity, in an Annual or General Conference, could never be heard, and where it could only be heard in the management of affairs in the local Churches, so far as they were brought into action by the intinerant preachers, would never satisfy our people. On the contrary, much would be gained, ecclesiastically, by the members of the old Church, were they to unite with the Methodist Protestant Church. 1. They would gain their rights, for they have rights in the government of the Church as well as the State. 2. They would get clear of a very troublesome contradiction in their principles. To be a republican in the State and a monarchist in the Church does involve a contradiction. 3. It would open the way to enlarged usefulness. In the Methodist Episcopal Church there are many men of prime qualifications for usefulness, in the General and Annual Conference and elsewhere, if they were only brought into active service. 4. It would improve the

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intelligence of Church members, in relation to the entire economy of Methodism—a thing that can hardly be expected, unless a full share is given them in the government of the Church. 5. All of this would lead to a more ardent attachment to the Church, thus governed, according to the principles of enlightened freedom, and a higher love to Christ, who established the Church, in view of the salvation of the world.

Luther, in his day, did not reform the Church of Rome; but he did, under God, raise up a very respectable and influential Christian community, by which he gave a check to the Pope's power, from which it never has recovered. He also planted principles in that establishment, which have, like leaven, been working ever since his time, and will work until Romanism falls to rise no more. Wesley, in his day, did not reform the Church of England; but, under God, he did raise up a community of Methodists, who, for piety and intelligence, are the "light" and "salt" of that island, and by them a leavening Christian influence has been sent into the English Church, among the Dissenters, and into many other parts of the world. The old Reformers did not reform the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but when compelled by necessity, they did frame an ecclesiastical economy, securing the "mutual rights" of both the ministers and members of the Methodist Protestant Church. In this denomination there are hundreds of intelligent, pious ministers, and many thousands of valuable, devoted members, and it is believed that, to some extent, Methodist Protestant influence has been felt by the Methodist Episcopal Church; for in that community there appears to be a growing desire to adopt our principles, and introduce a lay delegation.

It may be that influences from several quarters have operated on the Methodist Episcopal Church, so as to lead a large portion of her clergy and laity to desire a lay delegation. Her own cool reflections, since the old Reform controversy closed, may have led her to the conclusion that, after all, the Reformers were right in principle, and that she herself ought to adopt those principles. The odium of being drawn into comparison with the Church of Rome, whose clergy have all the power in her government and her people none, may have had its influence; or the shame of making her members bear all the pecuniary burdens of the entire establishment, without granting them a share in the government, may have moved them in this matter; or the inconvenience of having two sets of principles—republicanism for the civil department, and monarchical for the ecclesiastical—may have influenced them; or a

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conviction that she had not been compelled by the Holy Scriptures, nor led by the instructions of Mr. Wesley, nor guided by Church history to ignore the rights of the laity, may have done something in this case; or, having seen from our example, right under her eye for the last thirty-six years, that an itinerant ministry and a lay delegation can, with great advantage, work together; or all of these taken together, may have moved her; for the Methodist Episcopal Church, to some extent, now desires a lay delegation. And why should she not? If she were to delay any longer in this matter, the very stones would cry out. At the present time this whole nation, as in an agony, is moving to the task of giving voting-power to the colored freedmen of the South. Certainly it is now high time for the Methodist Episcopal Church to grant the right of suffrage and a lay delegation to her own white members. As an island divides a river, so did the Reform controversy divide the Methodist Episcopal Church into two bodies; as the two streams below the island come together and make but one river, so I trust that the old Church will adopt lay delegation; then these two Churches, like the two rivers, may come together again. Indeed, it would give me pleasure to see all the branches of Methodists, episcopal and non-episcopal, united in one body, sustaining and spreading Scriptural Christianity and ecclesiastical liberty throughout the world; for the Church of Jesus Christ, in my judgment, ought to be the home and nursery of every kind of freedom properly belonging to man. I would like to see the great Methodist family, with all her divisions healed, and all her scattered fragments gathered up into one unbroken whole, like a broad majestic river, going down through the millennium a great agency in the hands of Jesus Christ to bless and save our race.

In what I have now written, it has not been my object to give pain to any portion of the Methodist Episcopal Church; but it has been my intention and aim to state the facts of the case as I understand them; to show that in the structure of the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in such a country as ours, occasion was given for the controversy which resulted in the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church; to show that the circumstances under which the Reformers were placed by the General Conference of 1823 were equal to their expulsion, and that, therefore, our Church exists by a necessity over which she had no control; and, finally, to show that there is a strongly marked difference in the ecclesiastical economy of the two Churches—a difference more strongly marked than is that between the governments of Great Britain and the

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United States—so that a liberty-loving people, understanding this difference, may well be contented and happy, holding Church relations in our community. Here all the essentials of Methodism are found; here an itinerant ministry, in all its efficiency, and the liberty of the local Churches, to every needful extent, are happily combined. A larger liberty of the local Churches could not be enjoyed, unless we were to become Congregational, in the absolute sense of the word, and then we should lose all the advantages derived from an itinerant ministry. To this our community would never consent.

After the foregoing notice of the old controversy, and a brief vindication of our Church existence, I shall now turn the attention of the reader to other matters relating to the Methodist Protestant Church, as she stands related to other Churches, to our country, and to the Lord Jesus Christ, the only living Head of the Church universal.

I shall begin with the Methodist Protestant Church, yet some of my remarks may be applicable to other Churches. I hold it to have been the intention of the Saviour of sinners to maintain a standing Christian ministry among men down to the end of time. He did not leave his religion to make its way in the world by the force of its own internal energy, without the employment of human instrumentalities. He did intend to help man by man. Hence a Gospel ministry was instituted by Christ to convey the glad tidings of salvation to all mankind. My faith, and hope, and charity lead me to give it as my solemn judgment that all the good, great, and useful men did not live in some former age of the world; but that there are at the present time in the Churches as pious ministers—men as really called of Christ to the work of the ministry—as were the original missionaries whom Christ commissioned to preach the Gospel in all the world, to every creature. Yet it must be admitted that the founders of Christianity, immediately appointed by Christ himself to that great work, occupied the vantage ground over all ministers of the Gospel, in after ages of the world, in four very important particulars.

In the first place, they had seen Christ, and had been trained for their holy work under his personal ministry. What better college could they have than this? Secondly, they had been eye and ear-witnesses of his miracles and teaching, and in their own preaching could "declare" unto the people "the things which they had seen and heard" from the Saviour himself. No ministers in after ages could do this. Thirdly, they were empowered by Christ to gain credence to his religion by working miracles in his name, in all places, wherever they delivered

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their Gospel message. None of their successors could do this. Fourthly, by the laying on of their hands and prayer, the Holy Ghost and power to work miracles was given, in the name of Christ, to those who believed on the Saviour. In all these things they had no successors. The age of miracles then ended. Christianity being established by competent testimony from heaven, signs, wonders, and divers miracles were no longer needed. The truth once established remained like a fact proved in court, established forever. If miracles had been continued, they would have come at last to be considered no miracles at all, and men would have ranked them under the ordinary operations of the laws of nature.

Those who proudly claim to be in what is called the Apostolical succession, and deny the authority of all ministers not ordained by their Bishops to preach the Gospel and administer the sacraments, have, as a general thing, made their claim to rest on ordination alone, and not on an ability to work miracles in the name of Christ themselves, or, by the imposition of their hands and prayer, to impart miracle-working power to believers. But can an unbroken succession of Bishops, from St. Peter down through the anti-Christian Popes of Rome to the present time, be sustained by unimpeachable Church history? Our most learned and reliable divines and historians think it can not, and if it could the thing itself would be shameful. An Apostolical succession that comes through the hands of "the man of sin, the son of perdition," the head of the great apostasy of the last times, looks to me more like it came from Judas than Peter. Such a succession, in my judgment, is a figment of Popery still remaining, and is not an honor but a burning disgrace to any Protestant Church.

I have full faith in an apostolical succession of a different kind from the foregoing. In my judgment, the hands of a Bishop laid on the head of an irreligious dunce never made of that man a true Gospel minister, and never can. Where men are truly converted to God, and drawn by the Holy Spirit to the work of the Christian ministry, and are filled with a burning desire to be instrumental in saving souls, whether these men have five, two, or one talent it matters not. Christ calls for various talents in his vineyard; he can use them all, each in his proper place. When these men have the sanction of a spiritually-minded Church, and are ordained by elders, these men are in the true Gospel succession as it came down, not from Judas, but from Peter, and he received it from Jesus Christ. Peter was an Apostle by office, but an elder, as I suppose, by ordination. Hear what he says of himself: "The

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elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder, [*sum presbuteros*, a fellow-elder,] and a witness of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed." The elders addressed by Peter were the pastors or shepherds of the flock; and in the next verse he directed them, in his exhortation, to "feed the flock of God"—taking the oversight, (*episcopountes*,) discharging the office of bishops or superintendents. In the first verse he calls them elders, in the second he calls them bishops; so, according to Peter, elders and bishops were the same in his day. Now, while we deny the false notion of apostolical succession, and believe in no such absurdity, we hold, in the Methodist Protestant Church, that our ministry is on the New Testament plan, and that our Churches, raised up under such a ministry, in which elders and bishops are one and the same order, and among whom the pure doctrines, experience, and practice of Scriptual Christianity are preached and enforced, is, in the highest sense of the word, an Apostolical Church.

When Christ ascended to heaven, "He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure and stature of the fullness of Christ."—*Eph.* iv: 11–13.

It may be proper to make a few remarks on this passage. And, in the first place, apostles working miracles, and prophets foretelling future events, are not now to be found in the Church. It may, therefore, be legitimately concluded that these two orders of ministers are not necessary to the welfare of Christ's mystical body. But as prophets in the New Testament often mean Christian preachers, as such they still exist, and will to the end of time.

But, secondly, as to evangelists, I think they still exist in the Church. An angel from heaven was the first evangelist. "Fear not," said the angel to the shepherds, "for behold I bring [or, as it is in the Greek, evangelize,] unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." There were in the primitive Church men who were not particularly fixed to any one place, but, like general missionaries, went wherever the providence of God opened their way, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation. It has been claimed for the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church that they are evangelists; but this can not be allowed, as they

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are men of regular work. Those ministers who travel from place to place, to promote revivals and raise up Churches in new places, are evangelists. Such was Philip. Acts xxi: 8. Timothy also was exhorted "to do the work of an evangelist." 2 Tim. iv: 5. No doubt he spent much of his time in this kind of general missionary labor.

But, thirdly, there were "pastors and teachers." These two offices were concentrated in the same persons. The pastors, or shepherds, were commissioned to watch over the flocks, and guard them from the wolves; as teachers, they were to instruct the flock of Christ in all things pertaining to the kingdom of God. The teacher or preacher of Christ's Gospel is, by virtue of his office, the pastor or Shepherd of the flock immediately under Christ, the great shepherd; and St. Peter very clearly defines his duty. 1. He is to feed the flock of God. 2. He is to take the oversight of them, not by constraint, but willingly and of a ready mind. 3. He is not to be moved in any thing he does for the flock of Christ by a love of "filthy lucre." 4. He is not to be a lord over God's heritage, for Christ has forbidden that thing. 5. In every sense of the word, he is to be an "ensample"—a pattern of all the Christian graces and virtues to the flock committed to his charge. 6. He is to look for his reward at the appearing of Christ: "And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." But, according to St. Paul, this pastor and teacher holds his office from Christ, "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, to a perfect man, unto the measure and stature of the fullness of Christ."

Here, then, we see the true character of the Christian ministry. Here we see their great work, and here, too, we see their great reward—a crown of glory in heaven. Who is sufficient for these things? He alone in whom the spirit of Christ dwells. When Christ "ascended up on high," he not only gave apostles and prophets, then needed to found and establish the Christian Church, but he gave the "evangelists," to go out and publish the glad tidings of the Gospel in new regions and organize Churches; and he likewise gave the "pastors and teachers," to take care of the flock when it was gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd. In all the evangelical Churches these pastors and teachers are found to-day. The great body of the ministers in the Methodist Protestant Church are of this evangelical stamp. A good minister, a faithful pastor, is a most invaluable gift of Christ to the Church; but an unfaithful

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drone, who only lives to consume the produce of the soil, or a money-hungry Judas, who would throw up his interest in time and eternity for worldly gain, is a direful calamity on any Christian community. All the Churches have a few of these wolves in sheep's clothing—these selfish, earthly-minded men.

St. Paul, in Romans x: 13–15, places the call to the ministry in a very strong light: "For whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Salvation comes to the human soul by calling on the name of the Lord. Standing there in the midst of the Gentile world, the Apostle asks, "How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed?" Where there is no belief in the Lord, there will be no calling on his name, and, of course, no salvation. Again he asks, "How shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard? Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." His next question is, "How shall they hear without a preacher?" This makes the preacher's office among the Gentiles very important indeed. All involved in heathenish idolatry, and no preacher to teach them the way of salvation by Christ. Then again he asks, "How shall they preach except they be sent?" It is the Lord's prerogative to call, commission, and send forth the preachers; and if he does not send them, there will be no preaching, hearing, believing, calling on the name of the Lord, or salvation. The vineyard is the Lord's, and he only has the right to appoint the laborers. When the Saviour calls one of his faithful servants to preach the Gospel, he is certainly capable of making that man fully understand that he is called to that work, and, at the same time, to convince the Church of her duty to grant him her sanction and send him forth. A truly spiritual Church will not often err in her judgment concerning the piety, talents, powers of utterance, and other qualifications for usefulness, of one of her own members, who is called of Christ to preach the Gospel. The same spirit that moves him to the work will move the Church to grant him her authority to go out into the vineyard of the Lord as a laborer.

Christ called the twelve Apostles, and constituted them his missionaries, to establish Christianity among all the nations of the earth. He likewise "appointed other seventy," and directed them to pray the Lord of the harvest, that he would "send [or, as it is rendered by Dr. Clarke, 'thrust'] forth laborers into his harvest." It takes "*thrusting*," sometimes, to get the right kind of men to go. Some, who are thoroughly convinced of their duty to preach the Gospel, make many excuses for not going into the harvest-field. Others, like Jonah, rather than go to the work, would prefer taking ship, and fleeing to Tarshish,

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and risk the storms of the ocean. Yet there are others who, like Isaiah, say, "Here am I, send me." The willing laborer in any department of life is always to be preferred. "If I do this thing willingly, I have a reward; but if against my will, a dispensation of the Gospel is committed unto me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." In our itinerant field some of the laborers are only moved on in the work by fear of the woe. At last they do quit the field, enter into worldly business, get overwhelmed in trouble, and find that the woe has come, and this, with them, may be only the beginning of sorrows. Buried talents are yet to be accounted for in the great day of the Lord. Blessed is the man who cheerfully bears his crosses and trials in the itinerant field, and faithfully does his Master's work until the close of the day, or until he is otherwise released from toil. God will give him a full reward. Yet I have known many who entered into the itinerant field reluctantly, but came at last to like the work well. Amid all the embarrassments and trials connected with their calling, they held on their way and finished their course with joy. Others of this class are still in the field—men of prominence and good moral worth.

To sum up all, as to the call to the ministry. As no power on earth has a right to come into our country and appoint the Postmasters of the United States, the Judges of the Supreme Court of this nation, or the Generals of our armies, it being the constitutional prerogative of the Chief Magistrate of our Republic to do that work, in like manner there is no earthly power in existence that has the right to supply the Church of Jesus Christ with ministers. The prerogative to do that work is in Christ only, and he never has and he never will give that power into other hands. My conclusion therefore is, that we have had from the beginning, and have at this time, in the Methodist Protestant Church, just such a ministry as it hath pleased the Master to give us. I thank him most devoutly for the gift of such a ministry. They have done well; the cause has prospered under their ministrations. If our ministry needs improvement to suit the times, so did the Twelve after Christ called them to the work; for he gave them the benefit of over three years' instruction to qualify them more fully for the ministry. And there was the eloquent Apollos, who was "mighty in the Scriptures;" even he needed an Aquilla and a Priscilla to "expound unto him the way of God more perfectly." "They who will not learn can not teach." That our ministers need a higher grade of learning to suit the cultivated age in which we live is granted, and we hope soon to have an institution of

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learning where our young men may go, not to get their call to the ministry, but where they may go after they are called, and receive an adequate outfit of the right kind of training for their holy work. As in the origin of the Christian Church Christ took fishermen and tax collectors and put them into the ministry, so from the farms and the workshops of the land he has given us our preachers. Such men need a further training.

It may have been best for the Methodist Protestant Church, in the outset, to begin in a small way to test the advantages of lay delegation. If the General Conference of 1828 had adopted lay delegation, then the principle of Church freedom would have been, to a great extent, in the hands of its enemies, or, at least, in the hands of the uninformed, where its real worth could not have been properly appreciated; so the whole scheme of republican liberty in the Church might have been a signal failure. But, in the wisdom of God, matters in our case were ordered otherwise. As Judaism rejected Christianity, as a general thing, and compelled it to go into a new organization and test its principles, on the outside of the pale of the Jewish Church, so the old Reformers were compelled, by the action of the highest tribunal in the Methodist Episcopal Church, to retire and enter into a new ecclesiastical organization. As Christianity, small at the beginning, did spread throughout the world, meeting and overcoming all sorts of opposition and trials, so the Methodist Protestant Church, small in the outset, has spread into all parts of our country, meeting and overcoming in her progress all sorts of trials, and has had an ample opportunity to test, right under the eye of Episcopal Methodism, the great worth of lay delegation as connected with an itinerant ministry. And as the time will come when the Jews, together with the fullness of the Gentiles, will be converted and come into the Christian Church, so, according to the signs of the times, I think the day is not distant when the Methodist Episcopal Church will, in some available form, adopt lay delegation in her Annual and General Conferences, and amply secure the liberty of the local Churches. When this is done, then I trust that, in the providence of God, all the various branches of the Methodist family will again be gathered into one body. As this nation, all over, from sea to sea, has not one inch of soil cursed with slavery, so let the Methodist Episcopal Church, including all her offshoots, in one harmonious brotherhood, be ecclesiastically free, and so go down to the latest posterity. *Amen!*

During the thirty-six years of the existence of the Methodist Protestant Church, the progress of our cause has been gradual and steady. For a number of years after the commencement

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of our operations, every inch of ground we gained was contested by the ministers of the old Church. This led us to bring our principles constantly before the people. Those principles generally met the public approbation, and our increase in those days was more rapid than it has been since the contest measurably died away. Opposition kept alive debate, the people understood the controversy and all about mutual rights, and a liberty-loving Christian always knew where to find a home; so we moved on prosperously. Under a general impression that our Church was on the right foundation as to doctrines and ecclesiastical economy, the controversy for a number of years has measurably been discontinued, the two Churches have become quite friendly, and two results have followed. First, our Church in time of peace has not increased in numbers as she did while the doctrines of ecclesiastical freedom were kept constantly before the people; but I hope our religion has been none the less pure. Secondly, our Methodist Episcopal brethren have had time to cool off and reflect, and, upon due consideration of the matter, have indorsed our principles, and are aiming to introduce lay delegation themselves. If the controversy had been kept up by us, they might have remained as hostile as formerly and made no movement toward a lay delegation. Even truth will hardly be admitted in a time of strife.

But if the advancement of Methodist Protestantism has been somewhat retarded in the way above-mentioned, it has been much more retarded by the slavery question. This question, as discussed in our Annual and General Conferences, and in our Church paper, did for a time greatly perplex our people. It hindered our Sunday-school operations and our missionary work, and broke up our college. At last, to save the life of the Methodist Protestant Church in the free States, we were compelled, in the Convention of 1858, to suspend all official coöperation with those Conferences and Churches which did tolerate slavery and the slave-trade. We did love our brethren in the South, but they held fast to what we deemed a great moral evil. Union with them was destruction to us; so, on principles of morality and necessity, we declined coöperating with them any longer, unless the evil complained of was entirely done away. O how profoundly deep and mysterious are the ways of God in his providential dealings with man! It never entered into the mind of any man, in the Convention of 1858, that God, by means of a terrible civil war, would abolish slavery in every State in the Union in 1865; yet the deed is done, and, by the blessing of God, I have lived to see my country a land of freedom for men of all colors and of all races. Now that slavery

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is dead and can be no more a source of trouble, it is my hope that the two wings of the Methodist Protestant Church, North and South, will agree to work together again under the constitution, and that abundant prosperity will attend our united efforts to spread Cristianity through all the land. If it be desired by the parties concerned, the General Conference of 1866 can easily remove the suspension of 1858, and then both wings of the Church, equally free from slavery, can act again in harmony in building up the Redeemer's kingdom. It is time now, since the war is over, to reconstruct the Churches as well as the Union, provided it can be done on principles fair and honorable to all concerned.

I have lately seen a disparaging allusion to the Methodist Protestant Church in the New York "Christian Advocate and Journal," which, in my judgment, deserves a rebuke. The Methodist Protestant Church, now in the thirty-sixth year of her age, holds a very respectable position among the Christian Churches in our country. If the Advocate does not know this fact, others do, and freely acknowledge it in every appropriate manner. Not having the Advocate at hand, I can not quote its precise language; but our Church is alluded to, in a belittling way, as an obscure Church but little known; and Rev. T. H. Stockton's position in such a diminutive community is referred to in tones of commiseration. It may do good, and I hope it will do no harm to any one, if I call the attention of the Advocate back to the position of its own Church when she was thirty-six years of age. Was she any more respectable in her ministry or membership, or any more useful, than our Church is to-day? The Methodist Episcopal Church had then 358 itinerant preachers and 86,734 members, colored and white. Now, taking our Church, North and South, we have many more itinerant preachers and members than they had at our age. Since the war, however, we can not state our numbers with certainty. The missionary interests of the two Churches for the period mentioned have been about alike—no foreign missions established. In the Methodist Episcopal Church, all their college enterprises failed during the time specified. During that time we have had college failures too; yet we did run Madison College, at Uniontown, Penn., about six years, with some advantage to the Church and the country. Our book concern, I think, is on as good a foundation as that of the Methodist Episcopal Church was at our age. During her first thirty-six years the old Church had no denominational papers; but we have had one or more Church papers all the time. As to houses of worship, parsonages, support of the itinerant ministry,

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provision for the superannuated preachers, etc., I know that the Methodist Protestant Church is now better off than the Methodist Episcopal Church was during her first thirty-six years. Our ministry now will suffer nothing in comparison with theirs in 1815, when, under the direction of the Presiding Elder, Rev. Enoch George, I entered the itinerant field. Our members, like our ministers, I know, are no better than they should be; yet, for intelligence, piety, and liberality, I hold them to be equal to those of the Methodist Episcopal Church at any period of her history. As to our lay delegation, for which the fathers of Reform suffered ecclesiastical martyrdom, why are we reproached for that? Is not the old Church at this very time seeking to advance her own interests by introducing that feature of our economy?

Like John the Baptist, we have gone before the old Church to prepare the way, and we are ready to acknowledge, as did John, that a greater than we are cometh after us. Now, as Christ gave due credit to his forerunner, so let the old Church do to us. Let them treat us as being as respectable and useful a body of Christians as they were at our age; let them cease to call us "rads" and "radicals," and to speak sneeringly of the "old radical controversy" and its "violence," as though all the "violence" was on our side. In their consciences they know better than this. Let them remember that, in the days of their youth, they were the people every-where spoken against; and now that they have grown strong, let them not become proud and treat contemptuously those that are weak, calling them "radicals," etc. Why, if they did but know it, they are radicals themselves; for they seek a lay delegation, and this is the very essence of radicalism. Yet, after all, I must do justice to the old Church. I freely admit that her treatment to us has been mild, compared with that of the Jews to the first Christians, or to that of the Catholics to the Protestants in the days of other years. Her only Church paper that does us injustice at this time, so far as I am informed, is the New York Advocate. A little more mild, Christian candor in that paper would be an improvement. As to the ministers and members of the old Church, I do not charge on them the sins of the Advocate, and I hereby take pleasure in acknowledging, in a general way, their brotherly kindness to our denomination.

As to the other denominations of Protestant Christians in our country, so far as my information extends, peace and Christian friendship prevail. The Presbyterians—Old School and New—the Congregationalists, the United Presbyterians, the Cumberland Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Protestant Epis-

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copalians, the United Brethren, and the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, etc., all treat the Methodist Protestant Church with brotherly kindness and charity. Nearly all these denominations agree with us in according to the laity their ecclesiastical rights. And whatever may be in their standard books, from their pulpits I have not heard any thing for many years that would be offensive to the most delicate Methodist ears. They occupy our pulpits occasionally, and our ministers occupy theirs; and, on special occasions, the various congregations often mingle together, in the same house of worship, with a great deal of brotherly affection, feeling that "One is their Master, even Christ, and they are all brethren." To have the good will and occasional help of these influential denominations is a real source of pleasure and profit to the Christian heart; and it is likewise a matter of gratitude to God to see real Christian sympathy so extensively prevailing over sectarian bigotry. Christians may belong to different denominations, and yet be one in heart.

Christian union is of two kinds—spiritual and ecclesiastical. I wonder if even in the millennium all demoninational distinctions will be entirely done away. If Jesus Christ comes from heaven to reign on earth in person, this thing may be; but should his reign be wholly spiritual, and carried on from heaven, as at present, men, I think, will always find arguments to justify denominational distinctions. If all the denominations above-mentioned, who have, in fact, a spiritual union, and are of one heart and one soul, were to pull down their various ecclesiastical establishments, and out of the old materials erect a new edifice large enough to contain them all, that might not make the spiritual union any more perfect than it now is. Bring the whole under one roof, and if the Holy Spirit does not now mold the whole of them, and fill them with love to God and one another, and make the spiritual union complete, an ecclesiastical union might be rather an injury than a blessing. The more unsanctified, unloving souls you bring together, the more trouble you have to maintain good order. Nothing but heavenly love can be an adequate cement of Christian union; and that love, with its long arms, can embrace a brother across the lines in another Christian community, and without it we might persecute him if we had him in ours. We are all social beings. Religious society is necessary to Christian happiness, but that society need not include all Christendom in order to our spiritual enjoyment. The great worth of a strong ecclesiastical organization is found not so much in the power it has to impart happiness to its own individual members as in

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its power to do a more extensive good to mankind, and thereby bring a greater degree of glory to our Lord Jesus Christ. I am, in this view of the matter, favorable to the proposed union of all the non-episcopal Methodists. All these bodies are comparatively weak. Union may not make any member in either body a better Christian, but it will give to the united body a greater power to do good among men, and to glorify the Saviour of the world in a higher degree.

The Wesleyan Methodists came out from the Methodist Episcopal Church on the anti-slavery question. We came out from the same Church on the lay delegation question. Had it not been for our connection with Churches and Conferences that tolerated the slave system in all its branches, they would have united with us at first, instead of going into a separate organization. Ever since 1858, when our Church in the North, through a convention, took action to relieve herself from all slavery connections, and thus to save her own life, there has been a growing desire for a union between the Wesleyans and our body. Finally, the subject took a wider range, so as to include all the non-episcopal Methodists in our country. In a convention held in Cleveland, on the 21st of June, 1865, largely attended by volunteer representatives from all the aforesaid bodies, in great harmony, and with as rich a flow of heavenly feeling as I ever witnessed in a deliberative assembly, the fundamental principles of union were adopted. Then a convention to consummate the union was recommended. This convention has been called by nearly all the non-episcopal Methodists to meet in May, 1866, in Union Chapel, Cincinnati, and is clothed with full authority to unite all those bodies together in one Church. And it is my sincere belief that clear-headed, sound, Christian logic will no longer justify these several Methodist communities in remaining apart. Their Christian doctrines are all cast in the same Methodist mold; their principles of ecclesiastical economy are the same. They must unite or abandon common sense. In union there will be *strength;* in separate existence nothing but weakness. This writer, with all his heart, goes for the union, in the full faith that it is the duty of all concerned, in every laudable and honorable way, to increase our power, to benefit our race, and glory God by a more vigorous advancement of the laws of Christ in the world.

And now for one thing more. A mere ecclesiastical union is not enough. There is need of prayer to God to harmonize all the jarring elements in the several parties concerned, in order that the union may be brought about. There will be need of faith, hope, charity, and prayer in the convention where the

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union is to be effected, and then it will require a great deal of the right kind of religion to make the union valuable.

During the past four years of terrible war for the maintenance of the invaluable Government of our beloved country, the ministers and members of the Methodist Protestant Church, with a very few exceptions, have given evidence of the reality of their religion by an undeviating loyalty to the American Union. It has been pretty generally understood, by both preachers and people, that loyalty and religion are enjoined by the same Divine authority. "Render therefore unto Cæsar, the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God, the things that are God's," is the teaching of Christ. And St. Paul enforces obedience to civil government in this language: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation," etc. These texts, taken in connection with many others in the New Testament, plainly enjoin loyalty to civil government as an essential Christian duty. A man might be loyal and not be a Christian, but he could not be a Christian and at the same time not be loyal, even to such a government as Cæsar's, and especially to so good a government as ours—*the best that the world ever saw.* Hence, our Church, with this understanding of her Christian duty, has given her most cordial support to the union cause, until the rebellion was overthrown. What Church, in proportion to her numbers, gave more ministers to the army than ours? Some went as Chaplains, others as regimental or company officers, and others again as common soldiers; while those at home who had sons sent them to help save the country, some of whom fell in battle and others by disease. My stricken heart feels what I now write, for I, too, lost a son, the last son I had, my beloved George. He was a Christian preacher, a valiant soldier, and after some hard-fought battles, he fell by disease. So it fared with many others of our ministers—they lost their sons by the war. And the preachers at home, in their several charges, while doing all they could for the cause of Christ, did not forget their country and the army. They prayed for our rulers and the salvation of our country; they delivered sermons and lectures, when necessary, in behalf of the cause. And what Church, in proportion to her members, sent forth to the war more of her private members than ours? The blood of our brethren has stained many a battle-field; some have starved in Southern prisons, and others fill soldiers' graves in the far-off regions of the South,

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while a goodly number have returned to cheer their families and bless the Church. Thank the Lord for a Church combining in herself the great elements of loyalty to our country and piety toward God! Thank the Lord that the war is ended, the government is saved, the slaves are freed, and that in all the land we now have peace! This is peace at home, within our own borders, and we rejoice in it and give glory to God for it; but the American eye is turned toward Mexico, where, by the aid of the Emperor of the French, Maximilian, a vile intruder from Austria, is seated on a tottering throne, aiming to subvert republican liberty, which, according to the Monroe doctrine, our nation never can allow; so now we may look for a foreign war. May it not be so that we are now just on the eve of the last great wars of the world before the millennium? The great despotisms of the Old World will no more yield to argument than did the slaveholders of the South, and yet those despotisms must be removed before "the kingdoms of this world can become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ." I think that we are taught by the Holy Prophets that, in the providence of God, the terrible hammer of war will do this work. The missionaries in all the world are making converts to Christianity, and implanting ideas of a higher civilization in those despotic, idolatrous nations. Opposing principles will come into conflict, and a war of ideas will lead to war with swords; then comes on the last great wars of the world.

But, turning away from the Old World and looking at the condition of our own beloved country, and leaving all our sister Churches to pursue their own plans for the thorough evangelization of this nation, so as to make it to be as full of righteousness as it ever has been of sin, and praying God to bless all the efforts of those Churches for our country's good, what does the Lord Jesus Christ require the Methodist Protestant Church to do in this great work of evangelization? Certainly there is a great work to be done in this field, now "white unto the harvest," and we are not to "stand all the day idle." Our holy religion, with all its heavenly purity, did not propagate itself. Living agents were chosen by Christ to spread the glad tidings of salvation throughout the world. In like manner, our methodistical views of Scriptural Christianity, connected, as they are, with the rights of the laity, will not propagate themselves. We need living, active, competent, spirit-stirring agents in the great Gospel harvest field to carry on the work. We need good generals, who do not aim to do all the fighting themselves, but who know how to marshal their forces and lead on the sacramental host of God's elect into the battles of the Lord.

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Will it not be for the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Head of the Church, if there should be in all parts of Methodist Protestantism a glorious revival of religion? Will it not be for the Saviour's honor if all our lukewarm Churches should be brought up to the higher Christian life and baptised with the Holy Ghost and fire? Will not the Son of God be glorified if, through the instrumentality of our ministers and Churches, multiplied thousands of sinners should be converted and added to the Church? To strengthen the Churches at home, and thus more effectually enable them to render service abroad, is certainly our first work.

Now, since protracted meetings are the order of the day, how may they be carried on to the greatest advantage? 1. Let our protracted meetings, where all our people in any given place are expected to go into the work, be introduced by consent of the Church, with all her members pledged to attend them, and work for Christ in the meetings and among their friends and acquaintances. Such a meeting requires all the influence the entire Church can bring to bear on the community. 2. Under a deep sense of the insufficiency of human efforts, and of the need of Divine assistance on such an occasion, the meeting should be introduced with a day of solemn fasting and prayer, and carried on a short time as a prayer-meeting, in view of obtaining the baptism of the Holy Ghost. 3. All the preaching should be directed to one point; namely, a revival of religion. Whether one preacher or many shall be called into service, this one object should constantly be kept in view. On such an occasion, the preachers should agree among themselves all to preach for a revival. Repentance must be faithfully preached in all constituent principles and feelings, and urged home upon the consciences of sinners, in order to bring them as penitents to the mercy-seat. Justification by faith alone, through the merits of Jesus Christ, must be preached in order to bring penitents into the glorious liberty of the children of God. The "clean heart," the "right spirit," Bible holiness, entire sanctification, the higher Christian life, filling the soul with perfect love, must, in the preaching, be scripturally explained and urged upon believers; nor must the poor guilty backslider be forgotten or neglected. The preaching should faithfully and scripturally fill the minds and hearts of the audience with true ideas of the work of God to be accomplished. Let no preacher miss the mark, and fill the minds of the hearers full of ideas foreign to a work of grace. If he does this, his preaching is a real hinderance, and God will have to cast all that he has said out of the minds of the people, and fill them with other ideas of the

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right kind before he can get at them to carry on his work. Better have no preaching at all than that which does not help on the work of the Lord. A discourse on the external evidences of the truth of Christianity, or one showing that geology does not contradict the Bible, on proper occasions, may be in place. But at a protracted meeting such discourses are like putting down the brakes *hard* on the car of salvation. They arrest, at least for a time, the whole work. A sermon made up of abstract speculations, taken mainly from "Drew on the Resurrection," which I once heard in Steubenville in time of a revival, where there were many penitents, put a chill on the whole meeting. *No penitents came to the altar that night.* But where a spiritually-minded preacher, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, comes forth to the congregation with a sermon not wholly in his head, but mainly in his heart—one that has cost him much thought to arrange it, and much prayer to God for a blessing on it, that souls might be led to Christ by it—good will be done, nobody will be chilled, all will be warmed by a heavenly fire running through the assembly, melting all before it. Under such preaching sinners will be converted, and the Church strengthened in her numbers and in the vital energies of all her Christian graces.

But, in order to a proper efficiency in sending the Gospel to the destitute of our own country and other regions of the earth, our Church must have the help of a first-class college. This, I trust, we shall soon have. Our Church must do her whole duty in the education of the rising generation. We must educate the children of our membership, if we would retain them in our community. To suit the age in which we live, and place our young preachers on a par with the ministers of other Churches, they must receive a thorough classical and theological training in an institution of our own. To educate our young men whose hearts incline them to the Gospel ministry in literary institutions belonging to other denominations, is to tempt them to leave our ranks and give their services to that Church under whose influence they were trained. In this way we have lost from our itinerancy many of our most valuable young men. Now, I trust that we shall do so no more, but educate them at home, and keep them to build up our beloved Church; for she needs, at this time, not only a pious but an educated ministry.

When we shall be able to give the sons and daughters of our people a thorough classical and religious education at our own college, and do our full share in training the youths of our country; when we shall be able to send forth from our

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college halls well-cultivated men into all the learned professions; when they shall be found in the medical department, at the bar, in the pulpit, on the bench, and in the legislatures of our land, every-where prepared to befriend the Church that originated and sustained the institution where they received their education, our Church, in the hands of Christ, will be a much greater power for the accomplishment of good in our country than she now is.

One evidence of the want of culture among the ministers of our Church, and perhaps of other Churches, too, is the use of other men's skeletons of sermons. Does this really grow out of the want of culture, or of native talent, or of industry? To be a driveling retailer of other men's wares is not creditable to a Christian minister, and I do solemnly believe the practice is injurious to the Churches of the present age. On this subject the following is my creed:

ARTICLE I. The Lord Jesus Christ only has the right to supply the Christian Church with ministers. No other being, power, or authority can come in here to take his place and perform this work for him.

ARTICLE II. That in supplying his Church with ministers, Christ did intend that there should be a diversity in their talents and qualifications for service. "Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and another one;" an improvement is required of all. No talents are to be buried, and all are held to a strict account.

ARTICLE III. The Lord Jesus Christ never did call a man into the ministry who had not at least one talent, or an ability, with the aids afforded, to construct a sermon such as that man ought to preach.

ARTICLE IV. If every minister called by Christ will preach just such sermons as, by the aid of all sorts of good books and the Holy Spirit he may be able to make for himself, then the Church will get the variety intended for her by the Saviour, and will prosper.

ARTICLE V. But should Christ's ministers, from any cause whatever, decline making their own sermons, and try to satisfy their consciences by preaching the sketches found in "Hannam," "Simeon," "The London Five-hundred," or any book of bones, then all the preachers using the same books will appear to be of one and the same grade of intellect, the Church will lose that variety intended for her by the Saviour, and there will be a great spiritual dearth in the Churches in those days. All those preachers who lack mental capacity to make a sermon should immediately return to their homes. So should all those indo-

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lent drones who do business on borrowed capital, simply because they are too lazy to read and write and think, so as to be able to make their own sermons. To preach other men's sermons, or the skeletons of other men, as though they were their own, and give no credit to the real author, is considered "plagiarism;" *i. e.*, a literary theft; and when thieves occupy our pulpits, what is to become of the work of the Lord? No wonder that the Churches decline under such a ministry.

Every preacher should not only be a man of prayer, but a hard student and a maker of his own sermons. It is true his sermons may not be equal to those of Shinn, or Snethen, or Stockton, but they will be his own, and just such as Christ requires him to preach. Christ never required any man to appear fine in borrowed clothes. Let every man appear in his own garments, earned by the blessing of God on his own labor. Let every preacher write out a plan of his sermon, that he may see his subject in all its connections and bearings; let him get his mind and heart fully imbued with its truths; let him pray God to breathe into it the breath of spiritual life, and to give him power from on high to preach it to the people; and then from his knees let him go to his pulpit, and deliver his message in the name of the Lord. A real Gospel sermon, thus prepared and delivered, will prove a blessing to any people. Both saints and sinners will feel its power. One such preacher will, like Elijah, whom God answered by fire from heaven, be more than match for four hundred and fifty of the prophets of Baal. Such preachers are much wanted in all the Churches.

There is a practice among the preachers of stuffing their text, as it is called. The text really has no sermon in it. No doctrine, no experience or practice can be found there by any kind of legitimate interpretation; yet the preacher's wonder-working genius out of that text brings forth to the people a pretty good sermon. He stuffs the text with a meaning not its own, and then brings that meaning out to an admiring assembly. Thus the text is made to speak what the Holy Spirit never intended. Ehud's words to Eglon, king of Moab, when he slew him with a dagger, is a favorite text with some preachers: "I have a message from God unto thee." (Judges iii: 20.) I once heard a strong preacher read this text to his congregation. The sermon was addressed mainly to the wicked, and it was a good one, powerfully delivered, but it did not grow out of the passage read. In that text, with fair dealing, nothing can be found but Ehud's dagger. On another occasion, I heard a sprightly preacher read this text to his congregation: "And there were six steps to the throne." (2 Chron-

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icles ix: 18.) This text refers to Solomon's throne, and to nothing else. The sermon was certainly a good one, but the text did not contain it. According to the preacher, the first step to the throne was consideration, the second was conviction for sin, the third was repentance, the fourth was justification by faith, the fifth was sanctification, and the sixth was glorification in heaven. Will Christ be pleased with his ministers for compelling a portion of Scripture to give forth a meaning never intended by the Holy Spirit? If these "six steps to the throne" had ever been referred to by the sacred writers as an allegory, then the preacher might be justified in his use of it, not otherwise. Preachers should be faithful expounders, not misrepresenters of God's Word. With them this should be a matter of conscience. At another time I heard a venerable preacher, on a sacramental occasion, read to a large congregation this text: "And the Lord shewed me four carpenters." (Zech. i: 20.) The sermon was rather too long, but it was good and appropriate to the occasion.. But what mortal man upon earth could honestly say it grew out of the text? To stuff a text, and then draw out from it what God never put in it, or meant it to teach, is miserable work. Why is this done? Certainly the Bible is full of texts of the right kind, all of them full of meaning, to suit all occasions. I wish I could successfully guard my brethren in the ministry against torturing a meaning out of God's Word which he never intended.

It is very important for ministers of the Gospel at all times to be appropriate in their discourses. A minister who does not regard the signs of the times, and suit his discourse to special occasions, will often appear before the public to very great disadvantage. I once heard a minister, who stood at the head of the pulpit of this nation for many years, preach a most powerful sermon from this text on a sacramental occasion: "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." (2 Thess. ii: 11, 12.) That was an awful sermon, full of truth and sound argument. But it froze the audience with terror instead of melting them with the Saviour's dying love. Indeed, the tender strains of Calvary were not heard that day, and the children of God came to the Holy Communion with a saddened state of heart, produced by an inappropriate sermon, full of the curses of the Most High against an apostate Church, whose head is "the man of sin, the son of perdition." Such sermons are certainly out of place at such a time as that, and I and many others wondered at a man of such sound sense

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delivering it before the eucharistic feast. On another occasion, not long after the foregoing, I heard, from one of our best preachers, a sermon before a sacrament, not on the death of Christ, as it should have been, but on human responsibility, from this text: "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Nothing could be more fearful and terrifying than that sermon was. The awful day of accounts was before the assembly. The Judge of the quick and dead, on his great white throne, with open books to judge the world, was, in imagination, a living reality before the people. What timid disciple of Christ could venture to the table of the Lord under the impression made by that discourse? Why is it that men of great talents so often fail to suit their discourses to times, plans, and occasions? I will give, in further illustration of the absurdity of preaching sermons which do not suit the occasion, an anecdote from the Rev. Charles Buck, which I will relate from memory. At the time of the plague in London, in 1668, by which sixty-eight thousand persons were carried off, Rev. Thomas Vincent delivered a discourse suited to that most calamitous occasion, in which he dealt fearful blows at the magistrates for their neglect of duty in not taking measures to stay the plague, and for the health of the city. About one hundred years afterward, when there was no plague in London, a curate, an eloquent reader, by some means, got his hands on Vincent's sermon, and, without considering whether it would suit the occasion or not, he took it to one of the leading pulpits of the city, and read it to a congregation made up pretty much of estated gentlemen, magistrates, and other dignitaries; and, as he swept along in his eloquent reading, the attack on the magistrates was commenced. The sermon represented them as guilty of an utter failure in duty. The plague was raging in various parts of the city, and carrying off the people by thousands every day, and they were lounging and loitering about the taverns and ale-houses, drinking their wine and ale, and paying no attention to the health of the city. At this the magistrates broke from their seats and came from all parts of the house, and stood before the pulpit, and demanded of the curate to stop and tell them where the plague was raging, that they might go at once and take measures to arrest it. "Plague raging? Why, my God, gentleman," said the curate, "I don't know where it is raging; it is in my sermon!" Yes, and the plague has raged in many a sermon not suited to times, places, and occasions since that day. Why will men of sense allow themselves to preach sermons in which the plague rages?

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I will conclude what I have to say to my beloved brethren in the ministry by some notice of the practice of reading sermons. In former years, among the Methodists, there were no readers of sermons. All who entered the sacred office were preachers, and but few of them ventured to take more than a few short notes or heads of their discourses into the pulpit, and these they strove to hide from their hearers. To use even skeletons was not popular, and it was supposed that no ministers read sermons to their congregations but the High Church parsons, whose evangelical piety was very generally held in doubt. But time has brought its changes. Other Churches, who once opposed Methodist revival meetings, have come, at last, to favor revivals, and to seek to build up the cause of Christ by their means. The Methodists, who were in former years so much opposed to Church parsons reading sermons to their congregations, have now, in many places, readers of sermons in their pulpits, instead of preachers.

Now, the question is, what advantage has the reader over the preacher? He has none in reading books, none in study, none in writing. The preacher can and does do all these things as well as the reader. What advantage has the reader over the preacher in the pulpit? None at all. To that sacred place he comes with a sermon in his pocket, long ago written, and perhaps very cold. The preacher has a well-digested sermon in his mind and heart, warm and fresh. As to liability to confusion, they are both in danger of that. If the preacher fails to remember some of his points, the reader often slips over two leaves at once, or, in gesticulation, slips his finger a little too low down on the page. This leads him, as I have sometimes seen, when he looks at his paper again, to begin in the wrong place, and so get into confusion. The reader, in bending over to see his manuscript, where the light is rather dim, allows the congregation the advantage of looking at the top of his head; but the preacher can stand erect, and give the people the benefit of his countenance, uplifted and beaming upon them. This is a great advantage. Nearly all readers confine themselves strictly to their manuscript. This cuts off all additional thoughts inspired by the occasion, the nature of the subject, or by the Holy Spirit. The preacher takes all these in, and often finds that God gives him burning thoughts in the pulpit that he never had in his study. This must be so, as Christ is with his ministers always, even unto the end of the world. The reader of sermons to the congregation has no New Testament example for his modes of communication.

Neither Christ nor his Apostles read their sermons to the

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people, nor have they the Divine command to support them. Paul did not say, How shall they hear without a *reader?* or how shall they *read* except they be sent? but he did say, "How shall they hear without a *preacher?* and how shall they *preach* except they be sent?" And Christ did not, in the grand Gospel commission, say, Go ye into all the world and *read* the Gospel to every creature; but he did say, "Go ye into all the world and *preach* the Gospel to every creature." Yet I do not say that reading the Gospel to the people from a manuscript is forbidden, or that God never blesses that mode of communication to the salvation of souls; but I do say, of the two modes of communication, in my judgment, that of *preaching* has vastly the advantage over *reading*. So Christ understood the matter, or he would not have ordained *preaching* as the mode of publishing his Gospel.

But whatever be the mode of Gospel communication, the great object must be kept in view, namely, to glorify our Lord Jesus Christ in the salvation of perishing sinners. "All men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father that sent him." How, then, may the ministers and members of the Methodist Protestant Church be most successful in glorifying Christ? In a condensed manner, the following answer may be given to this important question:

1. The Church, which is the pillar and ground of the truth, and without which evangelical truth would perish from the earth, must hold up Christ before this gainsaying world in all the glory of his original divinity, or Godhead, as one with the Father, the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person, in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and that he is truly and properly "God manifest in the flesh." Now, he who represents the character of a man below the requirements of the truth, is a detractor, and dishonors that man. In like manner, he who denies the Godhead of Jesus Christ, and represents him as a mere creature, does not glorify him, but is a detractor from the essential character of this world's Redeemer.

2. The ministers must lead on the Church to glorify Christ, by giving to the world a true representation of the extent and glory of that great work of redemption, which he did actually accomplish on the cross. "All were dead." "One died for all." He "tasted death for every man." He is the "propitiation for the sins of the whole world." Now, as a man may be dishonored by detracting from the greatness and worth of his work, so he who limits the work of redemption to a few, while

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the great mass of mankind are left out of the pale of God's redeeming mercy, can not be said in truth to glory the Saviour of the world while he thus misrepresents the extent of his redeeming work.

3. We may glorify Christ by holding him up to the world as the great Prophet, Priest, and King of the whole human race. This world is in great mental and moral darkness. Christ is a Prophet to enlighten it by his teaching. "He is the light of the world," "the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." This world is in a state of sin, guilt, and misery. Christ is a Priest to atone for the sins of the world. He is both Priest and Sacrifice. In this he has no parallel. Through his one offering of himself, once for all, sin is pardoned, guilt removed, justification obtained, and eternal life secured. This world is in a state of bondage to sin and Satan. The whole world is placed under Christ's mediatorial reign, and he can and will subdue all his and our enemies, and put them all under his feet, and bring all who trust in him into the glorious liberty of sons of God. Now, to disparage a man in any official relation which he may sustain to society, is to do him an injury, and dishonor him in public estimation. Even so he who detracts from Christ's worth to the world, as Prophet, Priest, or King, brings him no glory, and does him a great dishonor, and, at the same time, inflicts a proportionable injury on mankind.

4. To glorify Christ, the ministers and members of the Methodist Protestant Church must maintain his holy religion in all its heavenly purity of doctrine, experience, and practice. His doctrines are the true foundation of experience, and experience of his love in the heart will be a sure foundation for a good moral practice. All these must go together. Ours must be the religion of the head and heart and life; a religion that may be felt and enjoyed in the soul. Now, to teach mankind that Christ came into the world, died on the cross, and then returned to his ancient seat in glory, to give our race a religion consisting of nothing but outward forms and ceremonies, and that all those who profess a knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of their sins, are distempered fanatics or willful deceivers; and that no one worthy of credit ever yet professed to have "fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ," is certainly to dishonor Christ, by representing him as doing and suffering so much to give our race a religion of very little value. These men of outward forms and pompous ceremonies should be led to understand, that to lower down the standard of vital Christianity to suit the views of half-infidel professors

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of religion is not the plan adopted by the Methodist Protestant Church to glorify our blessed Saviour. We should, if possible, lead all such people up to the higher Christian life, and induce them to learn experimentally the meaning of St. Paul in the following prayer (Eph. iii: 14–19): "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you according to the riches of his glory to be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." This seems like an amazing prayer, yet it only leads us to contemplate the privilege of "all saints." All may be "strengthened by his Spirit in the inner man;" all may "know the love of Christ that passeth" all the knowledge of worldly men; all may "be filled with all the fullness of God." And to prevent us from "staggering at the promises of God through unbelief," the Apostle tells us, in this connection, that God "is able to do" for us "exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think." And why tell us of this, if he be not as willing as he is able to confer all these great and unspeakable blessings upon his children? Blessed are all they who do not mistake the outside of religion for its inside, and rest in the form without the power of godliness. Such shall be "the salt of the earth," and "the light of the world," and have "all joy and peace in believing" in Jesus Christ.

5. In order to glorify our Lord Jesus Christ, our whole Church, including ministers and members, should voluntarily consent to be the Saviour's instruments or agents in the great work of the recovery of our lost race back again from the ranks of proud rebellion to holiness and happiness and heaven. All the talents of mind, moral influence, and wealth found in the Church belong to the Lord, and should be used to promote his glory in the salvation of sinners. A Church that works for Christ will grow in grace; a Church that does nothing for Christ will certainly backslide. While in a state of sin, all worked for Satan and themselves. Now, in the Church, all must work for Christ and the extension of his kingdom to the ends of the earth. No minister can build up and carry forward the cause of Christ who does not find employment for all the heads and hands and hearts of the people of his charge. Each Christian has a soul to save, and were he to gain the whole

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world and lose his own soul, the loss would infinitely outweigh the gain. Personal religion, therefore, is first in order. "Work out your *own salvation* with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." (Phil. ii: 12, 13.) Then comes family religion. O how important is this! Blessed is the house where both father and mother are devoted Christians, and unite heartily in training up their "children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Such a family is an incipient Church, where the worship of God, in spirit and truth, is regularly maintained. Next to this comes the Church—the preaching and hearing of God's word, the prayer-meetings, which all should most scrupulously attend. Why should a Church suffer and spiritually die for want of a well-attended prayer-meeting? All the instituted means of grace, both commanded and prudential, should be faithfully attended by all the members, to keep the Church in a healthy, growing state; and along with these duties, the Sabbath-school deserves a very high regard. Here the children of the Church and others are taught. Here our young members, and some of the older ones, find room to work for Christ. Here the first rudiments of a Christian education are imparted. From these Sabbath-schools, with hearts deeply impressed by religous truth, the children, by thousands, every year are passing into the various Churches of our God. These Sabbath-schools, like John the Baptist, are preparing the way of the Lord.

But, without delaying to notice our publishing interests and our college, further than to commend them to the still more extensive and liberal patronage of our people, I call the attention of the Methodist Protestant Church to the great missionary field now open before us. Our holy religion is essentially missionary in its character. God made all; Christ died for all; the spirit is poured out upon all flesh; the Gospel is to be preached in all the world to every creature. If, by reason of the youth and scanty resources of our Church, we can not, just yet, get up and sustain missions in foreign lands, we can do that work nearer home. All the new States and Territories call for our missionaries. And since the close of the war, in numerous places in the South, we have calls for missionary laborers; and nearer home, in some of the older Conferences, there is much ground yet unoccupied where we ought to plant Churches. Now, as Christianity is a religion for all the world, and is aggressive in its character, and must yet triumph over all the powers of darkness, until it fills the whole earth with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea, let our Church go to work in good earnest, and put missionaries into all those desti-

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tute places. It is as true now, as it was in the days of Christ's sojourn upon earth, that "the harvest is great, but the laborers are few," and it is still the Church's duty to "pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth more laborers into his harvest." We have many valuable ministers who are out of the work, because they needed a better support than the Church gave them. I hope God will call these men back to the work, and stir up the Church to support them in the missionary field. I pray God to call out others well qualified, and send them forth. O, how we need our college now to train young men for this glorious work of evangelization! We want ministers in the work at home, and in the missions abroad, who, like John the Baptist, are "burning and shining lights." Some ministers burn all and shine none, as though ignorance were the mother of devotion; others shine all and burn none, as though knowledge alone were religion. But we want our ministers both to "burn" and "shine," that they may glorify the Lord Jesus Christ by diffusing abroad enlightened piety in all the land. Not light without piety, nor piety without light, but both together. It will take both to do substantial good to man and bring the highest glory to Christ. Along with this enlightened Christianity let the doctrine of ecclesiastical liberty be inculcated every-where. It would be dishonorable to Christ to teach mankind that he is, in any sense, the founder of an ecclesiatical despotism, in which all the powers of the government are in the hands of the clergy. The Christian religion is at the foundation of American freedom, and the Church has as much right to a free representative government as the United States. So we believe, and so we teach mankind every-where.

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